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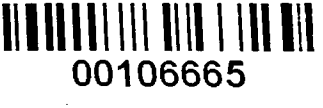

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THE

SPANISH CAMPAIGN IN MOR[redacted]

BY

FREDERICK HARDMAN[redacted]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES"

AUTHOR OF "PENINSULAR SCENES AND SKETCHES," ETC.

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
MDCCCLX

TO

COLONEL THE MARQUIS OF SAN JOSÉ,

ETC. ETC. ETC.,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

IN MEMORY OF A BRIEF BUT RUDE CAMPAIGN,

AND IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE CONSTANT KINDNESS

AND UNBROKEN GOOD-FELLOWSHIP

BY WHICH PRIVATIONS AND HARDSHIPS WERE

CHEERED AND LIGHTENED.

PREFACE.

THE following Letters are reprinted, by permission, from the *Times* newspaper, to which they were addressed from the Headquarters of the Spanish army during the late war in Morocco. They have received the revision naturally required by letters written, for the most part, in haste and amidst many interruptions; and here and there passages have been struck out whose interest was merely temporary.

It is believed that the volume will be found to contain a correct and impartial account of the operations it professes to describe, and also to convey a faithful idea of the state of the Spanish army, and of the character and scenery of that portion of Morocco in which the war was carried on.

THE

SPANISH CAMPAIGN IN MOROCCO.

MALAGA, *Nov.* 17.

THE young soldiers here at Malaga, the headquarters of the third corps of the expeditionary army, commanded by General Ros de Olano, are beginning to learn that, even when all seems ready for a war, many things still remain to be done; and certainly the Spanish Commander-in-Chief is right to avoid precipitation. All the circumstances of the conflict to which he is about to lead his army prescribe prudence and deliberation. He has to command untried troops against an enemy whose qualities are but imperfectly known, and whom it would be rashness to despise. It is very long since Spanish troops met a foreign foe. Even the civil war against Don Carlos has become a matter of history, so long past that probably very few of the soldiers who shared in it now remain in the service. And that contest, although bloody enough in many of its episodes, was of a widely different character from the one approaching. In an uncertain season, and on wild and comparatively unknown shores, the Spaniards have to assail a foe who in numbers will probably prove superior to them, and whose courage and powers of defence and offence must not be

underrated. A Paris paper lately gave some details concerning the Morocco army, according to which a certain degree of organisation has been introduced into it since the battle of Isly. A portion of the Emperor's troops, if those accounts be correct, aspire to the title of regulars; there are battalions armed with the modern rifle, and we are told even of artillery trained on the European system. Doubtless such corps are looked upon with admiration in their own land; but it may be doubted whether they will prove the most formidable of those brought against the Spaniards. A little knowledge is often dangerous, and it is difficult to believe in the efficiency of Arabs newly trained to European drill and discipline. Their regular lines would probably appear less imposing to young European troops than would be the impetuous swoops of those clouds of wild horsemen who whirled and swept around the French squares in the memorable retreat from Constantina. As regards the fighting qualities of the North Africans there can scarcely be a doubt. They may not be military, but they are decidedly warlike. Moreover, we well know the desperate courage given to them by fanaticism. Their priests, we learn, have been preaching up a religious war, and exhorting them to do good battle against the infidel. Although the war appears popular in Spain, and O'Donnell's soldiers may go into it willingly and with confidence of success, it is not to be supposed that their martial ardour and desire for distinction will be stronger stimulants than the blind enthusiasm of men who reckon on crowns of glory in a paradise of houris as the sure recompense of death in conflict with the unbeliever. In short, it would be a dangerous error on the part of the Spanish Generals to imagine that they have but to walk over the course; that the Moors will fly in terror at the very first onset of their battalions. A glance at the annals of the French armies in Algeria must satisfy them —even allowing for a little high colouring on the part of conquerors who were their own historians—that they will find stout opponents, and should render it incumbent

upon them to take every precaution tending to insure the triumph on which they reckon. The Kabyle hordes that will be launched against them are of the same breed and courage as the best of those Turcos who, more than once in Lombardy, bore down the stout resistance of the well-disciplined Austrians. And, besides the armed opposition to be expected, the Spaniards must encounter and overcome the severe hardships and many obstacles inseparable from a campaign in such a country. It is of the highest importance, in order that they may do this without great suffering, that the commissariat and means of transport should be well prepared and highly efficient, and we are justified in believing that the necessity of such preparation is fully present to the mind of the Commander-in-Chief and his Generals, and that to it is due the delay in the commencement of operations. The department of the artillery ought also to receive the greatest attention, for it will probably be found the most effective arm that can be employed against the Moors. In the French army in Italy it was well known that the Turcos, desperate with the bayonet and intrepid in the exchange of rifle shots, were not to be depended upon when opposed to the fire of artillery. The Spaniards have long been accustomed to speak highly of this branch of their service, which will now have an opportunity of justifying its reputation.

With respect to the place and manner of commencing the war, nothing is yet known, and you must attach but slender value to any statement on the subject you may have seen in the Spanish or other papers. It is manifestly desirable that the operations on land should begin as near as possible to the place where the troops disembark, in order to save them from toilsome marches over a rough country. With only irregular forces to oppose them, it ought not to be difficult to land at any convenient spot, under cover of fire from the ships. My own impression is, that all operations near the coast will be comparatively easy, and that if, as it would be unfair to doubt, the Spanish Generals prove capable and the

Spanish soldiers brave, success will attend their first operations. But if, carried away by early triumphs, they attempt too much, and press on into the interior, they will risk reverses, due, probably, as much to natural impediments as to the perseverance and daring of the enemy. Every league they march inland will increase their difficulties and dangers, since they will be so much the farther from their supplies, and so much the more exposed to the harassing warfare in which the Arabs excel. Their convoys will be in greater peril, stronger escorts will be required, the encumbrance of their sick will be the more felt, while the sick themselves are likely to be more numerous by reason of fatigue, climate, and exposure. The Spanish soldier is unequalled by any other in his powers of endurance. He will march farther and faster, on less food, than the soldier of any other European nation. He is temperate, patient, and docile. But the present army has never been used to rough work; harassing marches and damp bivouacs would assuredly tell upon it at first. A reverse would be much to be deplored, both on account of the fact, and because Spain, in order to retrieve it, might be compelled to an expenditure of men and money far beyond anything that has been contemplated. For her sake, then, it is to be desired that her Government and Commander-in-Chief may prove moderate in victory, and may not risk being led too far by not knowing when to stop. Marshal O'Donnell is noted as a man of great resolution of character, and also for his tenacity in carrying out enterprises in which he has once embarked; but those qualities are by no means inconsistent with that prudence and moderation in his designs which he owes both to his country and to his own reputation.

The three corps of which (besides the reserve at Antequera) the Spanish army of Africa consists are each composed of two divisions, each of these consisting of two brigades, and each of these of four battalions—that is to say, sixteen battalions in each corps, besides the proper complement of artillery. With respect to cavalry, I have

not positively ascertained how many regiments or squadrons it is proposed to send, but I have reason to believe that the force of this arm will not be large—probably not more than 2000 horses. The troops quartered in Malaga have frequent drills and parades, but I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing any large body go through manœuvres. The present uniform of the Spanish infantry is rather peculiar. It consists of a brown frock buttoning loosely, gathered in folds at the waist behind, and reaching not quite to the knee. This coat has a cape, covering the shoulders and extending down to the elbow. This is a good contrivance as regards protecting the soldier from the weather, but it must, I think, be rather inconvenient to him in firing. The shako, which is a new one, designed by General Ros de Olano, and known in the army as the "Ros," is of very peculiar appearance. It is of a low form, more so behind than in front, and is composed of grey felt, bound with black leather. There are holes for ventilation just below the leathern top, and flaps to let down and cover the ears, but this last contrivance is so neatly managed as to escape observation, except on close inspection. The great advantage of the shako appears to be that there is no top-heaviness, and that it is convenient and sticks close to the head. The Cazadores (Chasseurs or light infantry)—of which the Spanish army comprises eighteen battalions, numbered like the French Chasseurs-à-pied, by battalions, and not by regiments—are dressed much the same as the Line, but wear red trousers like the French. They are the finest infantry Spain at present has, and a couple of battalions, now here, look very smart and soldierlike. The long gaiter reaching from knee to foot and buttoning over the trouser, has been adopted by the whole of the Spanish infantry. It is of cloth, a material alleged to be preferable to leather, because it dries sooner. But it also gets wet much sooner, and I suspect it would be found in the long run that there is "nothing like leather." The French, decidedly the most practical and successful army tailors of the day, prefer leather, and

have long recognised the advantages of the gaiter, which the English military authorities seem slow to adopt. A strong leathern gaiter ought to form a part of every infantry-man's equipment, or should, at any rate, be served out to him when he goes on active service. It affords both support and protection to the leg, while the long loose trouser does neither, and is but a collector of mud and an additional drag upon the soldier when wet. As regards arms, the Chasseur battalions have the Minié, a portion of the Line has the common rifle, and the remainder the old musket. A part of the artillery consists of rifled cannon.

The whole of the troops composing the Spanish expedition will be provided with the *tente d'abri*, on the French plan, which does good service as protection from the sun, but will be found inadequate in the event of wet and inclement weather.

BAY OF CADIZ (IN QUARANTINE), *Nov.* 22.

WE have heard a good deal lately about the progress made by Spain, and the flow of foreign travellers into the country has doubtless been increased by the belief that such progress implied increased facilities and improved accommodation. The health-giving climate of Malaga, so greatly vaunted by Ford, has been preferred by many invalids to the soft breezes of Nice and the sunny bay of Naples. One hears of railways opening and of lines of steamers regularly running, and of hotels combining English comforts and French luxuries, and one is induced to believe that Spain, recently reputed semi-African, has taken a deserved place among civilised countries, and no longer presents difficulties which even a featherbed traveller may not with impunity brave. I fear the picture has been rather over-coloured. Spain may have increased in financial prosperity, and probably

has so, since she finds money to undertake a crusade against her ancient enemy the Moor; but Englishmen who come hither, expecting to be speeded on their way, and no longer to suffer from the intolerable dilatoriness and stupidity so long and so often a reproach to Spanish officials, will find themselves woefully out in their reckoning. Hearken to the tale of your correspondent's troubles. He wrote to you from Gibraltar soon after noon on the 20th inst., and quickly afterwards went on board the little French steamer that was to convey him, wind and weather permitting, in eight hours to Cadiz; but wind and weather were adverse exceedingly. It blew a perfect hurricane round the old rock of Gibraltar; the windows of the Club-house Hotel were preserved only by a miracle from being blown in, and boatmen were profiting by the gale to demand stormy prices for conveying passengers on board. And here let me observe, parenthetically, that since the opening of the Alicante and Madrid Railway and the establishment of various lines of steamers along the east coast of Spain, the proverbial imposition practised by boatmen, porters, guides, &c., at most of the Italian ports where the English land, has been cast altogether into the shade by the effrontery and extortion of the same classes in the Spanish towns. Tariffs there are none, or if there be they are unobserved, treated with contempt, and set at defiance. At Malaga, especially, the traveller is swindled and pillaged to any extent. Under English surveillance, things are much better at Gibraltar, where, indeed, as far as I have observed, there is no great ground for complaint, although a stiff breeze affords an opportunity of making an extra dollar or two out of the impatient and the inexperienced. Once on board, on Sunday afternoon last, it soon became evident that our departure was not likely to be as speedy as was promised and hoped. Dirtier weather I have seldom seen. Darkness came on and we were still at our anchors, a tempest raging, and the rain descending in torrents, the weather so thick that a move was not to be thought of. It was a nice night in Gibraltar Bay,

and we were heartily glad when day broke, and a comparative lull enabled us to steam out, passing one or two ships that had gone ashore, and finding better weather in the Straits than could have been expected. But our troubles were all before us, and it is only now that I am coming to the lamentable portion of my tale. At half-past 4 o'clock yesterday we dropped our anchor in the bay whence I date this letter. It was broad daylight, and we looked out anxiously for the Sanidad, the health boat, which was to give us pratique. We looked in vain. Whether it was that the quarantine officials were too busy in the manufacture of cigarillos to take heed of a boat-load of intrusive foreigners, or whether they had just dined and were unwilling to expose their digestion to the ordeal of a roughish sea, I am unable to say, but no Sanidad appeared. So we resigned ourselves to another night on board, and in the morning, before the earliest-rising gull had made the tour of the ship, we were watching the coming of the health-bearing authorities. There was no need of such haste to quit our cots. There was time for a good deal of pacing of the wet deck, and of cigar-smoking and muttered maledictions, before a sort of gondola with eight oarsmen, and two elderly wrinkled Spaniards sitting under an awning, approached our side. Papers were handed down, and the sanitary officials commenced their perusal. Presently one of them opened his eyes to the widest extent, puffed out his cheeks like Boreas, and gave to his snuffy high-dried physiognomy as astounded an expression as if Medusa's head had suddenly been presented to his view. The Gibraltar authorities had thought it their duty to announce, two days before, that there were half-a-dozen cases of small-pox in the military hospital. The sick men had been kept isolated, and the malady had not appeared in the town. But these redeeming facts were insufficient to tranquillise Senor Sanidad. There was the small-pox, the *viruelas*, at Gibraltar. Consequently no *pratique*. Push off the boat at once! Up with the yellow flag! It is still a wonder to me that our captain, a worthy Breton and a smart

sailor, did not get a fit of apoplexy from the excess of his indignation. He swore like a Pagan, but Sanidad was not to be affected by any amount of *sacres*. There was a Spanish cavalry officer on board, newly appointed to the Staff of some General presently at Cadiz, and who had excited general admiration by the length of his spurs and his extraordinary escapes from tumbling over them in ascending and descending the soaked, slippery cabin-stairs. He was prompt and vehement in expostulation; his General impatiently awaited him; the expedition was about to embark; on shore he must go. But the wizened little Spaniard in the grimy boat was inflexible, and off he went to call a Board to assemble and deliberate whether we were to be admitted. He took with him letters and papers; the pilot had already gone ashore; in short, enough had landed to infect a whole city full, if infection there had been; but we unfortunates were condemned to remain tossing about far out in the bay until the Spanish Sangrados had conferred concerning us. To heighten the joke, in a couple of hours a boat came from shore with permission for the Spanish officer to land. Apparently his landing was to be kept a sort of secret, done upon the sly; but, as the whole ship's company and passengers were present at his stepping into the boat, mystery was a farce. To cut a long story short, at this present time of writing, eight P.M., this is our position:—The ship's agents have protested against the bulk of the passengers being kept on board, on the silly and ridiculous pretence of quarantine, when one of them has been permitted to land, and the Spanish authorities have telegraphed to Madrid for instructions, the case being apparently too knotty for them to decide upon. It is true that the Spanish Prime Minister is at present in Cadiz, but it is not his department, and he has his hands full of more important matters. If Madrid does not pronounce in our favour by to-morrow morning, the steamer, which has little to do at Cadiz, will proceed to Lisbon, unrelentingly bearing with it the passengers who are here at their destination. At Lisbon

we shall probably be again put in quarantine because we come from Gibraltar, which is near Algesiras, where there was lately the cholera. It is true that the cholera has ceased for some time past; indeed, there are ill-disposed persons who say that it never existed there to any extent, but that it was magnified to prevent British officers going over there from Gibraltar and spying out the nakedness of the land, making unhandsome criticisms on Echague's division, since embarked for Ceuta, and so forth. But no matter, any stick serves to beat a dog, and any pretext suffices to put an unlucky French steamer in quarantine in the ports of the Iberian peninsula. It is not the less true that there are passengers on board the lively craft known as the Ville de Malaga, to whom a visit to the Portuguese capital will be as disagreeable as unexpected. Here is M. X———, late French Consul at some Moorish city, and who has left in consequence of the war, and has all sorts of despatches to deliver and important business to transact in Spain; and here are Major Gabion, of the Engineers, and Captain Enfield, of Her Majesty's 110th, who are away from Gibraltar on short leave, with a view to visit Granada and see if it be at all like Mr Owen Jones's representation of it at Sydenham, and who must he back to muster on the 30th, under pain of an immensity of botherment; and here is your correspondent, who—but, without insisting on details, you will understand how unpleasant it is to be taken to the Tagus when you would pause at Cadiz, to say nothing of the possibility that our captain, if compelled to hoist the yellow flag again at Lisbon, may go off in a huff to France, dropping us in the lazaretto at Vigo. There is no lazaretto here, or depôt ship, for unfortunates in quarantine, which will explain to you why, if finally refused pratique, on we must go with our steamer. What finally becomes of us you will learn in a future letter. This one is about to leave, and will not, I hope, be refused admission into the Cadiz letter-bag because it has not been vaccinated.

Insulated as we are, I have been able to obtain but

little information about the expedition to Africa. What appears to me certain is, that the Spaniards have chosen a most unfavourable season for commencing the war. The winter in the north of Morocco is generally extremely wet; deluges of rain descend, and find little admission from the almost impervious clay soil, which must resemble, if the accounts I receive of it be correct, in its toughness and tenacity, the stiff boggy soil of the Crimea. There are no roads, the fatigues of the army will be great, and it is likely to suffer much from disease. When we add to this the harassing attacks of the Moors, we get an amount of difficulties which were probably not altogether anticipated by those who selected the end of November for opening the campaign. As regards the state of preparation of the Moors I get very conflicting information, but there seems reason to believe that Tangier is in a good state of defence. On this account some think that the first point of attack will be Tetuan, which is easier to reach than Tangier by land from Ceuta.

It is thought that Zabala's corps (the second, now quartered about Cadiz), and the General-in-Chief and Staff, will go hence to Martin, the port of Tetuan, which is a short distance from the coast. Tetuan is not a fortified town, and might probably be easily taken. This corps will, it is said, embark in two divisions, O'Donnell accompanying the second. Such are the reports that reach us. With respect to the affair of the 19th, in front of Ceuta, one hears very conflicting and probably exaggerated rumours. Some Moorish prisoners are said to have been made. The loss of the Spaniards is stated to have been very small. It is thought probable that the Moors will not make any great efforts to defend frontier and coast places and positions, but will try to lure their opponents into the interior, where the difficulties of the Spaniards will be increased and the African cavalry will have a good field of action. This is perhaps a mere surmise, but it is likely enough to prove correct. If the Spaniards are wise, they will not allow themselves to be seduced far inland. Their first object should be to establish themselves strongly at

one or two points on or near the coast, whence their communications with Spain may be easily maintained, and where they may collect the large quantities of supplies indispensable to the very existence of their army.

OFF CEUTA, *Nov.* 29.

AFTER rather more than the usual amount of trouble and delay occasioned by quarantine regulations, shipment of horses, slowness of transports, &c., the coast of Africa is at last in sight—within short rifle range, indeed, of the execrably dirty French steamer which has brought us hither from the Bay of Cadiz. The Spanish Government is paying large sums for transport, and it ought to be better served. The filth and disorder of some of the boats that are now conveying troops, horses, and stores to Ceuta are not to be surpassed, and many an officer finds on arrival that his campaigning requisites are half-spoilt before the campaign has commenced. Such mishaps and annoyances, however, are forgotten at the glad sight of land, and truly a "land of promise" as far as nature and climate go. Just opposite the double peak of "old Gib," a hill (of circular form, so far as we can judge from the side presented to us) juts out into the sea, crowned by buildings and fortifications. Westward from it lies the town on a slope down to the shore. The slope continues when the houses cease—a chain of low mounds, then a dip of green level, the inward side of which is traversed by some ancient Moorish works, a wall partly turreted, with towers or small forts along it. Beyond these defences of the olden time, the ground rises in successive ridges, more important than those already spoken of, and on the first of them is an encampment, tents, smoke, and men. I give you merely a rough sketch of what I see from the ship's deck, and may have, after closer inspection, to correct various things in this

pen-and-ink photograph. The ridges, which are of a brown green, and thickly wooded, increase in importance until they terminate in a range of mountains,—high grey peaks, rough and craggy, not unlike those which, in the north of Spain, spring from among the wood-clothed hills and green orchards of Guipuzcoa and Biscay. Marshal O'Donnell, who left Cadiz on Saturday night, and must have been here two days, might fancy himself transported more than twenty years back, to the time of a much earlier campaign, when Spaniards were arrayed against Spaniards instead of against their more natural foe, the Moor. He left Cadiz, as you will before now be aware, sooner than was expected, in consequence of the news of a combat that had taken place on the 25th inst., and which seems to have been of more importance than two previous skirmishes. My information on the subject is too vague and imperfect to be worth giving, but perhaps before I close this hasty letter I may be able to add some details. What has occurred since then—whether the Commander-in-Chief has inaugurated his arrival by striking a blow at the enemy—we have yet to learn. To-day there seems to be little going on; bodies of troops are discernible in one or two positions, and we have seen two or three shells burst in the air; but the grey haze that floats over the hill-sides, and which some eager spirits on board declare to be the smoke of musketry, proceeds, I suspect, simply from the open-air kitchens of the soldiery. The scene is one of summer. The recent copious rains have given renewed verdure to the plains and lower hills, the foliage of the forests is abundant, the sky above is brighter and clearer than in July in England or France, and the sun is oppressively hot.

CEUTA, *Nov.* 30.

BEFORE going up to camp I wish to send off this letter, although a very short one. It will serve, however, to

inform you of my arrival here. Nothing has occurred in the way of fighting since the affair of the 25th, which is the only fight of the least importance that has as yet taken place. The Moors made a bold attempt to capture a redoubt the Spaniards have erected. They were beaten back with heavy loss. Of the Spanish loss I have as yet no authentic account, nor of the circumstances of the action. There is some cholera in the camp, but the doctors say it is not to an alarming extent, nor very virulent. In the town there is none. General Garcia, chief of O'Donnell's Staff, has gone towards Tetuan this morning in a steamer, to reconnoitre the coast. We hear that the French have knocked down the fort that defends the sea approach to Tetuan. I am writing under very unfavourable circumstances, but I hope soon to send off a more satisfactory despatch.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 1.

CEUTA BAY is not very safe anchorage or easy landing when certain winds blow, and when we arrived in it a little before noon on the 29th we congratulated ourselves on the calmness of the sea, and on the five hours of daylight that remained for the landing of 80 horses we had on board. The time was ample, but delays arose; horse-boats came but slowly and one at a time, and the work was not half done when night closed in. Several vessels containing horses, mules, and cattle for rations arrived in the course of the day, and the landing continued the whole night. At least, I was an eyewitness of its doing so until two o'clock in the morning. The scene after dark at the landing-place was one of strange aspect and no little confusion. The innermost recess of the poor harbour of Ceuta is a miniature creek, running a short distance inland, and formed on one side by a high quay, and on the other by buildings that rise almost out of the

water. The creek continues (a dry gully) for some distance above high-water mark, passing under a broad arch of brickwork, and sloping upwards until the ground rises to a level with the quay. It is narrowed by a number of large boats, hauled up on either side; beneath the bridge are heaps of old cordage and rusty chain cables; the mud at the water's edge combines with lurking defilements and abominations to produce the pleasing variety of odours that impregnate the surrounding atmosphere. It was here that the square, heavy horseboats came, dancing, to the no small disquietude of their living freights, over the heavy swell that rolled into the bay with the rising tide after eight in the evening. The boats were hauled into the creek, and as near to land as they could come; once aground, a bridge was thrown out from them, down which the cattle came. There were then still a good many yards of water to traverse, into which some of the animals made great difficulty about stepping, while others took it so clumsily that they fell and got completely drenched. Most of them were mounted to come ashore, but some were merely driven into the water, and wandered out of their course and almost out of their depth. A number of half-naked men waded about catching and directing them; on shore, when the horses landed, many of them found no one in readiness to claim them, and remained encumbering the narrow space until some officer ordered them off. In the boats, soldiers and grooms shouted and swore; on land, impatient proprietors clamoured for greater speed. If you imagine all this passing on a dark night by the dim light of two or three lanterns, you will compose a picture that was not altogether pleasing to those who figured in it. Early in the night a cargo of commissariat cattle was landed, and six or seven poor beasts, seemingly sick and weak from confinement on board, fell into the water, close to its edge, and rose no more. They lay there, half embedded in mud, objects of terror to the horses that passed them, and occasionally convulsively struggling and gasping, until the flowing tide ended their miseries.

An incident characteristic of Spain diversified, and for a time enlivened, the wearisome toils of the night. Two bulls got loose when landed, took up their station in the dry part of the creek, and would not be captured or listen to any terms of capitulation. For the better part of an hour they were completely masters of the situation. The horses could not be brought up because *toro*, with lowered horns and menacing front, barred the way. The by-standers were of course delighted. While two or three bold fellows made attempts, long fruitless, to fetter the bulls, the crowd filled the boats that lay upon the quay, looking down upon the scene as from the *tendidos* of a bull-ring, and shouting and applauding as the two wild animals dashed at their antagonists and compelled them to speedy retreat. At last the beasts were secured, and the landing continued, but, as I mentioned, it was long past midnight before it concluded.

Ceuta, I need not tell you, is crammed from cellar to garret; the keeper of the poor inn smiled hopelessly, like a man much injured and driven to despair, when we implored accommodation. His house was ours, he said, if we could find a place to put ourselves in; for his part, he had given up his own bed, and was about to repose among empty bottles on the counter. The prospect was not inviting, and we preferred turning out and seeking the quarters of some friends who we knew would grant us permission to stretch our cloaks upon the floor of their already crowded billet. "*Ave Maria purissima! La una y media*," droned and chanted the *serenos* as we turned from the door of the tavern to which circumstances have temporarily given the importance, and much more than the ordinary prosperity, of an hotel. It was rather a blank look-out; when, behold, through the open panel of a brown oak door, provided with strange bolts and fastenings of antique fashion, that may have been forged by Moorish hands, appeared the honest countenance of the worthy Don Joaquin Mas, and the somewhat Jewish features of his first-born daughter. There was light within, and an appearance of comfort, and the circum-

stances were enough to make any man a mendicant. I am by no means certain that the costume and general appearance of an itinerant journalist, who had been for three weeks fluctuating between frowzy steamboats and bad inns, were of a nature to inspire confidence as to the propriety of accepting him as a nocturnal inmate. It is probable that the insignia of rank of a kind-hearted staff-officer, who all day had shared my toils, and cast in his fortune with mine, had a greater effect; at any rate, admission was obtained, and beds, and some hot coffee was quickly made with ready kindness, and if it was not quite as good as is fabricated on the boulevards of Paris, or in the divans of Stamboul, I can answer for its having been as acceptable as any that was ever brewed, and that neither its anti-narcotic qualities, nor the singing and stinging of numerous mosquitos, were sufficient to drive away a slumber that was greatly needed. And I sincerely hope that the ready and kindly hospitality I here record will secure to Señor Mas (whom I believe to be the Stulz of Ceuta) the custom of all English travellers who pass this way. I fear this is rather out of the beat of tourists, but there is no knowing whither English do not or may not go; and, at any rate, it is a grateful duty to make the recommendation.

Generally speaking, the poor people of Ceuta, which is but a paltry town of some 8000 souls, seem most willing to do all in their power towards the comfort of the crowd of military now within their gates, or who come in from the camp a couple of miles off. The soldiers, on their part, appear well behaved, as Spanish soldiers generally are. They do well to make the most of what few comforts are obtainable here, for if once we move forward there is every prospect of rough work. The weather, lovely the day before yesterday, and fine enough yesterday morning, has changed greatly for the worse. It has blown a gale all night, with an accompaniment of heavy rain, and the camp looks none the better for the variation. The Spaniards have their experience to gain in pitching tents, and making themselves

comfortable under difficulties, and they will pay the usual penalties of the novitiate. The water that has come down within the last few hours will have taught some of them the propriety of cutting trenches round their tents, and of paying attention to the firm fixing of their tent-pegs.

The post here goes out, as far as I yet see, at no fixed hour. Its departure depends on the necessities of the service, as well as on the state of the weather. For the present, therefore, I send off my letters as fast as I can that they may profit by the earliest opportunity; and it will not be surprising if they occasionally reach you two or three together.

Soon after noon yesterday firing was heard to the front, and General O'Donnell and his Staff rode forwards. We were busy here pitching tents and performing the various labours, inseparable from installing oneself in camp, but, the fusillade increasing, I rode out to see what was going on. On my way I met a good many wounded men coming in upon stretchers and in blankets, but the fire was merely that of skirmishers; there were no heavy volleys, although occasionally the voice of the guns upon the redoubt made itself heard above the desultory musketry. In the redoubt were the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, scanning the surrounding country. The white dresses of the Moors were to be seen more or less numerous at various points of the curve along which the combat had been going on. Ceuta, as the map shows you, is situated on a tongue of land, an irregular oblong, which juts out into the sea. The neck of the little peninsula is strongly fortified. Passing out thence, one immediately ascends; on some low ridges the camp is pitched. As you continue to move inwards, you come to the half-ruined building known as the Serallo, the Spanish orthography of seraglio. Beyond this, which is about the centre of our position, still ascending, over ground rough, wooded, and very steep, you get to the summit upon which the

redoubt is constructed, of bags of earth, and of a circular form, with a small exterior ditch. It is a very elevated point, and from it one gets a good general view of the country around. This is comprised within an amphitheatre of mountains, forming a great natural wall, more or less broken by *barrancos*, or ravines, and within which rise minor ridges of hills. One deep valley stretches around, nearly parallel, for a considerable distance, with the arc of the mountains, and it was here that most of the fighting, which, however, was altogether not much, yesterday went on. The greatest impediment to observation was the violent wind that swept over the heights, raising clouds of dust, and reminding one of the stormy blasts that sometimes seemed to tear up the very ground on the bleak plateau of Balaklava. General O'Donnell remained till nearly dark examining the country. It was said that the Moors were out in some force, and it is presumable there was a necessity for, or an object in, engaging in a conflict which had no visible result beyond killing and wounding men and officers. The superiority of the Spanish infantry over the Moors is considered by those officers I have spoken with to be most satisfactorily established. The advance of a body of the former is the signal for the immediate retreat of their swarthy foes. Yesterday two battalions advanced against a mass of Moors, advantageously posted, but the sight of the bayonets was enough, and their thrust was not waited for. If the question could be brought to the arbitrament of a battle in the plain, and with sufficient Spanish cavalry to make head against the Moorish horsemen, whom the Ceutans describe as exceedingly numerous, brave, and daring, General O'Donnell might hope to gain a great and decisive victory; but here, among the mountains, the warfare is as yet desultory, and the Moors, although they have once or twice shown themselves forward enough in attack, have their retreat pretty secure when they deem themselves in danger, or consider that they have sufficiently harassed their enemy. No doubt

General O'Donnell has a settled plan of operations, and it is hoped that it will prove to be a movement along the shore upon Tetuan.

As you will easily imagine, within thirty-six hours after quitting the jetty on which I landed from the steamer, I have still a great deal to occupy me besides correspondence. My observation of the surrounding country and positions has been but very imperfect, and my means of obtaining information are not yet organised. I am fluctuating between camp and town, part of my baggage in one place, part in another. My mule has not arrived from Cadiz, and the horses that came in the steamers have not yet, for the most part, recovered from the voyage, especially those which were in the suffocating hold. Things, in short, are still at sixes and sevens, and it will take a day or two to get into something like order. Stabling is very difficult to obtain, and with such a wind as is blowing, and such plashes of rain as fall, it goes to one's heart to picket horses in the open air that have hitherto been used to stabling. In these cases there are always many difficulties at first, and mine would be the greater but for the kind assistance I receive from one or two old friends now serving with this army.

CEUTA, *Dec.* 3.

THE combat of the 30th ult., of which I spoke in my last, was of more importance, estimated by the loss on this side, than I at the time believed. The Spaniards had about 230 killed and wounded, but the wounds of more than half of that number were of a very slight description. It may be imagined that many soldiers, weary of lying under a scanty tent on bleak hills, are not sorry to avail themselves of a scratch as a pretext for three or four days of better quarters, even in an hospital. From this, however, it is not to be inferred that the troops show any

indisposition for the work they have come here to do. As far as I could observe, on the 30th they displayed abundant alacrity and eagerness, and their officers express themselves well pleased with their conduct. All, however, that has as yet taken place can hardly be said to be more than skirmishing, with the exception of the fight of the 25th, which appears to have been a sharp little combat. I have heard one or two persons talking of five "actions" in eleven days, and seeming to think the campaign already begun, but this can be looked upon only as an exaggeration, especially when we have the great events of the Italian and Crimean wars still fresh in our memories. The present cannot be a great war, but it may prove a very harassing one, and may give occasion for the display of the soldier's best qualities. I shall consider the campaign as fairly commenced only when we make a decided move from this place; when we strike our tents and march for Tetuan or Tangier. Against which of those places our first efforts will be directed it is impossible to say; the Commander-in-Chief confides his plans to no one; but public opinion inclines in favour of Tetuan, and some think that the third corps, which is still at Malaga, will not come here at all, but will be landed in the neighbourhood of the last-named African town, while the force now here, or the greater part of it, will move round by the coast to co-operate with it. It must be, one would think, the object of the General commanding to avoid engaging himself with his army in the mountains, where the Moors' knowledge of the country and the lightness of their equipments would render them troublesome foes, where artillery would have difficulty in acting, and the baggage and wounded would prove great encumbrances. The Moors would then be to the Spaniards what the Spanish guerillas were to the French on many occasions during the Peninsular war—a swarm of hornets buzzing round a body which could have crushed them in an instant could it have grasped them, but which ever eluded its clutch, and returned again to sting.

As regards the resistance that may be expected from the enemy when he is found in larger force and in more considerable encounters, opinions differ so widely that it is almost impossible to make up one's mind on the subject. There are persons with the army who have resided long in Morocco, and here at Ceuta one meets with others who may be presumed to have had sufficient opportunities of judging the military qualities of the Moors. Their opinions differ strangely. Some talk of the Moorish cavalry as formidable, whilst others declare that it will never venture to approach regular European troops. If we get into the plains we shall have an opportunity of seeing who is right. If the Moorish horsemen be as brave as some report them, great steadiness in square and deliberation in firing will be necessary successfully to resist their onset. Much will depend upon the Spanish officers, and the conduct of these, in the recent affairs, I have heard highly eulogised by some of the chiefs. They were to be seen, I heard a general officer say two days ago, everywhere at the head of their men, leading them on well in front, and charging first over the obstacles behind which the enemy sheltered himself. The officers of inexperienced troops, new to war, and confronted with an enemy who is notoriously addicted to and skilful in stratagems and surprises, have double need not only of the utmost coolness and presence of mind, but also to encourage their men by setting them an example of daring, and by showing themselves willing to take the largest share of danger.

The arrivals of troops from Cadiz still continue. Three steamers came in this morning, laden with soldiers, horses, and mules. As usual at the commencement of a campaign, especially among people to whom such matters are a complete novelty, not a little confusion prevails at the places of embarkation. One hears officers bewailing things belonging to them that have been left behind, and without which they cannot move forward. Some have been here for days whose horses or baggage animals are still at the Trocadero

awaiting shipment; others miss their servants, and some can get no account of their baggage. The little quay of Ceuta is a busy scene, heaped with stores of every kind —flour, barley for the horses, bread and biscuit, and all the numerous *et cæteras* indispensable for the support of an army. Alongside the newly-arrived vessels in the bay, large lighters and the heavy square horse-boats are receiving provisions and cattle. The beasts sent for rations seem, for some reason to me unknown, to suffer more than the horses and mules. In company with some officers who were seeking expected property, I visited, early this morning, the three steamers that had just arrived, and on our return we passed a boat, in the bottom of which lay prostrate three or four oxen, apparently dying, but certainly in very evil plight. This most probably arises from overcrowding in heated holds.

Of the sanitary state of the army it is not easy to get at reliable accounts. There have been cases of cholera, but as little as possible is said about it, and I suspect dysentery to be the more frequent complaint. I have no grounds for believing that there is more illness among the troops than might be expected in an army suddenly encamped on exposed heights in a season of high winds and heavy rains, when the mid-day sun is very powerful and the nights are very cold. We have now had two dry days. To-day is beautiful, the wind has lulled, the sun is brilliant, and all is life and animation. We were assured, before leaving Cadiz, that after the tempests that prevailed in November we might reasonably expect a month of fine weather. Nevertheless, on the 30th ult. and 1st inst. we had a hurricane and too much rain to be pleasant, but we hope that was the finale of the bad weather of 1859 in Africa, and that the good time is now setting in. It is of the utmost importance to the health of the army, and also to its operations, that such should be the case.

Three hundred of the *presidarios* or galley-slaves, chosen from among the best-conducted, are this day to be armed, to serve as soldiers against the Moors. You

are aware, as are probably most of your readers, that Ceuta is a *presidio*, a depôt of galley-slaves, the Brest or Toulon of Spain. In the present circumstances there is plenty of employment for these gentry, whom one meets everywhere in gangs, or by twos and threes, employed in transporting goods and stores, and in every sort of hard work. With their coarse brown dresses, rugged physiognomies, and clanking chains, they are not wanting in a certain gloomy picturesqueness. Many are here for murder, or at least for killing men in impromptu duels with knives, an offence for which, at least in Southern Europe, murder would perhaps be deemed rather too hard a term. A moment of passion has doubtless brought many to wear out a wretched life in the Ceuta galleys. I was in a boat lately with a Spanish officer, and in the bow sat a tall man in the convict uniform, who held his field-glass. I was struck by the expression of his features; it did not seem to me that of a hardened criminal—one of those faces on which every bad passion is to be traced, so frequently seen among convicts—but rather that of a man who had suffered terribly from despondency and degradation. "He is the son of one of my tenants," the officer said; "he killed a man in a *desafio* (duel, or single combat), and was sent here." The convicts enjoy a large range of liberty—at least, it appears so by comparison with the far stricter guardianship of some other foreign bagnios. It may be supposed there is little temptation for them to escape, since they could hardly go anywhere except to the Moors, whom they would be likely to find no easy taskmasters. Nevertheless, a great many have run away, and the number of those supposed to be now with the Moors has been stated to me at a figure which seems almost incredible. It is said that the Moors intend employing them as soldiers in the present war.

I had no time to write to you during my short stay at Cadiz, or it was my intention, although my mission here is not political, to make some remarks on the suspicions and odium which England seems lately to have incurred in Spain with respect to this Morocco expedition, and

especially since the publication in the *Gazette* of the correspondence between the two Governments. From what was told me at Cadiz, and judging from conversations that took place before me, there appears to be almost a conviction, on the part of Spain at least, that England is favouring the Moors, and even lending them actual assistance. One principal ground for this belief seemed to consist in the circumstance of Mr Drummond Hay's remaining at Tangier, or at any rate going on shore there daily, while sleeping on board a British ship—whichever was the true account of the case. Whether he be still there or not I do not know, for people here are too busy to attend much to such matters, and I have scarcely seen a newspaper of any kind since my arrival. But then he was known, or positively stated, to be there, and the Spaniards asked what on earth he could be doing there, unless he were comforting the Moors with his counsel and assisting their preparations for defence. Of course, the theme was improved, and gave rise to the most imaginative assertions. It was said that British officers made frequent visits to Tangier, instructing the Moors how to lay their guns, and so forth. This is decidedly false as regards the officers of the garrison of Gibraltar. I was most positively assured by two officers of that garrison, who were at Gibraltar and at Cadiz at the same time as myself, that no officers had been over to Tangier. However, the Spaniards are not to be persuaded on that head; you would find it scarcely possible to convince them that English officers have not been instructing the Moorish Emperor's artillerymen. It was even strongly reported, and I dare say believed by many, that 25 English were among the killed or prisoners taken in the combat of the 25th of November. This is better than the Russians at the Peiho. I am informed, and have had partial opportunity of observing, that the Spanish papers, even those which are generally favourable to England, have lately been unanimous in assailing our Government and that portion of our press which has opposed the expedition to Morocco. The publication of the communi-

cations between Lord John Russell, Mr Buchanan, and the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, may in part have been the cause of this, but the most recent cause of irritation, at least in the South, has been our Consul's remaining in or off Tangier. The Spaniards ask what occasion he had to remain there when all under his protection had been withdrawn, and the other Consuls had left. Mr Hay is believed to have very great influence with the Moorish Government, in whose behalf it is also asserted in Spain that his sympathies are enlisted. On this head I know nothing of my own knowledge or otherwise than by common report; perhaps, at this time of writing, the cause of all this anger has been removed by his departure. If the English Government retained him at Tangier when everybody else had left, it doubtless had its reasons. I do but state the fact, that by so doing it made a great deal of bad blood in Spain towards England.

CEUTA, *Dec.* 4.

I HAVE little to add to the above. A reconnoissance was made yesterday towards our left, on ground overlooking the coast in the direction of Tetuan. Four battalions went out. A few Moors were seen, but there was no fighting. In the afternoon the Spanish gunboats were firing upon the Moors. There is a report this morning, not yet confirmed, that the enemy in our front yesterday received a large reinforcement—as many, it is said, as 5000 men. If this be true, they probably meditate an attack. Up to this moment, however, no orders have been issued from headquarters indicating an expectation of work to be done, and the impression this morning seems to be that we shall do nothing of importance until the arrival of the third corps from Malaga, which it is now said will disembark at Ceuta. A Sardinian vessel has arrived with horses and mules from Malaga. If the

third corps does come here, the people of Ceuta will risk a famine. This large assembly of troops in and around so small a place makes everything extremely dear. The supplies that used to be obtained from the Moors in time of peace are, of course, cut off. The Spanish Government would, perhaps, have done wisely to declare Ceuta a free port for the time being, a measure which would have caused supplies of various kinds to flow in. As it is, all that is brought or produced is devoured on the instant. There are times when bread is not to be obtained at any price. An officer told me yesterday that he had paid three reals (8d.) for two eggs. Meat is often extremely scarce, and its quality is sometimes such as to give rise to unpleasant suspicions that one is eating a bit of one of the unfortunate beasts that sicken on the passage and breathe their last in the mud at the landing-place. These small difficulties are inseparable from a campaign of this sort, even at its commencement, and they seem cheerfully borne by all. Ceuta is at present almost as crowded and bustling as Balaklava used to be, but is exempt from the disagreeables of the latter place. The streets are thoroughly paved, sloping down to a central kennel, and are generally very clean. It is different in camp and on the road up to it, or at least it would be so if we had much rain. Two or three hours of wet the other night made a great deal of heavy slippery mud, through which the horses dragged themselves with difficulty. The high winds soon dried this up. This morning the sky is stormy and threatening, and I fear we have not yet got rid of the bad weather.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 5.

As I predicted in my letter of yesterday, the weather, fine for a day, speedily relapsed into its previous inclemency. At noon it blew a gale, which soon swelled into

a perfect hurricane, accompanied by showers of very heavy rain. At 3 P.M. it was doubtful whether the steamer, the Buena Ventura, that was to take the post to Algesiras, would be able to cross the Straits. As I then came up to camp, I am unable to say whether or not she finally left the harbour. The evening and night were worthy of the afternoon. It was not a mere storm, but a continuous hurricane. We dined in momentary expectation of the tent descending upon the table and upon ourselves; and slept, as far as it was possible to sleep, with similarly agreeable anticipations. The continual flapping of canvass and occasional bursts of rain were varied only by the monotonous "*Sentinela alerta!*" repeated every half-hour by the long line of sentries that protect the camp. The day broke, cloudy and dreary, upon damaged tents and a desolate prospect. At the present time (half-past 8 A.M.) there is little appearance of improvement. The aspect of the camp is uncomfortable enough. Some are struggling with their loosened tents, knocking in pegs, which the softened ground will hardly retain, mending broken poles, and straining damp canvass, while others are making efforts, generally not successful, to get up something in the shape of breakfast. Here is a General philosophically contenting himself with a cup of half-cold chocolate; yonder an unintelligent servant pours tepid water into a pot, and evidently imagines that he is making tea. The soldiers, poor fellows, must have had a bad time of it during the past night, with no better shelter than their little *tentes d'abri*, on the French model; and as for those in front of all, up on the elevated redoubt, it is wonderful some of them have not been blown over into the deep valley their position overlooks. An attack by the Moors was all that was wanted to complete the disagreeables of the night, but luckily, what was bad for us was equally so for them, and they would have had no easy work to make their way towards us in the teeth of the tempest and over most difficult ground, soddened and slippery with the rain. Moreover the Spanish forces are now very considerable. Troops have been daily arriving,

and the two *corps d'armée* (first and second) must now be nearly or quite complete. The third will hardly be able to come here from Malaga until the weather moderates, of which, at the present moment, there is not the smallest sign. We learn that another division is being formed of troops raised in the north of Spain (the Basque provinces, I believe), and that, as soon as completed, it will move down southwards. In presence of the extremely unfavourable aspect of the weather, it seems matter of general regret that it was not considered possible to postpone the opening of the campaign until a less stormy and inclement season. Had it commenced at the beginning of February there would have been three months to operate in before the heat became at all oppressive, and time would thus have been obtained for preparations which at present have been but imperfectly made. If this weather lasts it will be quite impossible to do anything, and meantime the troops, outlying and exposed to its inclemency, cannot but suffer greatly from sickness. I fear last night will have sent not a few into hospital. Lying upon the damp ground, with a greatcoat and blanket for their sole protection, cannot but lead to dysentery and other disorders. If we got only a fortnight of settled fine weather, exempt from rain and wind, we might do something—probably take Tetuan—but shall we get it? One forms an idea that the climate of North Africa must much resemble that of Southern Spain, and that the soft breezes which render Malaga so genial a winter residence are also to be found on the coast of Morocco. This is a manifest delusion. The Ceutans tell me that the weather we now have is very common here at this season, and that about Christmas they are generally visited by piercing blasts from the north, while snow is not unfrequently seen upon the mountains. I do not wish to sketch the prospects of this army in gloomy colours, but I fear that, without any reference to the results of their encounters with the enemy, their loss from sickness will inevitably be very considerable. As it is, I have this moment been informed, from a good source, that the sanitary state of the army,

although not such as to inspire alarm, is by no means satisfactory, and the number of sick men one daily meets going from the front into the town, borne on stretchers, is sufficient to give a certain degree of confirmation to this statement.

While the weather continues in its present state there will be little to write to you as regards the army. All is waiting and expectancy. It is now 2 P.M., the wind still high, although its force has somewhat abated, and the sea very rough. Over the range of hills to our front, where the Moors have their fastnesses, hangs a dense grey cloud, seemingly laden with humidity and storm. There are no arrivals of transports. The post-boat got out yesterday, late in the afternoon. Doubts are entertained as to the departure of to-day's mail. Gibraltar is dimly discernible through the mist that shrouds the Straits. Various are the aspects of the double-headed rock as seen from this, the opposite continent. Sometimes it stands out, in leaden solidity, a dark-grey mass; at others, through a clearer atmosphere, one discerns the white lines of its houses and fortifications; now it glitters in the full sunlight, or, as I the other morning saw it, one-half is bright and clear, while the other, less favoured by the beams, remains of a uniform gloomy slate colour. There stands the head and front of England's offending in Spanish eyes. Gibraltar is the thorn in the Spaniard's side, which may be forgotten while greater evils press and gall him, but which he is prone to revert to when those have passed away, and prosperity appears about to return. Of late, as may be easily imagined, the discussion relative to the Morocco expedition, the representations of the British Cabinet on the subject, and the rumours of misunderstandings, and even of a possible rupture, between the English and French Governments, have revived the old grief and given prominence to the vexed question. One hears frequent conversations about Gibraltar—about its capacity of resistance under the altered conditions of modern warfare, and concerning the possibility of its rescue from British hands, either by friendly or by forcible

means. Lately, I am told, in one of the large towns of Southern Spain a toast was given to the effect that Gibraltar might, within a year, be crowned with the Spanish standard. Of course, it would be easy to multiply and improve upon such sentiments, and to drink to the recovery of Mexico and of the whole of Spanish America, but the toast shows the bent of public feeling at this moment. There is little use in reasoning with Spaniards on the subject; it is one that touches their national pride, and that they will not long regard from any other point of view.

Besides Marshal O'Donnell, we have now two Lieutenant-Generals here—Zabala and Prim. The corps commanded by the former (second) lately moved forward and relieved the first, which was in the advanced line. The commander of the latter corps, Major-General Echague, is at present in Ceuta, getting cured of a wound in his hand, which he received in the affair of the 25th of November. O'Donnell lives in a tent of very moderate dimensions, and in no very sheltered position, and shares the discomforts of his officers, which, under present circumstances, are not a few. The Spaniards are naturally, for the most part, inexperienced in the various shifts and contrivances by which the evils of a camp life are alleviated, but they seem to take pretty readily to this sort of thing, and will doubtless become skilful campaigners, if the war lasts long enough. What they now have to encounter, however, in the way of difficulties and obstacles, is much less than they will meet when upon the line of march. It is very different being encamped here, close to Ceuta and their ships, and having to pitch a camp suddenly, at the close of a day's march and skirmishing, with sick and wounded to be taken care of, baggage to be got up, and everything to be made right and safe for the night, at a time of the year, too, when it is dark at 5 P.M., and hardly light until 7 A.M. Nobody, however, seems to doubt of coming triumphs, and the general confidence is increased by the behaviour of Spaniards and Moors respectively in the combats that have taken place.

Pending the arrival of better weather and more stirring times, there is little to do here, save to ride up to the front or down into Ceuta, which latter is within an easy walk from headquarters. At the front, when one has been there once or twice, there is not much to be seen, and the roads, or rather tracks, are rough, steep, and trying to horses. The advanced redoubt mentioned in former letters forms the right of our position. Beyond it, more to the right, but slightly to the rear of the line of the redoubt, is another eminence, crowned by a small building known as the Casa del Renegado. To this house a legend is attached of an escaped galley-slave, who, unable either to return to his countrymen or to forget his country, established his residence there, in order to be within constant view of the beloved Spanish shore. Such is the tale told here, and, whether true or not, worse subjects have been used by the ballad-maker than the *heimsucht* of the unhappy convict. The renegade's house is not occupied by the Spaniards, although their light infantry were up there on the 30th. The Moors go up there, but, as its position includes it in our line, they quickly abandon it on any appearance of a forward move on our part. For the last day or two they have been very quiet. Probably they like the bad weather as little as we do.

CEUTA, *Dec.* 6.

THE same dearth of news; the weather mending, but still cloudy and uncertain. The Commander-in-Chief rode out yesterday in front of the redoubt with some Staff officers and troops. Very few Moors were seen, and not a shot was fired. We hear that at Madrid people are in a fever of impatience for news from the seat of war, and in hourly expectation of some great victory. If they saw a little of the difficulties this army has to contend with, mainly as regards the weather, they would

understand the necessity of taking patience. The lull in the wind this morning, should it continue, will probably enable Ros de Olano's corps to commence its movement. But there seems no security for a calm of any duration in these seas, and 10,000 or 11,000 men, with corresponding baggage, stores, horses, and mules, are not shipped in a day in Spain, even were there transports sufficient. I should say it would be very quick work indeed, judging from the past, if the third corps were landed complete in Africa within an entire week of the movement of its first detachment from Malaga. Then, none of the cavalry has come—that is to say, there are 250 horses, or thereabouts, for escort and orderly duty, but there are to be 2000 with this army altogether, the bulk of which are at Jerez and in its vicinity. The transport of horses is what costs the most time, Spanish horses being for the most part ticklish and fidgety, and hard to sling. At the Trocadero the other day it took the whole morning to get about 80 on board a steamer, although that was due in great part to the inexperience of the men employed. Then, when they get here, if there be any sea on, there is a heavy surf, and landing them is not easy. In short, it seems to me difficult that anything of importance should be done within a week, unless Marshal O'Donnell intends commencing the campaign with the two corps and General Prim's reserve (I estimate them at 25,000 men, certainly not more), already here, and leaving the others to come up afterwards. This may be his intention; nothing has transpired of his plans. Whether we are to begin with Tangier or Tetuan is still a favourite subject of conjecture. Some think the former, because, if we took Tetuan, we should have to weaken ourselves by leaving a considerable force there, owing to the size of the place and its small means of defence.

The post closes at noon, and is likely to leave punctually to-day, the weather having decidedly improved. The report concerning the health of the army is that cholera is prevalent, but not very malignant. At the

first symptoms the men are taken down to hospital and cared for, and I am assured that the proportion of deaths to cases is not more than 15 or 20 per cent. I have received, from an officer who took a prominent part in it, some details of the action of the 25th November, which appears to have been sharply contested. The Moors fought bravely, chiefly from behind trees, to which they cling like serpents, shifting round them so as to present the least possible mark to the enemy. Their *espingardas*, very long-barrelled guns, require a prop for their aim to be sure. When thus supported, I am assured that they will kill at 400 paces. On the 25th a battalion of the Regiment of Merida got into the rear of a large body of Moors, who were defending a wood, and charged them with the bayonet, killing a good many of them. When thus attacked, they take their guns by the barrel and use them as clubs. This mode of defence is found ineffectual against the bayonet, with which the little Spanish soldiers run in upon them. The Moors are described to me, by persons who have been in close contact with them, and have seen many of their dead bodies, as extremely fine men, most of them tall, not a few nearly six feet high, bearded, and of various complexions, varying from black, or nearly so, to a tint almost as white as that of Europeans. They are extremely dirty, and wretchedly clad, a white haik (a sort of loose long tunic with a hood) being their only garment. Their stature, their wild and ferocious appearance and horrible yells, might have been expected to have an intimidating effect upon troops of which the majority are mere recruits; but such does not appear to have been the case to any important extent. The officers engaged in the combat of the 25th are highly satisfied with their men's behaviour, and express themselves confident of their standing firm against Moorish cavalry, as they have already done against the attacks of the infantry.

GIBRALTAR, *Dec.* 9.

THERE being nothing going on in front of Ceuta, nor likely to be with the weather that prevailed, I ran over here on the 6th in quest of some campaigning necessaries. "Ran" is not the word. I should rather say crept, or crawled. You in England, who see by the map that Ceuta is only some fifteen miles from Gibraltar, more or less, imagine, I daresay, that one steps backwards and forwards, as you do from Dover to Calais. I beg to undeceive you. There is very little direct communication between the Rock and Ceuta. English vessels seldom go, and, perhaps, would be looked suspiciously upon if their visits were frequent, owing to the belief in Spain that England favours Morocco. Spanish vessels go between Algesiras and Ceuta, and many things occur to delay their departure. Thus it was that on the 6th instant the Spanish armed steamer Ceres, by which, through the kindness of the Governor of Ceuta, I had an order for a passage, and on board of which I hurried soon after noon, lay till nearly 8 P.M. waiting for the Commander-in-Chief's despatch. With only an auxiliary screw, it was 11 before we got to Algesiras, and then my old friend the Health Committee kept us an hour or two, so that it was nearly 1 o'clock when we got ashore. Algesiras is only about five miles from Gibraltar, but the steamer is very capricious in its running; it is a long way round by the road, and a heavy boat, finding no wind, was two and a half hours on the voyage. In short, judging by my own experience, I should be justified in saying that it takes twenty-four hours to get from Ceuta to Gibraltar. Such is not always the case, but it is likely to occur frequently. During the seven long hours that the little Ceres was rolling at her anchor in Ceuta Bay, we had the annoyance of seeing heavy black clouds gradually descending and accumulating on the heights where the Spanish camp is pitched, and then a furious down-pour upon our

deck warned us that General O'Donnell's army was undergoing the unpleasant process of a drenching. Down it came, almost a sheet of water, and it must have been "hard lines" that night for the soldiers in their *tentes d'abri*, which have proved, as I expected, totally insufficient as shelter at this season. Marshal O'Donnell may beat the Moors, although they are not foes to be despised, but will he succeed in vanquishing other more formidable opponents—the climate and weather, exposure, fever, and cholera? I by no means wish to paint his prospects in black colours, but I cannot look upon them as brilliant. Almost every one I speak to, even the most sanguine, expresses regret that the expedition was undertaken so soon. It was really hardly worth while, in order to flash off a little powder and drive away a few Moors on the Queen's Saint's-day, to begin before all was prepared. The French, experienced though they are in African warfare—or perhaps because they are so experienced—would certainly not have commenced with so little preparation. A vast deal remains to be organised, and some of the most indispensable things appear to be wanting, or, at least, not to be forthcoming at the right moment. Thus, in the little combat of the 30th ultimo, I saw most of the wounded being carried down in blankets, instead of stretchers. The ground to be gone over was in great part very rough and declivitous, the bearers slipped about, and every now and then had to deposit their uneasy burden, in order apparently to rest and get a better grip. Fancy the misery to the wounded men. Now, on that day there were only a few scores of men so seriously hurt as to require carrying. A great many of the slightly wounded walked in, with or without the aid of a comrade. Then there is not, or was not very lately, an advanced hospital or ambulance to send the wounded to for a first dressing. They have all to be carried in to Ceuta. We must presume that better measures will have been taken before the campaign seriously begins, and that various departments will have received organisation and supplies, which now appear

deficient in both. And the friends, not only of the Spaniards, but of the commonest humanity, must desire that the weather may soon mend, so as to permit the removal of the army from their present station, where they cannot but sicken and die at this season of the year, and with the exposure they undergo to rain and cold. Indeed, if the bad weather lasts, the position of the Spanish General will be a highly difficult one. Without an improvement of a most decided nature he can hardly, one would think, attempt a serious movement. He must maintain his position before Ceuta, and the army will assuredly dwindle away rapidly from sickness. Were Ceuta a larger place, his wisest plan perhaps would be to go into winter quarters there, and wait a more favourable season for the campaign. But to cram his army and its followers into so small a town would be an invitation to disease. As to remaining where he is, to do so much longer would be to dispirit and seriously weaken his army, whose health it is impossible to deny is already by no means good. Cholera, the offspring of misery and apprehension, is in its ranks; and if, as I was lately assured, it is not of the most malignant kind, on the other hand the cases are too numerous not to inspire uneasiness. Such, at least, was the state of things according to accounts I received at the moment of my departure from Ceuta, and from officers whom I met on the passage. How far it may since have been aggravated by the continued bad weather I can only conjecture. Take twenty thousand young men, who, although most of them from the lower classes of society, have always been accustomed to sleep with roofs over their heads, and place them suddenly upon a series of clay ridges, with the sea on one side, and a chain of mountains on the other, in the winter season, when violent winds prevail, and heavy rains frequently fall—pack every three of them under a *tente d'abri*, into which the water flows, and through which the wind whistles—keep them there night after night and week after week, with open-air sentry duty for the chief variation of their

monotonous life—and then wonder if they sicken and crowd the hospital. "To lie under those tents and in the open air is the same thing when it rains," a regimental officer said to me the other day; "you get as wet in the tent as outside it." The fortunate few—the superior officers, Staff, &c.—who have money and many servants, of course make themselves comparatively comfortable; but the bulk of the army must assuredly endure a great deal in its camp in front of Ceuta. And, notwithstanding the high-sounding notes of enthusiasm, and the promises of brilliant triumphs, of which some of the Madrid papers are so lavish, I can positively assure you that there are not a few who begin to cool upon the enterprise, in consequence of difficulties and hardships they had not anticipated; and that some who were most eager to get to Africa would now be just as glad to get back to Spain.

At Malaga three weeks ago I heard an opinion expressed by some of the chiefs of that *corps d'armée*, that the season chosen for this campaign was a propitious one, the soldier not having to fear heat. It is rather singular that the Spaniards, who live so near to Africa, should have been so ignorant of its winter climate, should not have been aware that December in Northern Morocco is a month of storm and tempest, when violent winds often render the Straits unnavigable. Supposing O'Donnell's army marches to Tetuan, beats the Moorish force that will doubtless give it battle on the road, takes the place, and establishes itself there; if a Levanter comes on to blow—and I have been assured by English naval officers well acquainted with these seas, that they sometimes prevail for weeks together, when not a ship can remain on that coast—all the supplies of the army will have to be sent from Ceuta, seven leagues over a roadless country, with an enemy on your flank. Why, at Balaklava we had but six miles, and everybody knows the work it was to get up the necessary stores until the roads were made. Meantime the Moors, snug in their towns and villages, assemble where they please, without fear of attack or surprise from an army that can-

not, under present circumstances, venture far from the coast, and quietly watch their opportunity, while small bodies, and even the armed villagers, suffice to molest and harass the Spaniards, and keep them on a fatiguing *qui vive*. The expedition will be of great cost, and cannot be of large profit. It has been gone into with undue haste, and I hope, for the sake of friends in the Spanish camp, that it may not be repented at leisure.

I found Gibraltar full of most astounding "shaves" concerning what was going on at Ceuta. There is some individual of a very inquiring turn of mind, who sits up on the top of the rock with a telescope, and the things he thence descries are truly wonderful. Half Gibraltar believed, apparently on his report, that the Spaniards had suffered a great reverse, had been driven into Ceuta or into the sea; had lost guns, and colours, and reputation. Another tale was—but I believe that was brought by some merchant captain from Barbary—that there had been a severe action on the 2d instant. As to the cannonades that have been heard, they are simply innumerable. And even when you come from the spot where all these marvels are alleged to have taken place, and assure the Gibraltarines of their being pure inventions, many of them look at you doubtfully, not to say suspiciously, so strong a hold has the fiction taken of their credulity. I presume the Moors have their own way of relating the incidents of the war, and their version of them may easily arrive here by vessels coming from Moorish ports. That accounts differing from the truth, and less unfavourable to the Moors than the glowing Spanish narratives of recent skirmishes, should prevail here, will doubtless be taken by the Spaniards as fresh proof of English sympathy with Morocco, just as the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, which is in the habit of publishing, to the best of its information, both sides of the question, has been nicknamed by a Madrid journal "The Semi-Official *Gazette* of the Emperor of Morocco." For truth's sake, and to set the matter at rest, I may here broadly state that in all the affairs that have as yet taken place (those of the 25th and 30th of November, and two

or three small skirmishes) the advantage has remained with the Spaniards. On the 25th the Moors were very daring, and pressed them hard, and made desperate attempts upon their guns, but they were finally routed, with, as I am assured, and have no reason to doubt, considerable loss, that of the Spaniards being, I believe, somewhere about 400 killed and wounded. Now, as to the tales one also hears in Gibraltar of the slaughter of thousands of Moors, and which I suppose are intended as a set-off to the fables unfavourable to the Spaniards, they are scarcely worth alluding to. There have been no battles yet, consequently no such slaughter. There have been skirmishes, two of which may be said to have assumed the proportions of combats or little actions. The aggression has been for the most part on the side of the Moors. The Spaniards, in fact, may be considered to be at present standing on the defensive, waiting until circumstances permit them to prosecute the offensive purpose with which they have come to Africa.

If from Ceuta we are able to contradict the false reports that obtain currency in Gibraltar respecting the Spanish army, on the other hand we know little there about the proceedings of the Moors, with the exception of those in our front and just around us, and we have rather to look hither for such information. According to the reports current on the Rock, the Moors muster in great force and are eager to do battle with the infidel. The summons of the Emperor of Morocco, the appeal to religious fanaticism, and the increase of pay, have all had their effect, and there can be little doubt that the forces which will be opposed to the Spaniards are numerically superior to them. I do not vouch for the accuracy of the figures, but I am told of upwards of 100,000 foot and 30,000 horse. This does not seem improbable in a warlike population so large as that of Morocco. Persons who have been lately and frequently in Morocco express their conviction that the Moors will fight desperately under the influence of fanaticism, and of that utter contempt of death which is one of their well-known characteristics. With regard to the

armament and equipment of the bulk of their army, it is difficult to obtain positive information. The chief arm both of infantry and cavalry seems to be the *espingarda*, or long musket, of which some handsome specimens have already been taken, and are now in the Spanish camp. An English officer lately in Morocco fetching away British subjects tells me he saw some of their cavalry with bayonets fixed to the ends of their guns, which thus are converted into lances of considerable length. The same authority, which I consider a good one, expressed confidence in the bravery of the Moors, but said that *good* European infantry ought to march through them in the plains, both horse and foot. The question is whether the Spanish infantry will prove good enough to do this; whether such young soldiers have nerve and resolution sufficient to withstand without flinching or confusion the fierce onset of those wild desperadoes of the desert, and to receive them with a close fire and a firm, unbroken line of bayonets.

CAMP BEFORE CEUTA, *Dec.* 12.

AT daybreak this morning the third corps of the army of Africa, under General Ros de Olano, arrived in the port of Ceuta in forty-six steamers from Malaga, and nearly the whole are disembarked at the hour at which I write. We still await artillery and cavalry to complete the army, but those, it is expected, will not be long in making their appearance. Some of the steamers that brought the third corps will return for artillery. I am not positively acquainted with the strength of that corps, but it must be somewhere about 11,000 men. We have now probably between 30,000 and 35,000 effective men in these lines. The cholera, I was happy to learn on my return from Gibraltar, is much on the decline. For a few days the number of deaths was sufficient to justify serious apprehensions. We had a skirmish to-day, which

began at noon and lasted till dark, but it was of no great importance. It was upon our left, and General Prim played the principal part in it. He went out with two or three battalions, and soon got up a very agreeable little fight. Other troops went out to support. The number of Moors engaged is estimated by the Spaniards at from 4000 to 5000. The Spanish loss was trifling—seven killed and some wounded. General Prim is superintending and protecting the making of the road in the direction of Tetuan, and which, it is expected, will very soon be completed as far as Cabo Negro. Up to that point it is not expected the Moors will give us much to do, but after that there are plains, and it is thought probable we may have a serious engagement, in which the hostile cavalry will play a part. It is reported that a very strong Moorish force is assembled on the road from Tangier to Tetuan, ready to act in either direction. The weather has been fine and dry for the last two days, but more or less windy, and colder than it was. The great point, however, is that it should not rain; for rain makes all the difference between positive misery and comparative comfort. Although the winds are high and even cold, yet the degree of cold is not great, and is very endurable with a moderate amount of shelter and covering. There is no want of wood in the neighbourhood; the Moorish forest is at the disposal of the Spanish soldier, who does not spare the fuel, and lights magnificent fires. After all the bad weather we have had—more even than is common at this season, or, at least, more than occurs in some winters—we may perhaps expect two or three fine weeks, and that would be an immense thing for the army, which is still in good heart and confident, but might ultimately be dispirited by a continuance of disease and inaction.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 14.

THE General-in-Chief yesterday rode up to the front and visited some of the redoubts, of which there are now five in course of construction. The one on the right, first begun and most frequently referred to, was only the commencement of a chain of works extending from near the sea on the side of the Straits (the hill surmounted by the Casa del Renegado alone intervening), to the sea on the south of Ceuta—the commencement of the east coast of Morocco,—and forming a sort of semicircle. From the most advanced redoubt, the second from the right, upon which a vigorous and determined attack was made on the 9th, one obtains a view of a part of the Moorish camp, consisting of only a few tents, and including a cluster of large white ones, which are supposed to be the residence of a General or Sheik. The greater part of the camp is concealed (whatever it may amount to) in rear of a rising ground masking a pass between the mountains. The distance from the redoubt to the tents in sight is about 4000 mètres—beyond range of our rifled four-pounders, which would disturb their tranquillity were they a few hundred mètres nearer. The whole of the ground around Ceuta is so irregular in its conformation that it is difficult to give you a clear idea of it. The redoubts occupy the most prominent points of an imaginary line, and are intended for its defence when the army shall have moved away to (as everyone believes) attack Tetuan. They have all received names; the one on the right is Isabel II., that on the left Principe de las Asturias; the other three respectively, España, Francisco de Asis, and Cisneros. On our left, along the coast, lies the way to Tetuan, towards which look our redoubts on that side. Beyond these redoubts the inequalities of the ground are trifling, and soon disappear altogether, the land then sloping gently upwards from the beach as far as Cabo Negro, the first headland to the south of Ceuta. From this cape a

chain of hills runs inland, a lower branch of the lofty ranges that form the background of the rugged landscape. The ground beyond that is not visible to us, but we are assured that it is a level plain. It is the general impression here, on what founded I am unable to say, that no serious opposition from the Moors is to be expected until the army reaches Cabo Negro—the Black Cape. A few days will probably show how far this notion is correct, for the whole army is now collected here, with the exception of the cavalry and a portion of the artillery, and as soon as they arrive we expect a move. A sufficient force (probably a division of about 5000 men) will remain to hold the lines round Ceuta, with which place our communication will have to be kept open. Nobody, I believe, expects that we shall get to Tetuan without a sharp fight upon the way, in which, of course, all persons here predict that the Moors will get a severe thrashing. I know very well that there are persons elsewhere who are of a widely different opinion; the event will show who is right. If we move off with 30,000 fighting men it will be more than I expect, for what with recent fights, cholera, and the very considerable number of men who have received their discharge since the army came, our strength has been reduced. The Spanish authorities have not thought themselves justified in stretching a point and retaining until the end of the campaign, or, at any rate, until their places could be conveniently supplied, those men whose term of service has expired. Thus nearly 300 men were lately discharged from one regiment alone. Allowing, however, that we start with something like 30,000 men, these are a very small number compared to the force the Moors may bring against them. The opinion of some of the superior officers of this army is, I know, that in a general action, on open ground, the superiority of the Spaniards will make itself immediately and strikingly felt. They say, and not without an appearance of reason, that in the sort of warfare they have hitherto waged they have laboured under great disadvantages. The Moors,

expert bush-fighters, ensconced among foliage and lurking behind trees, have picked off their men, who with difficulty could obtain a sight of their foes. When the latter are deprived of cover it is thought that the superiority of weapons and discipline will tell powerfully against them, and that they will experience heavy losses. It appears to me that the weather will have a great influence on the fate of the expected contest. With calm, fine weather, the Spanish steamers might not only move along the coast, parallel with the army, protecting it by their fire, but they might take off the wounded in their boats, thus leaving many men to fight who otherwise would be necessarily engaged in carrying their comrades. The army does not seem as yet very well pleased with the conduct of the navy in this war. They say that the latter service exhibits neither enterprise nor willingness. Such, at least, is the opinion I have heard expressed by not a few persons. The fact is that the Spanish navy is extremely weak, and nearly the whole of it is engaged in colonial service. It is said to have a well-equipped squadron in the West Indies, and another in the Philippines, but here there seems to be nothing. A few gunboats and small steamers cruise about the coast, and take a shot at any group of Moors they catch sight of (I hear some of them now engaged in that diversion); but as for mustering a stout squadron and seriously co-operating with the land forces, we hear no word of such a proceeding. It might prove a most advantageous diversion if, while the army moves on Tetuan, a few Spanish ships attacked Tangier; but nobody seems to think that anything of the kind will be done.

The Spanish soldiers have been working to good purpose since their arrival in Africa. If they do as well, when they come to a regular battle, with rifle and bayonet as they have with spade, pick, and axe, they will probably give a good account of the Moors. They have been making roads and redoubts, and felling timber. The cork-trees with which the hill-slopes are covered are falling by hundreds under their blows. The redoubts

are formed of these, of soil thrown up, and of bags of earth and stones. The way up to the Isabella redoubt, which when I first arrived here was through trees and over most difficult ground, has been greatly improved by their toil; and they have made a good piece of road over the hills in the direction of Tetuan. Of course, it is a different sort of road from that which was needed in the Crimea, where the passage of carts, horses, and baggage animals was continual. But, unless we are visited by a longer period of heavy rains than is usual in this country, it will be ample for all that is required, which is to facilitate the movement of the army upon Tetuan.

Since writing the above, early this morning, some changes have been made in the disposition of the camp. Ros de Olano's division, which had been tented close to Ceuta since its landing, has moved considerably to the left, establishing itself on one of the ridges of hills which succeed each other in that direction. The Spaniards are decidedly extending their line, as it was natural to suppose they would do upon the arrival of so large an addition to their force. The head quarters of the army have also changed their ground, advancing a little, and, from the rear of their tents, instead of looking down into Ceuta, they have a fine sea view towards Cape Negro. The Spaniards are rapidly getting more expert in shifting for themselves, and most of the tents were pitched in very quick time. The weather continues fine, the wind moderate, the sea calm for the season of the year. But the cold augments sensibly. A week ago, although there was plenty of damp, there was no difficulty in keeping oneself warm under canvass. A stretcher to raise one from the ground, a thick coat, and a blanket, were all that could reasonably be required by campaigners. Last night it was very different, and the cold was severely felt, although unattended by frost. It is a damp and penetrating cold, and in the morning the tents are almost as wet as if it had rained. The contrast between this nocturnal cold and the temperature by day, when the sun shines out bright, as at this moment, from

a cloudless sky, is trying to many constitutions, and produces illness of various kinds. It is rain, however, that is most to be feared, and one would put up with a good deal to be ensured the continuance of dry ground and sunny days.

The loss in the affair of the 12th inst. was, as I before mentioned, trifling—seven killed and about thirty wounded. In the former was included a colonel of artillery. In the action of the 9th, Colonel O'Ryan of the Engineers, a Spanish officer of Irish descent, was severely but not dangerously wounded. He will probably be known to many officers of the English army as one of the four Spanish officers who were attached to Marshal Pelissier's headquarters up to the close of the Crimean war. He subsequently went, as member of another military commission, to watch the operations of the French army in Italy. He is considered one of the most promising officers of his arm in the Spanish service, but his wound is likely to keep him from his duty for some weeks to come.

The electric cable which is to unite Tarifa and Ceuta (a piece of the old Atlantic cable) arrived here two days ago on board the Tweedside steamer, and will be laid down to-morrow, weather permitting.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 15.

THE post now leaves at noon, sometimes rather sooner, —at least, that is the hour the mail-bags go on board, although the boat sometimes waits till evening for the General-in-Chief's despatches. There is no manifest reason why the letters should be sent off so early, or why the boat should not start, as a rule, at midnight instead of noon, for the mail for Madrid does not leave Algesiras until 9 in the morning; but such is not the present arrangement. So my letters, unless by an extraordinary

chance, will inform you of what has passed only up to 11 A.M. on the day of their date.

From all that I can learn and observe, we are likely to remain where we are at least eight or ten days longer. More road has to be made before we can move, and, indeed, if, as I have been assured, all the artillery is to land at Ceuta, it would not surprise me if the delay were longer, for it will take a good deal of labour to clear the way for the guns. It was reported that for this reason they would be landed somewhere between this and Tetuan. Two or three squadrons of cavalry have already arrived, and the whole may be expected within a very short time. When we have 2000 horses here, which I understand to be the total number of the cavalry expected, besides officers' horses, baggage mules, &c., the amount of transport from Spain required will be very large, and it is possible that, at times, especially when we move away from here, the supply of rations may not be so regular and abundant as hitherto. Up to this time the commissariat and home administration deserve credit for the manner in which the wants of this army have been supplied. I have not heard a single complaint of short commons, and have had many opportunities of testing the quality of the food served out to the soldier, which I have always found excellent. The bread is white and good; the wine, rice, and bacon (the last-named article is served out with potatoes, on some days, in lieu of fresh meat), are also of excellent quality. Coffee and sugar, meat sometimes fresh, sometimes salt, are the other articles of food distributed; for the horses, barley and chopped straw. The quantity appears amply sufficient —at least for Spanish soldiers, who are easily contented in that respect. Indeed, in moving about camp, I see symptoms of waste which will probably disappear when we have been longer here, and are farther off from our supplies—bread and biscuit thrown about, and trains of barley from damaged sacks.

Look at it in what way we may, and in spite of the precautions that may and doubtless will be taken, the

march of the Spanish army upon Tetuan cannot be viewed otherwise than as a hazardous enterprise. The distance is seven leagues; on our left we shall have the sea, on our right a difficult country and a numerous and daring enemy; the troops are inexperienced in war, and in great part mere recruits. They have hitherto fought well under unfavourable circumstances, but they cannot be considered as proof against panics, and this is the great danger to be apprehended. It is very possible, and is firmly believed by many of the superior officers here, that the Moors will be found much less formidable in the open country, where they cannot shield themselves behind trees, than in the wooded hills around Ceuta. The skirmish of the 12th has strengthened this idea. General Prim went out for a reconnoissance, and provoked a fight on ground where there was less cover than the Moors have generally had since the commencement of this war. The enemy lacked support for their long *espingardas*, which require a prop for their aim to be sure; there was a great deal of fire, and, as you know, very little damage on this side. It is affirmed, also, by an officer who took opportunities of close observation, that the Moors showed an unwillingness to come on when on open ground. But, although we have had some thousands of the enemy about us here (on the 9th especially they showed in great force), that is nothing in comparison with what we may expect to see when we take leave of our present lines and move upon Tetuan. Neither is it sure, although it has been reported, that we have as yet had to do with the best of their fighting men. It is generally believed that when the first corps landed and moved out of Ceuta they were opposed only by the warriors of two neighbouring tribes, which together muster barely 2000 fighting men. Reinforcements soon came up, and it was on their arrival that the action of the 25th of November took place. Since then, it is believed that they have shown 10,000 men. There is nothing that I can see to prevent them from bringing 100,000 against us between this and Tetuan. We are already told of a

large force of cavalry (20,000 horses are spoken of) encamped in rear of the mountains in our front, and awaiting our forward movement. Now, if we muster 30,000 combatants, exclusive of those who must be left behind, it will be the very outside. The numerical disproportion between this small army and the host that may be expected to oppose us is enormous, and must be compensated, if compensated it is to be, not only by the superiority of discipline and weapons, but also by unflinching courage and perfect steadiness on the part of the Spaniards. The least confusion or giving-way in a single brigade, or even in a battalion, might have the most fatal consequences. Among young troops it would be almost sure to spread, and a great disaster would probably ensue, especially if, as is likely, the Moors, upon our march, menace our rear as well as our front. General O'Donnell is believed by his friends and followers to be a man of resource and an able General, and he will need all his skill, however great that may be, under the circumstances in which he will shortly find himself placed. If this were a veteran army of tried soldiers I should have little doubt as to the result. Upon a strong artillery and steady infantry an irregular army like that of the Moors could make small impression, however numerous. We have heard talk of Moorish "regulars," but strong doubts exist whether this means anything more than the standing army, while the occasional levies lately called out are designated as irregulars.

I was told last night that there yet are hopes that the Spanish navy may prove useful in the approaching operations. Tangier is said to be at the present moment bare of troops, all those that were there having been sent over in this direction since it became evident that Tetuan was our first object.

Another beautiful day. The laying of the submarine cable was to commence as soon as it was light, weather being favourable, and is therefore, I presume, at present proceeding. This is a day of pomps and ceremonies. A band hard by my tent is now playing the Royal March,

on the occasion of the presentation of new colours sent by the Queen to some of the regiments composing this army. And the trumpets are sounding the call to mass, which is to be said for the repose of the souls of Spaniards who fell in a fight at Ceuta in days long gone by, but at what precise date and in what quarrel I am unable to inform you, having as yet met with no one who could instruct me thereanent, and books of reference being scarce in the camp in front of Ceuta.

Half-past 10.—Skirmishing to the front. The Spaniards expect a fight. No time for more.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 16.

THE skirmish which was commencing yesterday morning when I sent off my letter lasted until dark, but was not of sufficient importance for a detailed account of it to be interesting out of Spain. These small fights occur every two or three days, and since I first arrived here they have been invariably provoked by the enemy, excepting on the 12th inst., when General Prim brought on an affair. The Moors advance firing, and menace our line, and, of course, we are obliged to repulse them. Their object is probably only to harass us, for they cannot expect, with the forces they present, to gain an advantage over those we have. We had just as soon they kept quiet, for they give us trouble and cost us men, and there is no profit and little glory to be gained. Yesterday a sort of strategical idea seemed to have struck them, but it was so clumsy a one, a manœuvre so easily detected, that, if they expected it to succeed, they must have a very low opinion of Spanish intelligence. They brought down about 800 to 1000 cavalry, apparently expecting that the attack of their infantry would tempt us out of our lines to ground where their horse could act. Of course they were disappointed; the Spanish artillery drove

away the cavalry, and the musketry fire nearly ceased for an hour or two, but breezed up about 3 o'clock and lasted till night. The shots were rather long, but some of them told, and we had upwards of 100 killed and wounded. In the early part of the day the Moors planted a flag on an eminence considerably in our front, and it is supposed there was some General or great personage among them, whose banner it was. The evening skirmish was on an eminence in front of the Isabel II. redoubt (right of all), a hill whose summit is a long level ridge. At the further extremity of the ridge a number of pieces of rock and large stones afford cover to the Moorish sharpshooters. It is a very favourite position of theirs, and I call it Tombstone-hill, in order to distinguish it. At one end of the hill the Spanish skirmishers lay down upon the slope which runs down into the valley immediately in front of the redoubt; their object was, not to fight, but merely to hold the ground until night, so they kept just below the brow, and returned the enemy's fire only occasionally. Their practice while thus recumbent did not do them much credit, and I understand they are not accustomed to fire in that posture. A rifled four-pounder on the redoubt occasionally sent a shot among the Moors and set them running, but upon the whole they stood their ground very stoutly, and some of them gave proof of great courage, advancing singly along the ridge until they caught sight of the first Spaniards posted below it, when they discharged their *espingardas* and retreated. If they had had better shots to deal with not one of those who played this hazardous trick would have returned alive to his friends. One or two only were hit, and two or three of their comrades made gallant efforts and exposed themselves very much to carry them off. These small incidents afforded some amusement to the lookers-on, who could not, however, but think it dearly purchased when they saw sundry poor fellows, including two or three officers, carried by wounded, and some dead bodies taken to the rear in blankets. As to the loss of the Moors it were idle to

hazard conjecture, although it is the fashion here, as in most armies under similar circumstances, to make them,—the loss of the enemy being, of course, always estimated greatly to exceed our own. It is probable that the Moors do generally suffer more than the Spaniards, for the simple reason that the latter have artillery and their opponents have not. In the early part of yesterday the rifled mountain battery of Major Lopez Dominguez, a cousin of Marshal Serrano, made some good practice, and must have been unpleasant to the Moors.

Whilst fighting, even when only exchanging long shots, the Moors keep up a most hideous howling and shrieking, vituperating their enemies in bad Spanish, and making the mountains resound with the often repeated epithet of *perros* (dogs). To this the Spaniards condescend not to reply, except with bullets, although in the civil war it was no unusual thing to hear Carlist and Christina skirmishers abusing each other, and especially indulging in unhandsome reflections upon each other's Sovereign.

During the lull in the middle of the day, when there was almost a cessation of firing, the Commander-in-Chief rode to our extreme left to visit the corps of General Ros de Olano, which has established its camp in a picturesque recess of the shore, formed by two wooded hills that slope down towards each other's base almost into a dell. The tents are pitched with much regularity; the surrounding cork-trees afford abundant fuel, and last night the place was in a blaze of light from the camp fires. The nights, and especially the early mornings for two or three hours before daybreak, have now become so cold that it is most fortunate that wood is plentiful hereabouts. On O'Donnell's arrival the corps was drawn up to receive him, the band playing the *Marcha Real* (which has become the Spanish national air since the follies of the Progresista party disgusted people with Riego's hymn and other Liberal melodies); some battalions were in advance, with skirmishers thrown out, as a little firing was still going on, and the enemy visible on various

points at no great distance from our line. The sun shone brightly, and the *coup-d'œil* was good, as was also the appearance of the troops. The corps is said to be about 11,000 strong.

This morning General Prim went out with his division, consisting of seven battalions, over the hills on our left along shore, to protect the men working at the continuation of the road, which is to be completed as far as the level beach in the direction of Tetuan. With him went a battalion of engineers, and another of artillerymen, who are to cut the road. The move is to a considerable distance beyond our lines, but the Moors have made no attempt to molest the Spanish troops, which were protected in the early part of the day by two steamers and a gunboat. The enemy has a wholesome dread of the fire from the ships. Other roads are in progress connecting the redoubts, and it is probable that when the next skirmish occurs the wounded will be conveyed along them to the shore, and sent off in boats to vessels waiting there. It will be a shorter and easier transit than taking them through the tedious windings of the fortifications into Ceuta, and it will, moreover, serve as practice previous to the shipment of wounded in the fighting we may expect as we proceed along the coast to Tetuan. Up to Cape Negro, it is thought, as I have already mentioned, that there will be small difficulty or opposition to our march, but there the ground again becomes difficult, and we may possibly have to form an intrenched camp and abide there until the engineers have overcome obstacles. Meanwhile we are menaced with a change of weather; the sailors predict rain, which would retard our operations, and probably increase the amount of sickness, lately sensibly diminished under the beneficial influence of a few fine days. The transitions here are great and rapid; to-day, at 2 o'clock, the sun was so hot as to render exposure to it, when in exercise, by no means pleasant; it is now half-past 4, and one is very glad to put on a warm greatcoat, even under the shelter of a tent.

Of our life in camp there is not much to tell you that

would have the charm of novelty. Of the hardships and pleasures (the latter not numerous), the disagreeables, the shifts, and the fun of that mode of existence, you heard much, even to the minutest details, during the still recent campaign in the Crimea, and now to enlarge upon them would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale. With fine weather, things are endurable enough for persons not over delicate; wind and rain sadly mar our comparative happiness. Here only for a few days, it is not worth while to do many things which would contribute to comfort and greatly improve our condition. We rough it, and hope for an early move, a successful fight, and a period of repose at Tetuan. Ceuta having within the last few days been made a free port, except for articles of *estanco* (Government monopoly), such as tobacco and salt, supplies begin to improve, although as yet but slowly. A *restaurant* has just been opened at head-quarters, of whose productions I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but which, I am assured, far surpasses in the prices, although not in the quality, of its dishes, the Frères Provençaux and the lamented Verrey. I suspect its *habitués* will not be numerous, for the Spanish officer is generally frugal, and sets no great store by the pleasures of the palate. Generally speaking, as far as I have observed, the officers mess together in small groups, a tent forming but a limited dining-room, and nearly the largest of those we have here being pretty well crowded with half-a-dozen persons. Tables, too, are rather a difficulty, since we brought little furniture with us, and have not as yet had opportunities of borrowing any from Moorish palaces. About a fourth part of the furniture that the British army left behind it in the Crimea (and much of which will doubtless be highly prized in Tartar huts for a century to come), would place this camp in a state of perfect luxury. As it is, we have a few camp-stools, and we sit on boxes and trunks and beds, and manage pretty well. The accommodation is not such as to tempt to late sittings, and Spaniards are not in the habit of lingering over their bottle, while toddy or

grog is to most of them a thing abhorrent. So after dinner they generally content themselves with a cup of coffee or tea (the use of the latter has of late years become widely spread in Spain), and when they have smoked a cigar or two, or a dozen *papelitos*, and talked of their past campaigns and coming triumphs, they generally retire early to bed. I suspect the majority are wrapped in their blankets, rugs, or cloaks between nine and ten, and to sit up habitually till eleven would almost suffice to give one the reputation of a "fast man." The night here is not the pleasantest part of the twenty-four hours. The best canvass is impotent to exclude the fresh breezes that sometimes whistle over this nook of Northern Africa, and lucky is he who sleeps so soundly as not to be pretty frequently awakened by the cold. I speak of those situated as the great majority are here, not of a very few fortunate and foresighted individuals who have spared nothing that can conduce to comfort, and who may almost be said to carry, snail-like, their homes upon their backs, or at least upon the backs of their sumpter mules. I know one officer, for instance—on a corner of whose tent I detected the well-known name of Edgington—who nightly tucks himself into a bed than which, barring sheets, a more comfortable he could have hardly have in his house at Madrid. But he is one in a hundred, and the great majority, Generals included, are content with much rougher couches. More or less well or ill, the night passes, one's slumbers only occasionally broken by a chilly blast, the tramp of a relief, by an escaped mule running up against the tent, or by the baying of sundry dogs who have attached themselves to the army and apparently intend going through the campaign. At six o'clock it is still dark night, but sleep is at an end for all whose repose is not proof against every variety of noise. The man-of-war in the harbour has hardly fired the morning gun, when a solitary trumpet, which, in the stillness which prevails, seems sounded within a foot of one's tent, clangs out a call. Sometimes its notes are a little false and languid, as if the trumpeter were still half-asleep and felt a

compassionate hesitation in rousing his comrades. No sooner does it cease than a brass band—a *charanga*, as it is expressively called—strikes up the *diana*, the *réveillée*. The next regiment takes it up, and the next, and the next, till the whole camp is din and clamour. Harmony there is none; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, each sound their own particular tune, and the three, each of which alone would be pleasing, blend into ear-splitting discord. Quick, high, sharp, no other music, no roar of cannon, no uproar of any kind, could so effectually achieve the purpose of awaking people. The crash of the brass seems to strike into the very inmost recess of the ear, to act upon every fibre in one's frame, and not only to awaken, but to force one to rise. It turns one out of bed as effectually as a pail of cold water on a frosty morning. Up you jump, as if galvanised, and, as an indispensable preliminary to moving in the closely packed tent, the servants are summoned to clear away the beds or such substitutes for them as there may be. These obstacles to egress removed, and on the principle that a plunge is less trying than gradual entrance, you rush out of the tent in the attire in which you have slept, which is generally pretty nearly the same in which you passed the previous day. It is as good as a cold *douche*, and most effectually removes any slight somniferous cobwebs the abominable blasts of the brazen musicians may have left about your eyes and brain. The stars are shining brightly; the moon casts her broad clear light over sea and mountain; here and there in the different camps and guards watchfires are still blazing, the figures of the soldiers around them standing out dark against the flame; down in the bend of the coast south of Ceuta a steamer floats motionless and seemingly deserted; a few officers on guard, or early-rising aides-de-camp, pace rapidly up and down, wrapped in their cloaks and with cigars in their mouths, looking grim and blue; servants are already hurrying about lighting fires in their *al fresco* kitchens to prepare their masters' early cup of chocolate or tea; here stands my luxurious friend, he of the Sybarite bed, in the flannel trousers and jacket in

which he habitually sleeps, looking as if he were going out to play at cricket, and with a fur cap on his head as if he had just returned from a visit to the Esquimaux. He seems to find it more chilly than pleasant, for he quickly vanishes again beneath the Edgington marquee, shouting for Antonio and hot water. And, as a little of this temperature is enough, you soon follow his example, the tent, which you were cursing for its coldness ten minutes ago, now seeming delightfully warm, a perfect conservatory in comparison with the outer air; and you proceed to struggle against the difficulties inseparable from dressing by the light of a single candle or dim lamp, and of shaving with water just a quarter of a degree above the freezing point—if shave you do, which many here do not, or do it but rarely—and you, probably, while going through these unpleasant operations, heap maledictions upon your own head for ever having been idiot enough to be tempted by hope of glory, or love of lucre, or an Irish *penchant* for fighting, or a truant disposition, or by any other inducement whatsoever, to come out to Barbary in the winter season and associate yourself with such an insane, Quixotic business as this crusade against the infidel. By the time you are dressed, and have swallowed that minute calker of brandy as protection against the morning mist, or to keep off the cholera, or because your doctor recommends it, or perhaps merely because you like it—and smoked that *media-regalia*, and washed as well as you can in a tent 11 feet square at the base, and in which three persons sleep, and inveighed a little (of course without expletives) against those fellows who sat smoking so late last night, and converted your horsehair mat into an ashbox and spittoon—you find, on looking out, that the sky is brightening and the stars are gradually fading away, and there are red streaks in the east, and good promise of a fine day. Whereupon you begin to feel blander, and less disposed brutally to assault the first fellow-creature who comes in your way, and you say a civil word to the young aide-de-camp whom you lately consigned to the

keeping of the Evil One merely because, poor fellow, he stands six feet one in his stockings, and has a habit of always getting in your way, and you suspend your savage sarcasms upon him of the flannel breeks and Capuan couch, and begin to wonder whether there will be any letters for you by the morning post, and whether the *Moritos* (little Moors, as they are here affectionately termed) will afford any sport that day, or whether they will remain in their earths and sulk, and you order your horse to be in readiness to go into Ceuta, or out to the lines, as circumstances may dictate. And so each day passes, with little to vary the monotony of skirmishing, shift-making, and speculating as to the coming events of the campaign.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 17.

JUST after 12 o'clock last night firing was heard upon our extreme left. There was a pretty general turn-out of officers, although here, at headquarters, we are a long way off, and there could be no immediate menace to us. So the troops were left quiet. On stepping out of my tent, wishing anything but good to the restless Moors who thus added to the difficulty, already not small, of getting a good night's rest, I saw the bright flashes of small arms spangling the darkness at two points of the front of Ros de Olano's camp, one looking towards the mountains and the other down by the beach. The firing lasted but a very short time, and may possibly not have proceeded from the Moors at all, but from our own outposts under the influence of a false alarm. That corps has only just arrived, and the men are quite new to the work. Such alarms are not without their uses, as accustoming the soldier to the more serious ones he may hereafter have. At the same time the outposts should be cautioned against firing until they are sure

there is a sufficient cause, for the army has plenty to fatigue it without having its sleep unnecessarily broken.

This morning all is quiet as yet (10 o'clock), but the skirmishes do not in general begin quite so early, the *Moritos* apparently thinking that six hours' activity (from 11 till 5) is sufficient. We have as yet had five skirmishes, two at least of which may merit the name of little combats. The dates are the 25th and 30th of November, and the 9th, 12th, and 15th of December. I do not reckon the trifling affairs that took place within the first five days of the landing of the first corps under General Echague, who is now, I am glad to say, nearly well of his wound, and was out with the Staff on the 15th. I have not the exact numbers of our losses, but they cannot be less than 1200 killed and wounded. They are published regularly and pretty correctly in the Madrid papers. In the affair of the 15th seven officers were wounded, besides three or four contused. The wounded, I learn from the doctors, were under 100, but from what I saw I should think the proportion of killed rather larger than usual.

This is a grey cold day, and I fear the weather is sickening for rain. It feels almost cold enough for snow, but I believe that hardly ever falls here, except on the mountains.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 18.

YESTERDAY General Prim again went out with a few battalions to protect the sappers working at the road towards Tetuan. On his return in the afternoon the Moors came down, and there was a slight skirmish, in which we had between thirty and forty men killed and wounded. The Moors must have suffered more, for Prim prepared a little ambush for them as they came on after his retiring columns. He placed two companies under cover, who sent a volley into the unsuspecting Moritos

at short distance. The firing lasted till dark, as usual. A gunboat and two small steamers fired a good deal, but their practice was but indifferent. The Moors caught a wounded Spanish soldier, who had been overlooked by his comrades. The latter, missing him, hurried back to his rescue, and drove away the Moors just as these had cut off his head, which, however, they were in too great haste to carry off. It is positively stated and believed in camp that the Moorish Emperor grants a dollar for every head, and four for every live Spaniard brought in. We are not aware that any four-dollar premiums have yet been gained. The galley-slaves, who have been armed, and who fight desperately, and have had a good many killed and wounded, have been promised a dollar for every live Moor they bring in, and they go out of nights on the prowl, in hopes of captures. Although the much higher price offered by the Moorish Government for living than for dead would seem to indicate a desire to humanise the war, it has hitherto been carried on entirely without quarter. The Moors began in that way, with a system of pitiless slaughter, and the Spaniards have been exasperated almost to ferocity by this, and now scrupulously follow their example. Hitherto not a single prisoner has been brought in. A very few have been made, and killed by the soldiers before they got into camp, at which General O'Donnell was very wroth. The soldiers say that the Moors will not let themselves be taken; that they fight desperately until killed; and this is very likely to be the case in the majority of instances; but it is difficult to believe that some captures, although only of men wounded, might not be made. The Moors, they say, lie down and will not rise, and their obstinacy provokes a bayonet thrust. They might, one would think, be bound hand and foot and carried in, and it is not impossible that useful information might be extracted from some of them. Mercy in war is not, however, one of the most conspicuous qualities of Spaniards, and moreover there are tales and traditions current of horrible cruelties which the Moors are in the habit of inflicting on the enemies

who fall into their hands; and, in fact, the war has at this, its outset, assumed the most sanguinary and ferocious character. I believe any Spaniard would prefer death to falling alive into Moorish hands. Would it be possible to do anything to lessen these horrors? The British Government is reputed, in Spain at least, to be on the most friendly terms with the Sovereign of Morocco, whose chief adviser and dearest friend is, by numbers of Spaniards, believed to be Mr Drummond Hay. Without heeding these prejudices and exaggerations, it still is probable that our Government would have no difficulty in giving a more humane character to the present hostilities. A simple remonstrance with the Emperor of Morocco would, were it thought proper to make it, unquestionably have a great effect. A sort of Eliot Convention, stipulating quarter and good treatment for prisoners, ought to be acceptable to both parties, and might, I should think, easily be brought about.

Since I have referred to England, I may mention that many here remain, and will remain, convinced that she is countenancing, and even clandestinely aiding, Morocco in this war, and various silly stories are circulated, and, I suppose, more or less believed, in support of this unfounded supposition. Scarcely a skirmish occurs after which a rumour does not prevail that Englishmen assisted in it. The body of one, we were told the other day, was found, and was easily recognised as English by the fine linen, white hands, well-trimmed nails, and light hair. Another report was, that a Minié rifle, captured from the Spanish Cazadores by the Moors, had been sent by Mr Hay to Sir William Codrington. A variation of this was said to come from Gibraltar; it was to the effect that it was General Prim's sword that had been presented! General Prim is not exactly the man I should select as particularly likely to lose his sword. An English merchant from Gibraltar, who came over here the other day in the Tweedside, which brought the electric cable, and rode about the camp and redoubts with some friends, excited the special ire of the army, and is said to have

narrowly escaped being stoned in consequence of his being taken—Heaven knows why—for the editor of the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, a journal which, without, as I believe, at all deserving it, has got the reputation of being the supporter and organ of the Morocco Government. On the other hand, it appears that the Spanish cause obtains favour among some of the subordinate members of the garrison of Gibraltar. I am assured that several soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery have presented themselves to the Spanish Consul, saying that if he would buy their discharge they would be delighted to cross the Straits and serve the Queen of Spain. The Consul is said to have been too well advised to give ear to the seductive proposal. I will not risk a conjecture as to the period for which the volunteers in question proposed, in their secret souls, to remain with the Queen of Spain after being released from the service of the Queen of Great Britain.

The dry weather we had for some days enjoyed ceased last night towards 12 o'clock. Patter came the drops upon the tents, and soon augmented into a deluge. All night it came down, and all the morning, with brief intervals, and now, at 4 P.M., it seems, if possible, to descend more heavily than ever. No Morito to-day; he must be hid in some nook of the hills, cursing the Christian, and striving to keep his powder dry. He will be lucky if he succeeds. If this lasts, there will soon be nothing dry in the Spanish camp. The tents hold out stoutly, but there are limits to the resistance of canvass, when assailed by such a drenching, downright rain as that now falling. As one looks up at the narrow roof above him, he sees crystal drops gathering within it, and small splashing sounds upon box and bed warn him that the enemy is effecting an entrance. So he moves all damageable commodities from under the penetrated spots, and resumes his pen or his pistol-cleaning, or any other occupation with which he may be beguiling the tedium of a wet day in camp. The exercise he gets in transporting his effects from one place to another in

search of a dry spot is perhaps salutary, but is certainly disagreeable. If he be new to this kind of misery, and of irritable temperament, he probably heaps anathemas upon the tent, its maker, and especially upon his unhappy servant, whom he has summoned to his counsels from some exterior nook where he was lurking, and who stands before him helpless, damp, despairing, and bewildered. If he be an old stager, and have cultivated that precious virtue, patience, he consoles himself with the idea that he is no worse off than his neighbours, rolls up his bed, or whatever substitute for it he may possess, puts on his waterproof, lights his cigar, heaps up his chattels in the middle of his tent, or in whatever part of it may be tolerably dry, climbs upon the top of them, and sits there, a philosopher defying fate. There are no umbrellas in camp, or they would be useful. Perhaps some day we may take them from the Moors, who are said to be curious in that article of furniture, and from whom Marshal Bugeaud captured the big parasol which was exhibited in the Tuileries gardens in the peaceful days of the Citizen King, when Louis Napoleon was at Ham, and Solferino not dreamt of.

Under all the disadvantages and trying circumstances that have hitherto attended this campaign, commenced in ill-omened haste, in the worst season, and with very insufficient preparation, the good qualities of the Spanish soldier have been conspicuous. He has been invariably orderly, obedient, contented, and even jolly under circumstances which Mark Tapley himself might have found trying. Satisfied with little, submissive to hardships, he has a fund of *insouciance* and merriment which bears him up where many would grumble and despond. Drunkenness is unknown in the camp, and crime is consequently rare. To-morrow will complete one month since Echague's (the first) corps landed, and hitherto there has not been a single serious offence in the army, not one court-martial, not one soldier brought up by the gendarmes who act as the police of the camp, not a riot, nor a fight. Wet under his scanty tent, which was

devised to exclude sunbeams and not to ward off rain or resist wind, harassed by frequent guards and advanced post duty, outlying pickets by night and unprofitable skirmishes by day, neither his good spirits nor his good humour desert him. Put on your waterproof and walk through the camp, on this, a wet Sunday, on the hills of Ceuta, and you shall hear no complaint, behold no doleful faces, but, on the contrary, see many a blithe, cheerful countenance. Here is a guard just come up, preceded by its regimental band, and going on wet and weary duty. Were they bound for a parade in the Madrid Prado, they could not look less annoyed. They halt just by the tent of the General-in-Chief, outside of which is standing, regardless and apparently unconscious of the heavy rain, a tall grey-haired man, seemingly about fifty-five years of age, dressed in a waterproof coat and Macintosh leggings, the only military part of his costume being the "Ros" or Spanish *kepi*, with three bands of gold embroidery around it, indicating the rank of Captain-General, equivalent to Field-Marshal. His head is rather bent, the expression of his countenance is severe, but at the same time not without a certain *bonhomie*. His brow is somewhat furrowed, but less you would say by years than by the cares and anxieties, the vigils and fatigues of an active, eventful, and ambitious career. His step is firm, and when, as sometimes happens, it suddenly lengthens almost into a stride, you perceive that he still retains no small share of the vigour and elasticity of youth. This is Leopold O'Donnell, Count of Lucena, the Spaniard, of Irish descent, who is now by far the first man in his country; who possesses a power confirmed by its duration (rare for a Spanish Premier of late years), and which certainly has the willing support of a greater majority of the nation than any of his predecessors for many years past could reckon upon.

I think I mentioned in my last letter that cholera is upon the decrease and the health of the camp improved. It is to be hoped the bad weather will not last long enough to bring back or augment the disease,

which is now apparently dying out. There have been as many as 70 or 80 deaths a-day for days together, and much more on some days. As a proof that sickness has been rife in the camp, I may mention that four out of General O'Donnell's nine aides-de-camp were (and I believe still are) off duty from that cause. One of them, it is true (a nephew of the General), was disabled by a wound received in action, but the others were laid up by sickness, and one of them, at least, by a bad attack of cholera.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 18 (*Midnight*).

As sleep is out of the question, I may as well write and tell you of the evening's disasters. The day, as I told you above, was wet, but it was also calm; a lazy mist over sea and shore limited our view, and seemed a guarantee against wind; but there are no sure omens in this unfriendly land of Mauritania. We had but a short time discussed our indifferent stew, and were tranquilly smoking tobacco and arranging what we would do when we got to Tetuan, when an unpleasant howling was heard around the tent, followed by a blast that staggered the poles and made every thread of canvass quiver. "It is coming!" was the cry, and our messmates hurried out to see to the safety of their linen houses. Gust succeeded gust; for a moment we hoped that the violence of the wind would drive away the rain, and at least leave us only one enemy to contend with. Vain hope! fond delusion! the two chimed in like brothers. The soaked ground no longer retained the loosened pegs—too short by half, O Edgington!—but perhaps you intended them for no harder work than a cricket-match or archery meeting. In fall the sides, through which heavy wet is rapidly pouring. Stand fast, good poles, or we are buried beneath your awning. Without, sounds of dismay,—tents going on all sides. A perfect hurricane in the

Straits, and rain far surpassing all the douches of all the hydropathists. With a puff and slap like that of a ship's sail blown out of the ropes, one side of the tent flops in, extinguishing lights, breaking bottles, and upsetting proprietors. But the poles are stanch, and as the worst seems over, as far as we are concerned, we step out to look after our neighbours. They are in a great quandary. Here is a General, in mud up to the ankles, tugging at a tent-rope, in a vain attempt to restore his demolished residence. By the light of "lanterns dimly burning" the active Governor of headquarters, attended by his escort of Civil Guards (and very civil fellows they certainly are) is flitting to and fro, lending a hand to the many in distress. "Where's my tent?" shouts a voice. "Blown over the hill," is the reply; "you had better send a telegram to inquire after it." Come, there is good humour still abroad, in spite of the almost universal disaster. A slight lull in the storm; things looking rather better; we yet may not be reduced to a bivouac. Two or three tents are re-pitched and re-established; people's minds seem getting more tranquil. But no, the hope is vain. Wind worse than ever—rain, and to complete the banquet, lightning and thunder upon a grand scale. The new café and restaurant just established, a large square marquee, has utterly disappeared, and a host of smaller edifices are nowhere. Back,—back into your tent, if tent there still be. The poles and two flaps of drenched canvass stand there to represent it. Everything beneath it is soaked, beds, clothes, saddle-bags, everything in short, except fragile things, which are all broken. By desperate exertions we prop up a sort of nook, into which we creep, enveloped in waterproofs and accompanied by a lantern, and whence I now indite this sketch of our disaster, much impeded by the rain-drops, which contemptuously pass through the canvass as freely as if it were not there, and render my writing nearly illegible. Wind and rain still continue their riot, and do not seem at all tired of the fun or disposed to leave off. They are making 35,000 individuals horribly uncomfort-

able; but what do they, hard-hearted, care? The *diana* will for once be welcome, when it sounds, five hours hence, during which we shall have plenty of time to reflect on our faults and follies, and on the rashness of beginning a campaign in Morocco towards the end of November. I wonder how Morito fares, yonder in his gloomy mountains. If he be half as poorly off as we are, he will probably be wishing, as I suspect many in camp are at this moment doing, that the Ceutan crusade was past and gone.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 19.

I HAVE done but imperfect justice in the preceding description to the furious storm of last night, and to its ravages in camp. In headquarters camp alone (a very small one) a dozen large tents and two or three of less size are down. Open-air kitchens have disappeared, officers are seeking their property, scattered in the night tempest, disconsolate servants are struggling against adversity, and to get up something in the shape of breakfast. There are two or three old Crimeans here, and they protest that since the storm of the 14th November 1854, they have witnessed nothing to equal that of the 18th of December 1859. The wind has now abated (10 A.M.) and the rain has ceased, but the sky is extremely wild, and the weather evidently far from settled. Thirty hours—from midnight on the 17th to 6 A.M. on the 19th—of the heaviest rain, with rare intervals of a few minutes; nine hours of a perfect hurricane; a thunderstorm to complete the festival,—such are the amenities of winter at the foot of the Sierra Bullones. How is campaigning possible in a country and season where such bursts may at any moment occur—almost without warning? Suppose we had been overtaken by this weather in a bivouac half-way between here and Tetuan,

should we have been fresh for marching and fighting after such a thirty hours as we have just passed? I promise you that last evening there were some long faces and drooping crests in camp, and some who lately were sanguine of triumph spoke with more diffidence, admitting doubts, and seemed to cast wistful glances back to Spain. The rain was unpleasant, but the wind was seriously damaging. The poor fellows in the advance must have suffered grievously last night, and it is to be feared the hospitals will receive no small accession of inmates as one consequence of the deluge and hurricane.

There are a few shots to the front. It seems that all the rain has not sufficed to damp Morito's martial ardour or render his powder unserviceable. The wind is rising again and threatens another gale.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 21.

THE 19th inst., on the morning of which day I sent off my last letter to you, was devoted to repairing damages, re-pitching tents, drying the contents of trunks and saddle-bags, seeking things that had strayed or been blown away, and re-establishing, as far as possible, the *status quo.* The Moors did not show; the storm had probably dispersed and driven them to shelter. Yesterday was fine, and our friends appeared again. There was skirmishing at various points of the line; the Spanish artillery fired a great deal, and is supposed to have done the enemy much harm; at any rate, it made them run fast enough. They do not at all relish artillery, and we are accumulating a good deal of it for their benefit. They showed a few hundred cavalry yesterday, and a Staff officer assured me that he saw the horsemen riding to and fro behind the infantry, and urging them on with blows. It is certain that in recent encounters the Moors have not come on with the same vigour and eagerness as formerly. Yester-

day, for a considerable time in the afternoon, they occupied a series of ridges opposite our left, but showed no disposition to come within short musket-range, or to risk a serious attack. General Ros de Olano's troops had orders to content themselves with maintaining their position, and not to advance, since to have moved out against the Moors would have been only to expose the men without possible advantage. For the present we hold our lines, but do not desire anything beyond them. So, as the Moors would not venture from under cover, and the Spaniards remained motionless, the musketry was at very long range, and a large number of cartridges was expended with little or no result. The casualties on our side were about fifty, and, but for the artillery, which punished them a good deal, I do not suppose those of the Moors would have been greater, for they lie close under their banks and hedges, stand up for an instant to fire, and are down again directly. The Spaniards, for the most part young troops, are more fond of firing than sure of their aim (although a few of the Cazadore battalions are said to be expert marksmen), and if their shots tell at the distance at which they were yesterday shooting, and against targets so dim and uncertain as the head of a crouching Moor, it must be more by accident than skill. It seems to me that, instead of this game of long shots, leading to nothing except the expenditure of ammunition, it would be better to let the men lie close behind their parapets and not return the fire, and then, if the Moors, emboldened by their forbearance, ventured near, treat them to a volley, or charge them with the bayonet. I doubt whether they would come near enough to be caught; in general, when the Spaniards, weary of skirmishing, or just at nightfall, move forward from their position in line without firing, the enemy scampers away in all haste. An ambuscade or two, in which parties of them should be cut off, might prove a wholesome lesson, and the irregularity of the surface, the hills and ravines and abundant cover, ought to render such enterprises comparatively easy. I have not heard, however, of anything of the kind having been as

yet attempted, and I have reason to believe that it does not enter into the plans of Marshal O'Donnell.

The incident of yesterday's skirmish which excited the most talk and interest, by reason of its novelty, was the capture of a live Moor. He had two or three slight bayonet wounds, but there was not much the matter with him, and he was brought into camp and fed and questioned. He is a man of about fifty years of age, strong, muscular, and very dirty. He was summoned from his village to assist in this war, and has two sons under arms. He could say nothing about the force of the Moorish army, nor about anything else of importance; but I believe the interpreters have not yet done pumping him. Poor wretches of this sort are led to the fight like so many sheep, understanding nothing of its causes, and knowing only that it is war against the Christian. This man had apparently been on short commons, judging from the voracity with which he devoured an enormous quantity of bread. He was kindly treated, and is now in hospital at Ceuta, in a room by himself. He is delighted at finding himself in safety, for he fully expected to be immediately butchered.

The weather continues unsettled and rather tempestuous, although, after the storm of Sunday night, the puffs that shake our tents seem mere zephyrs. At this present time, however, the wind is unpleasantly high, coming from the south-east, from the long line of mountains we see stretching away in that direction along the African coast. While the sun shines, and especially from about 11 to 3, it is quite hot, but the evenings are very cold. It it a treacherous climate, and particularly dangerous for persons with delicate chests. Headquarters has just been saddened by the sudden death of a young gentleman from Cadiz, of Irish descent, Mr Edward Butler, who, having been several years resident in Morocco, and being conversant with the language, was induced by Marshal O'Donnell to accompany the Headquarters Staff. He was out yesterday at the skirmish, returned to his tent two hours after dark, complaining of slight indis-

position, went down to sleep in Ceuta, and this morning was a corpse. His death is attributed to cholera, but some believe it to have been *pulmonia fulminante*—sudden and violent inflammation of the lungs,—a malady well known and common in Madrid, and which often carries off its victims in a very few hours.

Most of the cavalry have now arrived. I have seen several regiments, and they appear to me fairly mounted. The horses are in excellent condition. A great deal of artillery has been landed, and we shall be strong in that arm for our expedition along the coast to Tetuan, which certain symptoms induce me to think will not be very much longer deferred. They are working away at the roads to our left, and steamers in port are shipping rations and war stores, with which they are to accompany us by sea while we proceed by land. We shall leave as many as 12,000 or 14,000 men in these lines, and, as that would weaken our force too much, more are coming from Spain—indeed, hourly expected. We expect reinforcements to the extent of 10,000 or 12,000 men, besides a considerable body of volunteers from all regiments. To provide against future wants other troops are preparing in Spain, and the conscripts for 1860 are already joining the colours.

The ground we now occupy around Ceuta is the same that was demanded of the Moorish Government. Its limits, on which the Spanish redoubts stand, are the range of hills within the Sierra Bullones. The redoubts look down upon and command the valley, of which the further side is formed by the slopes of that Sierra. This is what was demanded, what has lately been taken, and what it is intended definitively to retain.

To-day the gunboats have gone a little way along the Straits, and are firing at the Moorish camp in rear of the Sierra, and at some caves in which the Moors habitually shelter themselves. At this moment (3 P.M.) musketry has just begun upon our left, some distance in advance. It is doubtless the escort of the working party, returning home and followed up by the Moors. I believe there is

no one in the army who will not be glad when these wearisome and fruitless skirmishes are over, and we come to something more decisive.

Brigadier Sir Richard de la Saussaye, who commanded the first Spanish brigade that came over here (part of Echague's corps), and who has displayed military skill and conspicuous gallantry in the various affairs that have since taken place, has been raised to the rank of Major-General—a promotion well earned, and which I believe to have given satisfaction to those who have been lately serving under him. General de la Saussaye is an Irishman, and was formerly in the Spanish Royal Guard, when that *corps d'élite* existed.

There has been some delay owing to bad weather, and afterwards to breakage, in the laying of the remnant of the Atlantic cable which came here in the Tweedside, to connect the Spanish and African coasts. To-day, however, all difficulties were overcome. At a little before ten this morning the Tweedside left Tarifa, paying out the wire, and at 2 P.M. the connection was completed, and messages were sent to Madrid, Paris, and London.

Beyond two or three Madrid journals not many papers reach us, but I occasionally get hold of a number of the ubiquitous *Galignani*, and from it I derive the little knowledge obtainable here of what is going on in civilised lands. In the impression of the 12-13th inst., I notice an article extracted from one of your London contemporaries, which makes it evident to me that there are very incorrect ideas abroad as to the events that have passed around Ceuta during the last month. My letters, if they have reached you, as I hope, will have dispelled some of the delusions that seem to have obtained currency. The article in question, in speaking of the actions of the 25th and 30th ult., insinuates that the Spaniards had by no means the best of it. There is no question but that the Moors attacked, and so they did in nearly every affair that has taken place. It is not the Spaniards' object to attack them. They merely desire to hold the positions they have taken and are fortifying, and await the moment

when all shall be in readiness for operations on a more important scale, and in another direction. This is certain; but it is equally so that, as often as the enemy has presented himself, he has been repulsed and worsted. It is completely untrue that a gun was captured on the 30th ult., and I am ignorant what can have given rise to such a report. No Spaniards have as yet been made prisoners to the knowledge of anybody here; none have been returned as missing. "Marshal O'Donnell," the writer continues, "was represented by the last accounts as making preparations to return to Madrid, leaving the command in the hands of Zabala." There has never been the slightest rumour here of such an intention on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, whose presence everybody considers as indispensable, if the campaign is to continue. The expedition was certainly undertaken, as the article says, at a most unfitting time, but that it will "spend the winter in Africa under canvass" is highly improbable—if, at least, it be thereby implied that it will remain all the winter in its present lines. The writer then asks how it is to be provisioned in a country "where the arrival of a single traveller sometimes causes a scarcity." Luckily the army is only about fifteen miles from Algesiras, ten from Tarifa, a few hours' steam from Cadiz or Malaga; so that there is a possibility of its escaping famine. As to pressing forward into the interior of Morocco at this season of the year, that is what no one now dreams of; it would be mere madness. Those of the Madrid papers which only a few weeks ago so prettily mapped out the route of this army, allotting so many days to fighting, so many to marching, so many to sieges, &c., and taking the whole force to spend its Christmas or New Year in Fez, must by this time be pretty well convinced of their presumption and folly.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 22.

VERY high winds all night; a strong Levanter. The mail due last night did not arrive—a great disappointment always in a camp, where letters and papers are eagerly awaited as the chief of the few pleasures obtainable. General Prim's division is just marching out of camp on its way to Monte Negro, a mountain about six miles on this side of Cape Negro, and considerably beyond Castillejos. I understand that as the army advances upon Tetuan, twenty-two steamers laden with stores and provisions (they take 500,000 rations), besides the war steamers, will pursue a parallel progress. I should mention, if I have not done so before, that Castillejos is the name given to two small square white houses, having the appearance of stunted towers, which stand some distance apart on nearly the last of the slopes to be traversed before reaching the level ground on the way to Cape Negro, and considerably beyond our lines. Nearly all the field artillery has arrived. The siege train will not be landed here.

General Prim takes with him six battalions, some hussars, and four batteries. He is going to blow up some pieces of rock that encumber the road in that direction, and will return in the afternoon. Troops are thrown out in support, and line the heights in front of General Ros de Olano's camp. There have been three or four shots just fired, but the Moors do not yet show, and it is not expected they will make much opposition, although they will doubtless follow up the troops as they retire. Everything seems to indicate an approaching move of the army.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 23.

ANOTHER skirmish yesterday afternoon, as General Prim returned from his road-making expedition. There was

no great novelty in its features. A good deal of firing; thirty or forty men *hors de combat* on our side; the artillery reported to have done much damage to the enemy. Two wounded Cazadores were decapitated by the Moors; their comrades, hurrying to bear them off, found only the headless bodies. The enemy showed cavalry, and a small body of it charged some infantry guerillas. A body of Spanish cavalry offered battle to a much larger force of Moorish horsemen, who declined it, and retired on the advance of a squadron or two. Considerable progress was yesterday made with the road towards Tetuan; and it is said that two days' more work will complete it as far as is intended. It is rather remarkable that when our troops retire within their lines, leaving the new road in the power of the Moors, the latter do it no damage. One might have supposed they would destroy at night the day's work of their enemies, which they, on the contrary, seem scrupulously to respect. This is to be accounted for only by one of two suppositions. Either they reckon that when the Spaniards depart, these roads will remain for their use and advantage, or else they desire to facilitate their foe's advance to ground favourable to an engagement on a more extensive scale than any that has yet taken place.

As a change from camp scenes and monotonous skirmishes, will you step down with me into Ceuta, on the chance of finding something more interesting? The passage of horses, mules, and men has worn a broad track from the camp into town, and the stream of life flowing in and out leaves no doubt as to the right way. You pass out of headquarters camp, where stand groups of Staff officers smoking their after-breakfast cigar, watching a little firing that has begun to the front, and waiting for the horses that are to carry them to the scene of action. You skirt the camp of General Prim, where a band is, of course, playing (Prim's is the musical division of this army), and a level ground on the left, where infantry are exercising, the skirmishers learning to close into groups on the approach of cavalry. The captains now use *pitos*

(whistles), on which they sound the trumpet calls (the Spanish infantry use trumpets, not bugles). These whistle-calls are heard and understood by the men, but are inaudible to the Moors, who had begun to understand the signals blown on trumpets. Down the rather steep descent to the gates of Ceuta, you meet muleteers and soldiers, going in and out with their beasts, fetching and carrying rations and all kinds of stores. Here are some sick men going in on stretchers. Officers of all grades are riding and walking to or from the town. Here passes a busy commissary, yonder a weary doctor, coming from a heavy morning's work in the hospital; here is a cabinet courier, with gold-laced coat and cap, breeches and high boots; there are a couple of interpreters—one a mere lad of sixteen, who speaks as many languages as he is years old. You pass the wells, where *presidarios* (galley-slaves) and others are hard at work drawing water for camp and stable use, and reach the outer gate of the town. If, immediately you have gone through it, you turn sharp to your left, you come to a nook within the fortifications, where stands a newly-pitched tent, within which three or four officials, with flashes of lightning embroidered on the collars of their blue coats, are working the oracle—in other words, corresponding with Spain by means of the newly-laid cable to Tarifa. They tell you that they lost a great deal of their apparatus in the unfortunate catastrophe of the Genova at Malaga; but they have got a neat little machine, in extremely small compass, bearing the name of "Henley, patentee," by means of which they are maintaining an animated conversation with Tarifa, which place, by the by, I lately erroneously stated to be only ten miles hence, whereas it is five leagues, and something like twenty miles of cable were laid down the other day—part of which, however, is accounted for by the great depth of water, and by the violence of the currents in the Straits. To get into the town of Ceuta, you have to pass through many windings in the fortifications, through various narrow places, and some which in wet weather are pools of mud, and through sundry

small arched gateways, constantly choked by the passage of loaded mules, by parties of soldiers and galley-slaves carrying heavy burdens on boards or stretchers, by cavalry and artillery. It is a slow and troublesome passage, whether on foot or on horseback, and you are not sorry to emerge from the labyrinth upon Africa Square—a large open place, with houses and barracks around it, whence, through a narrow street or two, and round within the rampart or sea-wall of the town, you reach the bridge over the creek. Here there is generally a throng and much traffic, but, once past that, all is plain sailing. You find yourself at the foot of a broad ascending street, leading into the heart of the town. To your left is the Marina, a road along the shore of the bay, leading to the outer or eastern extremity of the little peninsula on which Ceuta stands. In that direction are the Governor's house, the cavalry barracks, and some commissariat stores. The sun basks down upon it in the middle hours of the day, and an African sun, even within three days of Christmas, is neither pleasant nor salutary to a European. But here comes a funeral. A rudely-constructed coffin, as rudely covered with coarse black stuff, kept down by yellow riband and brass nails, is borne by four infantry soldiers in their fatigue jackets. Four others walk beside to relieve them when tired; an orderly corporal is in attendance. There is also a man in an old brown cloak, with a hat once black, but now red-brown from use and exposure to weather. You take him for an assistant sexton. Not at all; he is the chaplain. The corpse is that of one cholera-stricken, and these are borne to their graves without robed priests, or charger following, or volley fired over their grave—as quietly (I might almost say, as secretly) as possible, in order to avoid those mournful and alarming impressions which the number of interments might occasion, and which it is known from experience are not without their effect in augmenting the spread of the disease. On the coffin are the initials of the deceased; an officer (doubtless a personal friend) and a servant follow. We will follow too, if you please,

although with no notion how far removed the cemetery may be. We pass the house of Brigadier Gomez, the Governor, who himself has only just recovered from a touch of cholera, pass the stores, the barracks, a little public garden or promenade, where in summer the tawny belles of Ceuta recreate—get beyond all buildings, in short, and on sandy paths, and among heavy patches of cactus, until we are at the very extremity of the promontory, at the point where a few rocks, rearing their black crests above the water, mark the line between the calm surface of the bay, smiling and rippling in the sunlight, and the more uneasy face of the open sea, at that spot whirling in rapid circles from the action of conflicting currents. Upon this slope to our right is the cemetery. It is of a square form, and of a kind common in Spain. Within the surrounding wall, niches are built—small square openings, just admitting a coffin, of which the narrow end, when driven home, touches the wall, while the large end remains within a few inches of the superficies of the inner masonry. Nearly all the niches are closed, and over the brick and plaster that shuts them there has been placed, in most cases, a board or stone slab, with some record of the inmate.

The guardian of the gate is a mulatto galley-slave, but he can give no information as to where the corpse is to be deposited, for he is but a subordinate keeper, and the chief official is absent. The niches are numbered and divided into series, placed under the protection of different saints. While awaiting the absent janitor and sexton we have abundant time to inspect the burial-ground, whose position (on the verge of a barren promontory, exposed to the strong blasts that blow thither from the east) and general aspect have something that harmonises well enough with one's idea of what the cemetery of the ancient-Morisco, modern-convict town of Ceuta ought to be. There has been much burying of late, and the place is in confusion. Some of the tombstones and small monuments (for there are graves also in the centre, in addition to the niches) totter from age and rough treatment; here lie a

heap of human skulls and bones; hard by are several open coffins, of slight construction, some of them broken to pieces, some green and damp inside, as if but lately emptied of the last decayed remnants of the corpses they had enclosed. The place is not fragrant, nor pleasant to linger in; fortunately the sea-breeze purifies the atmosphere. The sexton arrives; he is a sinewy elderly convict, with a tinge of negro blood, and with grey hair curling out on all sides from under his flat cap. Where has he been? Why is he not at his post? He has been a long walk to fetch his daily pittance of bread—a little black loaf—which he tosses aside with some appearance of humour at the reproof. He explains the neglected state of the burial-ground by the great deal of work there has been of late. There are very few niches vacant, but one is found; the priest mutters a few prayers, while all present stand uncovered and attentive; the coffin is deposited in the niche, which the sexton bricks up. This is all, and we again make our way along the sultry, dusty Marina, and this time enter the town by the broad ascent already mentioned. About half-way up, just where a farrier is desperately striving to satisfy the demands made upon his time and labour for the benefit of sick mules and lame horses, and for shoes innumerable, there is a street to the right, or rather a wide lane between dead walls, up which we will turn, even at the risk of not getting fairly into Ceuta to-day. A few score paces bring you to an open gate in the wall on the right, through which you pass into a long quadrangle, half-courtyard, half-garden, with a number of doors and low buildings on each side. A few yards up it you pass under a trellis, stretching across the court, and which in summer must afford a shade not now to be obtained from the shrivelled leaves and bare branches of the vine that clothes it. At the further end of the court is a similar lattice awning, trailed over by a vine with a huge stem, and with which a pumpkin plant has united itself, the great, dark-green fruit, as big as a man's head, dangling by slender stalks below and around the arbour. In front of a door on the right are a number of earthen jars

containing plants, few of which now show blossom. But at the sides of the court grow large bushes rich in bloom. Here is a strange fantastic black and lilac flower, which looks as if it were in half-mourning, and to whose shape, like that of the lower end of a trumpet, it doubtless owes the name of *flor de la trompeta*, by which it is here known. Here is a bright red flower, a perfect vermilion tint, with long feather-like petals stretching out horizontally around a cluster of red and yellow buds. This is the *flor de pascua* (the Christmas blossom), beautiful certainly, though I prefer at this season the British holly and mistletoe. And again we come to clusters of a pale blue blossom, which in form and manner of growth so strongly resembles jessamine that we pluck some to examine. But jessamine it is not, and, moreover, it is scentless. This rather pretty place is the Barrio de los Moros, the quarter or pen in which dwell the descendants of those who once possessed Ceuta. It is worth a glance. Here dwell Almanzor, and Hamet, and Zorayda, and others whose names alone transport one back to those days of romance when Spanish and Moorish chivalry vied with each other in deeds of daring and feats of arms in the battle-fields of Granada. For the most part there is little of the chivalrous or picturesque in the aspect of the inmates of these last residences of the Moors in Ceuta. The majority are squalid and miserable-looking enough. There are exceptions, however. Here, under the pumpkin trellis, dwells a comely youth in gay attire, who claims high descent, and shows you a curved cimeter which his ancestors are said to have wielded with no feeble arm in war against the Spaniard. He is very Spanish himself now, speaks pure Castilian, and wishes no good to the children of his forefathers' countrymen in the contest between them and the Government under which he lives. My favourite here, however, is Hamet, a fine companionable jolly old Morisco, cleanly of aspect, with a good eye for a horse, obliging, and serviceable. He would be no bad study for a painter; nay, you have seen him many a time, or one much like him, in the pictures and sketchbooks of those English and

French artists who affect Oriental subjects and scenes in Araby. Horace Vernet has drawn him more than once—a little idealised, perhaps—in his dashing delineations of African warfare, with white muslin drawn over his head and breast, and contrasting with his tawny visage and black beard. His ordinary attire is plain enough, but see him when he rides forth in full dress, all purple and fine linen, gold and scarlet, as I met him the other day, prancing out of Ceuta on a black charger, bound upon a visit to a Spanish General. Very stately and brilliant did he look, and great was the admiration and wonder he excited on his passage through the camp, where the soldiers thronged to gaze at him, and took him to be, at the very least, an Ambassador Extraordinary from the Emperor of Morocco, come to solicit peace and implore clemency. And here is Zorayda come to sit for a pen-and-ink portrait. Comely she is, and of a rich golden tint, with fine black eyes, and an *embonpoint* doubtless quite to Oriental taste; and, above all, she has a mellow voice and inexhaustible good-humour. Of the other ladies, as far as it has been permitted to me to contemplate them, I can say little. They are generally elderly and somewhat faded, wearing red slippers with blue flowers embroidered upon them, and, oh! how guiltless of crinoline! Whether they be a succession of wives whom Hamet has taken to his bosom, or in what relation they may stand to him, I know not, nor care too curiously to investigate, for Hamet has lived long enough amongst Christians to be aware of and sensible to their prejudices; and he is really too good a fellow for one to risk ruffling his susceptibilities.

I do not know that there is much else noteworthy in a ramble through Ceuta. The convicts' workshop, where they follow their different trades, has nothing very striking about it. They have plenty of occupation now; nearly every class of artisan finds abundant customers in the army. Above all, the carpenters have lots to do, were it only in supplying the demand for tables and camp-stools, greatly needed in the tents, and of which few were brought from Spain, probably because it was not expected

we should be so long stationary. The very complete, although somewhat irregular pavement of Ceuta's streets is due to convict labour, and the labourers have displayed a certain degree of taste in the rude mosaics they have formed out of stones of different colours, which they have so arranged as to represent trees, elephants, and various other devices. From the beginning to the end of some of the streets there meanders a seemingly interminable branch, with foliage sprouting from it on either side. These convicts, as I have already observed, fight extremely well when arms are given to them. Among them are a great many old soldiers; and, moreover, they have a strong stimulus to do their duty in the field,—for if they failed in it, they would return to a chain and hard labour, while, as a reward for good service, they may expect liberty, or at least a commutation of punishment. In yesterday's fight, a party of these *confinados armados*, as they are called, were disposed as skirmishers, when a small body of Moorish horse (some 50 or 60) charged down upon them. With the coolness and decision of veterans, they drew together, and received the cavalry with steady fire and bayonets. Several of the Moors fell; the rest were disconcerted, and retired. I understand that the experiment of arming these convicts has been found to answer so well that it is intended to carry it out on a much larger scale.

The large reinforcements expected from Spain ought now to be at Algesiras, and very shortly here. The weather is fine, the sea calm, and everything favours their transport. Three thousand Basques should be here before the end of the month. The volunteers for African service, from the regiments which remain in Spain, are very numerous. They are said to amount to 5000 men. So that the Spanish army will soon be able to march away from here in at least its present strength, or even more, and still leave behind it a force sufficient not only to keep the lines, which daily grow stronger, but perhaps to co-operate usefully by a sortie, should the expeditionary army come to an engagement with the Moors between

this and Cape Negro. Meanwhile, the delay we experience is not altogether unprofitable. The soldiers get inured to fighting by frequent skirmishes, and gain confidence by seeing that, although obstinate at long shots, and daring in following up retiring troops, the Moors will not stand a steady onset, and, above all, dislike the bayonet and artillery. I hear, by the by, that it has been stated in foreign papers that the Moors readily attack with cold steel, with their *goomias*—keen-edged swords, or long poniards. This is erroneous. The Moor's favourite weapon is the *espingarda*, or long gun, numbers of which have been captured in the different combats. When driven to bay, and unable to load, they use it as a club, and it is only when it is broken or struck from their hands that they have recourse to their side-arms.

A characteristic and amusing trait of the Moorish prisoner made the other day, was related to me by one present. When he was brought in, an officer handed a dollar as a reward to one of the soldiers who had taken him. Wounded though he was, and terrified though he might be supposed to be, the prisoner no sooner saw the glitter of the coin than he made a clutch at it. It was the ruling passion developed under the most unfavourable circumstances—the robber instinct triumphing over every other feeling. The poor wretch seems a sort of savage, without two ideas, and passes his time in invoking blessings on the heads of the Spaniards for not having killed him, and in devouring, with wolfish appetite, all the bread, coffee, and other food he can obtain. He is so pleased with his fare and treatment that he is anxious to send for his sons and the rest of his kindred to join him in his repasts at the expense of the merciful unbelievers.

I lately went over the Serallo, the large old building which stands at about the centre of the Spanish camp and position. It was formerly a palace, and is supposed to have been built for the use of a Moorish sovereign during a former siege of Ceuta. It has a spacious *patio*, or inner court, with a well in the middle, and doubtless in its day it was a stately pile, but it is in an extremely

ruinous condition, and it needs close inspection to detect even faint traces of former magnificence.

The wind has changed, and has gone round to the north-west—blasts from the mountains instead of gales from the sea. Last night was extremely mild, now it is getting cold again. Thus we go on, through continual changes. The working party did not go out to-day, and the Moors have been quiet. We are making our preparations to spend as merry a Christmas as may be possible under the not very favourable circumstances. I lately was induced to believe that we might possibly march just about Christmas Day, but I see little chance of it now, and should not be greatly surprised if the new year still found us here, since it would need but two or three days of decidedly bad weather to delay the movement. The most prevalent impression, however, seems to be that the end of the month will find us on our way to Tetuan.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 26.

CHRISTMAS EVE—*Noche Buena*—is a great festival in Spain, and is kept much as Christmas Day is with us in England. Here the usual custom was not departed from. A double ration of wine and a small gratuity sufficed to put the Spanish soldier in great good-humour, and there was much sound of mirth and jollity in camp during the evening. Whether or not these sounds reached the ears of the Moors, or whether the renegades deceived them, and told them that on the following morning the Spaniards would be sleeping off a debauch, and less able than usual to defend themselves, I cannot say, but soon after seven on Christmas morning our friends of the dark countenance and dirty white garments showed upon our extreme left, descending upon the beach, making use of our new roads, and apparently aiming at enveloping Ros de Olano's camp. At the same time they advanced towards his

right, their line assuming their favourite crescent form, and came up to a very moderate distance from the Alphonso redoubt (on the left of all), so called after the Prince of Asturias. There ensued a very smart little fight, in which the enemy received a sharp lesson. I perceive, by papers which might be supposed better informed, that the Moors have been giving out fantastical histories of their victories over the Spaniards, of their having taken redoubts, which they might have held had they thought it worth while, and in which they would have captured guns if the Christians had not been so prudent as to remove them beforehand. These are mere fables, and it requires but one visit to our line of redoubts and a very short acquaintance with the Moorish style of manœuvring to feel certain that they are so. But the agents of the Emperor of Morocco will hardly have the audacity to represent the affair of the 25th of December as a victory. The enemy was vigorously received and promptly checked. From the redoubts the artillery made good practice, and punished him severely. On the left the infantry were chiefly engaged. The Moors had advanced in a reckless, imprudent manner, apparently thinking only of outflanking the Spanish position, and not considering that they might themselves be cut off, or at least brought within bayonet reach. The consequence was that they suffered not a little, and had to retire with such precipitation that they left upwards of forty dead bodies behind them, contrary to their usual custom. When the Spaniards advanced without firing, to charge them with the bayonet, they did not stand for an instant. In this manner a company of the Regiment of Zamora drove a lot of them out of a position they had occupied, the Moors being in such haste to decamp, and having such very long legs, that only two or three were caught. It seems nearly impossible to make them prisoners. In one encounter (most of these little actions are made up of a number of small fights between a few companies of Spaniards, and detached bodies of the Moors, who seem to have no idea of attacking in bat-

talion, or otherwise than irregularly), in which a number of Moors were killed, one of them was surrounded by four Cazadores, who came down upon him with fixed bayonets, shouting and signing to him not to fire, and that they would give him quarter. The Moor took no heed of their overtures, levelled his long gun, and shot one of them, whereupon he was, of course, put to death by the others. The enemy had been driven back and seemed discouraged, but still showed in considerable force at some distance in front of our lines, when a battery of long rifled four-pounders opened upon them from the Alphonso redoubt. There was a wood which they evidently thought out of range, and in which a large number of them had assembled and remained spectators of the little skirmishing that was still going on. The first shot pitched beyond them, and produced an instant commotion and a tendency to move to the rear, and two or three more, which just got their range, sent them rapidly to the right-about. The slopes and hills in their rear were dotted with them, making off in all haste, and looking, in the distance and in their whitey-brown haicks, like so many frightened sheep. Before two o'clock they had all disappeared, and no more shots were heard. The Spanish loss was six killed and thirty-four wounded. Some companies went out to see if they could find any wounded Moors, but discovered none but dead. The bodies of a number who had been killed in the ravines near the sea were burnt there. The general opinion in camp is that the Moors are getting cowed at finding themselves invariably repulsed with loss, and without gaining an inch of ground. They had been accustomed to harass Ceuta, and to skirmish with the handful of men which the garrison could send out against them, until they came to form a most contemptuous idea of the value of Spanish soldiers. Against the force now opposed to them they find they can do nothing, and the artillery, especially, seems an arm of great terror to them. Meanwhile, the Spanish recruits are getting practice, and are learning to think little of the enemy, who had been represented to

them as formidable, and whose appearance, to young soldiers, must unquestionably be so. The Moors are generally tall, powerful men, of ferocious aspect and great agility, and their mode of coming on, like so many howling savages, is not calculated to encourage and give confidence to lads who for the first time find themselves in action. Most of those whose dead bodies we have seen were men of mature age, seemingly forty years old, or even more, although perhaps we take them to be older than they are. They are horribly dirty, and few of them have anything on but their haick. Among the things brought in yesterday, besides arms, were some leathern pouches, with a strap to sling over one shoulder, the pouch falling under the opposite arm. In these they keep their powder loose. Loading must be a long process with them, and if all their guns be of the same kind as those I have seen, with flint locks of an antiquity of construction that entitles them to a place in a museum of old arms, they must speedily become unserviceable in wet weather.

We had some squalls of rain during the skirmish yesterday, and at nightfall these were exchanged for a driving torrent, which a violent gale sent against the tents with such force that they were speedily wet through. It was a very dirty night indeed; there was scarcely a tent in camp through which the water did not make its way in greater or less quantities. In short, it was a repetition of the previous Sunday, the 18th, and rather worse than better. Even for those who were so lucky as to have a dry couch (and those were very few) it was scarcely possible to sleep, owing to the roaring of the wind and flapping of canvass. To-day has been gloomy, muggy, and without much wind. The Moors have been perfectly quiet. Our chief occupation has been repairing damages, re-pitching tents, drying beds and clothes. I am told that sickness is again on the increase, which, indeed, is not to be wondered at after the weather we have had.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 27.

TILL about 10 o'clock last night the weather was pretty quiet, but then the tempest broke forth again and raged all night. It still continues. The rain has left off for a while, but the wind is as fierce as ever, making the strongest tent-poles bend till one thinks they must break. Judging from appearances, we have not yet done with the rain. With such weather as this there is little probability of fighting or marching. The Moors, we are assured, by persons who have lived among them, have a great dislike to the rain. As for our march to Tetuan, it will hardly be commenced until there be a prospect of weather rather more propitious. These rains convert the new roads (which are superficial, only fine-weather paths) into swamps, or something very like it, most laborious to march over, and which would be speedily so cut up as to be impracticable for artillery. Nevertheless, the report of an early move is rife, and I believe everybody would rejoice at its proving true, for we are heartily weary of this gusty, rainy camp, and would gladly exchange it for the line of march, even though with a temporary increase of hardship. But I suspect we have still a little time to wait here. This stormy weather is unfavourable to the transport of troops from Spain, and I doubt the army's moving until further reinforcements have come up.

Major-General Echague, who commands the first corps, which was the first to land in Africa, and who was wounded in the sharp action of the 25th of November, before the remainder of the army came over, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

The Spanish *Gaceta Militar* states the number of men who have volunteered from various regiments to join the army in Africa to be upwards of 6000.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 28.

WITH slight intermission the bad weather continued all yesterday. The camp was a dreary picture, everything wet, mud in the tents, cooking (it is all *al fresco* work here) rendered almost impossible by the sudden blasts and torrents, the roads more than ankle-deep in mud, and perilous for horses from their extreme slipperiness—the more so as nearly all the ground here is sloping where it is not steep. When I say roads, it is by courtesy; I mean tracks, for we have little that is better. The troops have worked hard during the last three or four weeks, and have made a very considerable length of pathway, good for walking and riding, and even for artillery, so long as the weather is dry; but when we come to have forty-eight hours' rain, as at present, these much-vaunted "roads" quickly show their weakness. To move an army over them then would be extremely difficult; the artillery could hardly fail to stick, and to arrest the progress of the troops in the rear. Nevertheless, it is believed by those most likely to be right that a move is at hand, and is delayed only until we have one or two fine days to dry the ground. Unfortunately a couple of fine days would almost be an assurance of wet ones ensuing, for during the month now near its close we have only once had more than sixty or seventy hours of fine weather at a time. Some flatter themselves that January is usually a better month here than December, but my inquiries among the natives by no means lead to the same conclusion. A Ceutan told me just now that December, January, and February here bear a very strong resemblance to each other, and added that we had had no rain as yet. With torrents of twelve, twenty-four, and even forty-eight hours' duration fresh in my memory, I probably looked sceptical of his assurance, for he proceeded to supply me with proofs. "We do not consider," he said, "that we have had any rain worth speaking of until the wells begin to fill, and at this pre-

'sent time there is scarcely more water in them than there was a month ago." To this there was no reply, and I remained with the unpleasant conviction that, if January is to be wetter than the last few days, this is likely to be the dampest campaign ever made. Those who projected this war seem to have fallen into the error of ignoring their foes. They expected to beat the Moors, and they may very probably have been right in feeling confident of their superiority over them; but there are other enemies, on whose opposition and unfavourable influence they forgot to reckon. The climate at this season of the year, the cholera and other diseases, the defective administration so likely to be found in the army of a country long unaccustomed to war—all these are worse foes than the Mauritanian hordes with their long firelocks, irregular tactics, and savage yells. They are foes against which lead and steel, and valour and generalship, avail little or nothing. The certainty of ten days' fine weather would now be worth a million. A week, at most, ought to take us to Tetuan, even with a battle on the road, and skirmishes every day. The time should be less, but it is expected that we shall be delayed two or three days while the engineers overcome certain material obstacles to our progress. Fine weather or bad, however, it is beyond a doubt that the order to advance would be received with general rejoicing, for the army is heartily sick of these windy heights and narrow limits. There seems to have been an impression, at least among many of the officers, that the campaign was to be a very brief one, a sort of *veni vidi vici* affair, a speedy onslaught, rapid victories, a triumphant entry into Tangier or Tetuan, or both, and then rest upon laurels, and perhaps return to Madrid. General O'Donnell himself is reported (with what truth I know not) to have told his friends that he should eat his Christmas dinner in the Spanish capital. He has eaten it in a much less pleasant place, and, as far as appearances go, he is likely to eat not a few more upon African soil. It is a widely-spread, although I cannot say that it is a

universal belief here, that Tetuan will be taken, and that then the campaign will be at an end. Most of those who are not confident of the two events put faith in one or the other of them, some believing that Tetuan will be taken, but that the war will not then come to a close (these I believe to be few), while others say that *if* Tetuan be taken the campaign is over. My own opinion, which is that of many others here (although not all of them may think it right or prudent openly to express it), is that this expedition, begun in haste and without sufficient previous deliberation and preparation, is already repented of, and will be brought to a close as soon as that can be done without incurring ridicule and disgrace. There can be no question that the cause of this war has been in a great measure the Spanish press, which has displayed in this circumstance a vitality for which foreigners, and probably many Spaniards, were unprepared to give it credit. Unfortunately, its previously unsuspected power was injudiciously exerted. Instead of the counsels of prudence, it put forward the incitements of passion. The opposition papers did so on system, and in hopes of getting the Government into difficulties; the papers that support Government foolishly and unreflectingly joined in the cry. Before the wisdom or necessity of such a war had been duly weighed, clamour had rendered it inevitable. With respect to the share the clergy had in bringing it about, and which I have seen a good deal insisted on in print, I can say nothing of my own knowledge, as I was not in Spain at the time, and this is not the place to trace such influence. There are reasons, however, for believing that if the clergy did not actually urge on the war, they at least are now doing what they can to support it—not, perhaps, out of their own pockets, but by their power over the consciences and purse-strings of others. An intelligent Spaniard mentioned to me the other day some large anonymous donations that had been made for the expenses of the war. These, he added, were the work of the confessional. One hears of contributions from various

quarters—among others, of a subscription got up to pay the half-million demanded of Spain by the British Government. All this is very patriotic, but it does not prove enthusiasm for the war. The Spaniards perceive that they have got into a contest more difficult and more costly than they expected, and they show themselves willing to make sacrifices to carry it through in a manner creditable to their country; but this does not prove that if they were now in time to choose they would not prefer peace.

A fourth *corps d'armée* is now forming at Malaga, to be commanded by General Rios—a name hitherto unknown to fame. It will consist, I am informed, of ten strong battalions. Troops continue to arrive here, and are sent up to camp immediately. It is said that the first corps (which was the first to arrive in Africa), commanded by General Echague, with Generals La Saussaye and Gasset at the head of its two divisions, will remain to keep these lines when the army marches on Tetuan. It is the corps that has as yet seen most fighting, borne most exposure, and experienced the heaviest losses. One of its brigades, under La Saussaye, was here for some time before any other, and before hostilities actually began.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 29.

THIS has been a fine day,—breezes on the heights, sunshine upon the sea; the camp drying itself; everything spread abroad; tents thrown open, trunks emptied, clothes and blankets extended on the tent tops, every one's goods and chattels opened to the inspection of his neighbours, —the scene a combination of Rag Fair and Brokers' Row, —people sitting outside on boxes and camp-stools, as if they were as much in need of drying as their property. As usual, a bright day induced a brighter view of things in general, and of the prospects of the expedition in par-

ticular; and there was also some movement by sea and land to enliven us after our three days' shower-bath and inaction. Early in the forenoon the Spanish squadron made its appearance to the east of Ceuta, at a considerable distance from land, making for Martin, the port of Tetuan. It consisted of 10 sail, of which the following list will be found, I believe, pretty nearly correct:—Isabel II., 84 guns, sailing liner, in tow of the Isabel II., 12 guns, steamer; Villa de Bilboa, 40 guns, sailing, towed by the Vasco Nunez, 12 guns, steamer; Princesa de las Asturias, 50, and Blanca, 40, screw frigates; Colon, 12; steamer; Vulcano steamer, carrying two 80-pounders; and two despatch-boats.

The squadron steamed in behind Cape Negro, with the exception of two or three vessels which remained off the point. Fire was opened at about 1 o'clock. The projection of the Cape intercepted our view, and combined with the wind, which blew from us, to prevent our hearing much more of the cannonade than we were able to see of it. We saw a good deal of smoke off the Cape, but the sound of the guns reached us but faintly. The Moors replied to the fire, and it was probably the smoke from their batteries that rose above the line of hills at a short distance to the westward, while on a mountain-side beyond (more to the south) a column of smoke proceeded from a fire, which was supposed to be a beacon or signal of alarm. As yet no official account of the bombardment has reached us, but the report is that it was highly successful, and that Fort Martin and a land battery were greatly damaged. The Moors are said to have fired at first with very good aim (I have heard nothing of damage to the squadron) to the extent of about 50 shots, when their practice became worse, and their fire soon afterwards ceased. A French war steamer went out to witness the bombardment. I saw no English vessel pass on the same errand, nor have I heard that any was present. The fire of the Spanish squadron did not last very long. Towards 3 o'clock the vessels reappeared from behind the Cape, and steamed in the direction of the Straits. They were

still in sight when night came on. The squadron was commanded by Admiral Herrera.

At about the same time at which the fire of the ships began, the Moors, either tempted by the fine afternoon, or imagining that this army was going to move upon Tetuan, showed upon our left, both horse and foot, and skirmishing began. It lasted until dark, but was very trifling towards the close, the rifled batteries from the redoubts, and three small steamers which had, as usual, so placed themselves as to rake their position, occasionally throwing shot and shell among them. The musketry fire was pretty sharp at times, and it is reported this evening that the casualties on this side are more numerous than in the two or three last affairs, in which, indeed, the Spanish loss was so small as to induce a report in camp that the Moors had had a great many of their best marksmen killed. The whole fight, however, was of no consequence, only one of those which have been of frequent occurrence during the last month, and the General-in-Chief did not leave his tent. General Ros de Olano commanded the troops engaged.

The belief continues strong that we are on the point of moving from this place to the attack of Tetuan. It is thought that our advance will be very slow and guarded, —one corps to move forward a short distance and take up a position, while the obstacles to marching on are removed by the Engineers; then another corps to be advanced, while the first makes a little further progress. Cape Negro is still expected to be the point of the greatest difficulty. It is also reported that the Spanish naval forces here disposable will be divided into two squadrons, and will attack both Fort Martin and Tangier at the same time that the army advances on Tetuan. The post hence takes too long a time in reaching London for it to be worth while writing down at any length reports whose truth or falsehood will probably shortly be proved, while the telegraph will convey to you rapid information of the events here daily expected to occur, should they come to pass. Talking of telegraphs, I may mention that the line from

Tarifa to Ceuta is now being continued up to headquarters. The posts are erected nearly up to the tent of the General-in-Chief, and the wires will probably be placed within a day or two. There is a talk of carrying them on as far as the Serallo.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 30.

I AM assured that the loss of the Spaniards in yesterday's skirmish was trifling. The Moors fought as usual, firing long shots, and retreating hastily as soon as any threat was made to charge them, then returning with some boldness when they saw their enemy retiring. As I have more than once mentioned, it is rare that they can be brought to a close encounter, and hence the reason that so few of their wounded and even of their dead have been taken. Yesterday, however, as on Christmas Day, a battalion was too quick for them, and seven were killed with the bayonet. In general it is not even necessary to fix bayonets to drive them back; the Spaniards have merely to face about and advance towards them without firing, and they immediately retreat. This conduct on their part has given considerable confidence to their opponents.

A Spanish naval officer, who was on board the French steamer which went to watch the operations of the squadron against Fort Martin, says that the fire from the ships greatly damaged the Moorish batteries—in fact, according to his account, knocked them to pieces, and that the French officers were loud in praise of the excellence of the Spanish gunners. The fire of the Moors, it is added, was feeble and ill-directed, was speedily silenced, and did no harm to their opponents. Of course, this is only one side of the question, but it is the most trustworthy information on the subject I have as yet been able to obtain.

The Moors were reported to have been throwing up

some defensive works at Castillejos, a point near the sea between this and Cape Negro, so called on account of the small white tower-like buildings before referred to, and it was also said that they had cannon there. I mention these reports merely to contradict them in case they should obtain currency in other quarters. Recent reconnoissances have ascertained that they have neither guns nor fortifications in the place mentioned, unless the name of fortification is to be given to the small earthen parapets they habitually throw up,—low banks, behind which they crouch to load and fire.

The weather to-day is perfectly beautiful and the sky cloudless, unless we may consider as clouds some banks of mist which partly shroud the summits of the Sierra Bullones, and creep down the side like thin snow-drifts or lazy curls of smoke. The camp is once more dry and comfortable. Last night was mild, and this morning the temperature is such that a light coat is sufficient covering when sitting in an open tent. This, however, is a treacherous climate, and the wisest are those who cover themselves as in winter, even when the breeze is soft and the sun shines hot. An hour often suffices to bring about a change of many degrees; and I am by no means convinced that all the deaths within twelve, ten, and even six hours, that have taken place here within the last month, are to be attributed to the cholera, to which they are all set down. Men go out in the middle of the day, when the sun is extremely powerful, in a uniform coat, without any upper garment; the skirmish or reconnoissance is prolonged till dark, and they linger on exposed heights till the cold comes on and a severe chill is inevitable. From some cause or other it is certain that we have had many very sudden deaths of late. A Colonel Lago was taken down ill into Ceuta last night, and before 8 o'clock this morning he was a corpse.

We have now some rifled 12-pounders here. They were practising yesterday, and astonished everybody by their tremendous range. They are rifled on the French system.

CAMP IN FRONT OF CEUTA, *Dec.* 31.

YESTERDAY was a summer day of great beauty and considerable heat, when it was pleasanter to remain under the shade of the tent than to scramble over our hilly territory during the four mid-day hours. Apparently the Moors thought so too, for they had the discretion to remain quiet until 3 P.M., when they advanced and opened fire upon our left, directing their attack especially against the parapets in front of Ros de Olano's camp. They concentrated their force more than usual, instead of spreading it over a very long line, and their fire was so well sustained as to induce some to believe that they must have got a supply of cartridges, sparing them the time they generally lose in loading their long guns out of a bag of loose powder and bullets. But it is more likely that the difference arose from their being massed. They were bolder yesterday than they have lately been—probably they were fresh troops, for of late we had observed that they were anything but forward. Some of them actually came to the low parapets which are thrown up in advance of the redoubts as cover for our troops, and, seizing the stones, tried to pull them down. The Spanish loss in the affair was seventeen wounded.

To-day is not so fine as yesterday, and the wind has shifted to the east. It is but a light breeze at present—but this is the way these Levanters begin, and to-night it may blow a gale. Nevertheless, a move is decided upon for to-morrow. Six rations are being drawn, heavy baggage is to be sent on board the steamers that will accompany us, the General-in-Chief has struck his tent and had it replaced by a small one. If this wind holds, I believe headquarters will move only to a short distance beyond our present extreme left; if it changes we expect to go farther—as far, I presume, as it is convenient for the army to march before night, and in presence of the opposition we expect from the enemy. A large mass of rations is on board the steamers that are to

follow us along-shore. Half-a-million rations—a month's supply—have been for some days shipped, and I believe the quantity has since been increased.

General José Concha arrived in camp soon after noon to-day. Finding himself at Cadiz, on his return from the Havannah, he came across to visit General O'Donnell. They have now ridden out to the redoubts.

So far as I have as yet had opportunity of observing, and of ascertaining from officers who have been here from the very first day of the war, the military tactics of the Moors are limited and monotonous. Their stratagem is always the same; they throw out a few men as a decoy—a sort of forlorn hope—in the expectation that the Spaniards will advance against them as an easy prey. If the Spaniards did so they would instantly become a mark for hundreds of sharpshooters, concealed in holes and corners, among rocks and behind trees, and vigilantly watching for a mark. To the possible success of this *ruse de guerre* it is obviously essential that the Spaniards should not be aware of the proximity of a lurking foe fifty times more numerous than the one visible on the open ground. To conceal their ambush the Moors display all the craft of savages. One rarely sees a strong body of them ensconcing themselves in a position. You may see five or six in one direction, and eight or ten in another, converging towards an apparently uncertain point, whilst in other directions other small groups move, often only two or three men, sloping quietly along as if they were admiring the landscape rather than meaning mischief. Then they disappear, either among trees or behind inequalities of the ground, and are seen no more, and you know not whither they are gone until you have had enough experience of their ways to feel sure that they have all betaken themselves to allotted positions, and that while perhaps you have never seen fifty men at a time, there are probably a thousand assembled within range of your skirmishers. The aversion they show to coming to close quarters and encountering a bayonet charge, renders it difficult to believe that their

frequent advances against our positions are prompted by a serious hope of obtaining possession of any part of works fully manned, defended by artillery, and which every day renders stronger. I should rather take their object to be to provoke the Spaniards to move out from their cover to ground where they might afford easy marks for their *espingardas*. The Moors have been only too often successful in this, and the consequence has been the killing and wounding of hundreds of men without any corresponding advantage. A great deal of ammunition has thus been fired away, which had been much better spared. The Spanish Generals, however, have begun to find out their mistake. The first corps, which has been longest here, and has had the most experience of this kind of warfare, has for some time past adopted the plan of not replying to the Moorish skirmishers, but of lying quiet, and letting them come on (if they please, which they rarely do) until they are near enough for action more decisive than the exchange of long shots. Similar reserve has, I hear, now been enjoined to the second corps, and, judging from the conduct of those troops of the third corps which were yesterday engaged, it is probable that General Ros de Olano, who on his first arrival here seemed rather disposed to retaliate upon and follow up the foe, now sees that there is nothing to be gained by such a course, with a quickfooted enemy who flies when attacked and returns in swarms when the Spaniards retire, as they must ultimately do, to their positions, to hang upon their rear and pelt them with bullets.

A Moor was brought into camp this morning, who was at first supposed to be a prisoner, but who proved to be one who had come over, impelled, it is supposed, by hunger, judging at least from the eagerness with which he threw himself upon the first piece of bread he caught sight of. He is not a good specimen of his countrymen, being under-sized, ill-made, and of very obtuse intellect.

SPANISH HEADQUARTERS, CAMP OF CASTILLEJOS, *Jan.* 2.

WE have at last made a move, although but a short one, had an action elsewhere than on the old monotonous ground immediately around the redoubts, and obtained a full and near view of the Moorish camp. Long before daylight yesterday General Prim's division struck its tents, and when the trumpets sounded the *diana*, which they did at an unusually early hour, it was marching off to our left, past Ros's corps. Headquarters shortly followed. Fighting began about eight o'clock. The object of the movement was, I need hardly say, to march upon Tetuan; but as this is not to be done with the facility it might be were the distance the only difficulty to be got over, our first day did not take us very far, and several others (I fear to conjecture how many) are likely to elapse before we reach the desired city. The immediate work to be done yesterday was to fight ourselves into a position south of the one we previously occupied, with the sea for our base of operations. In this we were completely successful. To sum up the results of the day's work, before entering into its details, headquarters are now one league from their last camping place in front of Ceuta; the third corps is in their front; the Moors have broken up the camp, of which I shall presently speak, and were seen, early this morning, moving off towards the ridges that stretch away inland from Cape Negro. Up to this hour (2 P.M.) there has been no fighting, nor is there an appearance of there being any to-day. In fact, the general opinion is that there are no Moors left in our neighbourhood, and that they have gone to wait for us at some other point. I am thus enabled to resume my correspondence, which the necessity of observing the operations, two changes of camp, and various other circumstances, have compelled me to suspend, although with much to write about, since my letter of the 31st of December.

Upon the very first advance yesterday of General

Prim's division, which was supported by General Zabala's corps, it became evident that the Moors, active and audacious as they had shown themselves when this army stood upon the defensive, were unable to resist the superior resources of civilised warfare when themselves seriously assailed. At a very early hour of the day the position it was intended to occupy was completely cleared of them. They gave way on all sides before the Spanish infantry and mountain guns (artillery on mule-back), and before two squadrons of hussars, in all about 150 or 180 horses, which acted against them in the level. Although I have previously described the ground between Ceuta and Cape Negro, so far as we had been able to observe it on the spot and through telescopes, it will be well to give you as clear a sketch as I can of that which has been gone over since yesterday morning. Our movement was a little to the east of south, parallel to the sea. Facing in that direction from the point where headquarters had been for nearly three weeks, there come first a series of irregular ridges, furrowed by ravines, and over which were fought several of the skirmishes recorded in former letters. The distance to which this kind of ground extends, beyond the Alphonso redoubt and the third division camp, is very short, and the last ridge overlooks a kind of amphitheatre, which, for convenience sake, I may call a semicircle, although that is not its exact form, of which the sea is the chord. The part of this amphitheatre nearest to our lines is sloping, rough, broken, and bushgrown, but its further portion is perfectly level, of an apple-green colour, from the grass, weeds, and yellow flowers with which it is overgrown, and well suited for the action of cavalry. The slopes down into the flat are in some parts sprinkled sparingly with trees, but are chiefly covered only with brushwood, composed of laurustinus, holly, and a great variety of shrubs and bushes by name to me unknown, interspersed with heath, wild thyme, bluebells, narcissus, and a host of other aromatic and flowering plants, many of which are now in blossom, as they would be in the month of

May in England. These tracts of brushwood, or *chaparral*, as they are called, the taller bushes upon which are in many places six feet high, are most dangerous to the legs and feet of horses, especially in parts where it has been burnt and the fire has left stumps and long stems, black and hardened, which often severely punish both horse and horseman. At a short distance within this plain, on the highest part of the uneven ground, is one of the *castillejos*, a small, white, square, ruined building, more like a limekiln than anything else. Another of these buildings overlooks the sea from the southern extremity of the high ground which surrounds the valley. It is from within one hundred yards of this latter *castillejo* that I now write. Near the water's edge, towards the centre of the level line, is a large brick building, or rather the ruinous remains of one, which is said to have been a powder-mill, and where I am assured that some machinery of English manufacture was found, rather ancient, it is true, but which I suppose the Anglophobes will take as an additional proof of British sympathy with the Moors. It is quite as good evidence as some that they have brought forward.

As before stated, the enemy offered little resistance, and were speedily driven from one position to another with very small loss on our side. Here and there they showed some daring, and a disposition to advance against the Spanish troops. Overlooking a shallow wooded ravine, shortly before reaching the level, a battery of the mountain artillery had taken up its position. The Moors came on, howling furiously, waving their arms and brandishing their long guns, to the further side of the hollow, which men on foot could easily pass. There were a score of horsemen and a crowd of infantry. They paused, however, to indulge in their customary vociferations and cries of "*perro! perro!*" and this gave time to treat them to a round of grape, which sent them scampering at once. In the mean time the two little squadrons of the Princesa Hussars (the regiment with white pelisses which the gallant Diego Leon commanded in the

civil war) had got well into the valley, preceding most of the infantry, and looking out for an opportunity for a dash. Some Moorish cavalry were seen, but they kept aloof. The hussars had made one little charge, when a French aide-de-camp of General Prim rode up to them, and gave them an order which appears not to have been clearly understood. The story has been variously related, but I believe the aide-de-camp has cleared himself, and the whole thing has been shown to have been an unfortunate mistake. As he was leaving them he said something about their charging freely when they saw a chance; that the Moors were cowards, and would not stand. The commandant of the hussars misunderstood the words, and thought the term "cowards" applied to his men. This, at least, was the impression made on one captain whom I saw and heard, immediately after the charge, as he returned reeking with sweat and with bloody sabre, relating it, with marks of furious indignation, to an officer of the Staff. The immediate consequence of the misunderstanding was that the commanding officer ordered a charge, and away went the handful of hussars through the enemy's skirmishers and up a narrow and slightly ascending valley, or rather gorge, leading from the level to a secluded plateau on the lower slopes of the mountains, where the Moorish camp was pitched. The Spanish infantry was not yet well advanced in masses, a considerable force of Moors was in and around the camp, and, from the heights on either side of the confined lists of this desperate contest, a severe fire was opened upon the hussars, who continued their furious career until they reached the camp itself. Of what passed there one can get but confused accounts. The Moors, although surprised by the sudden appearance of this very forlorn hope, quickly recovered from their panic, and the cavalry suffered severely. They brought off some trophies, however—some arms and a bundle of papers, the nature of which I have not yet been able to learn, nor have I, as you may suppose, much time to go in quest of minor details. The loss of the hussars has been variously

stated, but of the officers two were killed and five wounded, which is a large proportion out of two squadrons. One wounded officer fell into the hands of the Moors, who busied themselves with taking off his uniform, which they doubtless thought worth preserving. He was brought away, half-naked, by his comrades, who charged to rescue him. Another officer was brought back with his face and neck cut to pieces. I am assured that he had at least a dozen cuts from the Moorish *goomias*—straight short swords, which they grind very sharp. Most of the wounds received were from the flank fire, as the cavalry rode to and from the camp. The affair was an unfortunate one, but at the same time highly creditable to the gallantry of the hussars. On a small scale it reminds one, by various circumstances, of the famous Balaklava charge, and the coincidence in several respects struck many here. During the rest of the day the two squadrons remained drawn up in the plain near the sea, but no further opportunity occurred for them to act. To-day they are reinforced by a considerable body of lancers and other cavalry, or, I should say, they form part of a cavalry division now in the plain below us. Had there been a strong force of artillery and cavalry in this plain yesterday, it appears to me there would have been no difficulty in capturing the Moorish camp. But there had not been time to cut roads for the passage of the guns, and the brunt of the day was borne by the infantry, aided by the mountain guns, and occasionally by those of five gunboats and several war steamers, which lay all day close in to shore.

The positions it was proposed to take and occupy having been successfully gained, with few casualties on our side, it would perhaps have been wise to remain contented; to have held them and resisted any attempts to retake them, but not to have advanced farther in a direction where it was not intended to retain the ground that might be captured. Here, however, it appears there was a second mistake. General Prim commanded the fighting division yesterday, and it is said that he misunderstood

the directions of the chief, and advanced farther than it was intended he should do. It was still very early in the day when his troops were seen, he foremost among them, crowning height after height on our right (that is to say, receding from the sea); until they had occupied an extensive line, to be abandoned at nightfall. General Prim's fighting qualities are well known, and some may be disposed to suspect that, if he advanced farther than was intended—as he certainly did farther than was necessary or useful—he was not sorry to take the benefit of any doubt there may have been upon his mind. Certain it is that he was in his element yesterday. With two glittering stars upon his breast and his gold-headed General's cane in his hand, he was forward among the balls, generally on foot, and, to everybody's wonder, remained, as hitherto in this war, without a scratch. Unfortunately, many of his men were less fortunate, and the afternoon's fight was far more costly than that of the morning. The Moors, who had the advantage of the high ground and of a very good position, defended it with great tenacity. Probably they thought that an attack on their camp was intended, and they fought for their *penates*, and fought extremely well. For three or four hours there was a heavy fire kept up on both sides. A battalion of artillerymen distinguished itself greatly and suffered severely. It was employed in throwing up a parapet, and appears not to have been sufficiently supported; it had to lay down pick and spade and take to its muskets. A large number of the officers of this battalion were killed and wounded. On one occasion General Prim seized the colours of a battalion, and, placing himself at its head, made a dashing charge, driving back the enemy. I think it was about 1 P.M., and the General-in-Chief and his Staff and escort were down in the plain, close to the first of the white buildings I have mentioned, when, on a message being brought to him—I believe asking reinforcements for the troops on the heights—Marshal O'Donnell ordered a battalion of General Zabala's reserve to advance, and himself, drawing his sword and putting spurs to his

horse, rode forward up the mountain, loudly cheered by some troops he passed on the way, and closely followed by his aides-de-camp and the rest of his habitual retinue. I believe the reason of this sudden move was that he desired to animate by his presence the troops who were enduring and returning a very severe fire, until such time as the more slowly advancing support could reach them. It appears to me, however, that there was no such urgency as to warrant him in exposing himself to such a fire as he presently got into. The loss of the present General-in-Chief would be almost an irreparable one to Spain and this army at the present moment. I do not mean by saying this to exalt his military talents above those of other Spanish Generals who might perhaps be named, but it is obviously a great advantage that the commander of this army should unite in his own person the three important posts of Commander-in-Chief, Minister of War, and Prime Minister. This union must have a most beneficial effect upon the operations in Africa. There can be no demur to or appeal from his orders and decisions; whatever he directs must be done, whether in Madrid or here, and whatever he demands must be forthcoming within the shortest possible time, without requiring the sanction of any other authority. Moreover O'Donnell is undeniably popular with this army, which seems to have much confidence in him, and it certainly would be difficult to supply his place. And for the above reasons I cannot but agree with the observations I hear fall, especially since yesterday, from officers here, who say that his life is too valuable, especially at the present conjuncture, and with his plans all in his own keeping, for him to be justified in exposing himself to be knocked over, like any private soldier, by a ball from a Moorish *espingarda*. To have seen him and his Staff riding forward yesterday, sword in hand, to where the balls were flying on all sides of them, one might have taken them for a troop of cavalry seeking risk and distinction. It is to be supposed he considered it proper to be done, but I know of a good many who take a different view of it. He afterwards retired a

little to the brow of a hill, where the sappers were throwing up a parapet which was to serve as a defence for our troops during the night, and there he was less exposed, but still under fire. The horses were sent a short distance down the hill for protection, but the Generals and Staff remained there till dark. Two or three officers were hit, to my knowledge, while up there; one of them, Major Modet, of the Engineers, attached to O'Donnell's Staff, was severely wounded very near the General-in-Chief, and will have to return to Spain. Another was slightly wounded; another received a bullet which made a furrow completely across the top of his low-crowned shako, narrowly missing his head, owing to its being fired from higher ground than that on which he was standing. I cite only these cases which came to my knowledge, and say nothing of grazes and contusions from spent balls. The road down-hill from the front was not a cheerful one during the afternoon. One saw many a poor fellow going down bleeding on a stretcher—dead bodies, half-enveloped in a blanket, toilsomely carried away on men's shoulders; whilst here and there in a corner some unlucky wretch groaned and shrieked under the hands of the surgeons. Firing went on till it was quite dark, when the Moors retired as usual, and our troops did the same, while the positions we retained were occupied by fresh battalions.

The return of the Spanish loss in the action I have briefly and imperfectly described (writing in haste and with endless interruptions), is not yet complete, but I have heard it roughly stated at about 600 killed and wounded,—by far the larger number of these casualties having occurred in the afternoon.* I never attempt to guess the enemy's

* The official return sent to Spain, and of which I had communication from the Staff, was 575. It was not until several weeks afterwards that I had reason to suspect this to be less than the truth, and inquiries I subsequently made at Madrid convinced me that it was so. I do not believe it to have been a habit of the Spanish Generals in this war to understate their losses, or, at least, if I once or twice afterwards thought I detected them in so doing, it was to so small an extent as appeared to me

loss, nor do I give much heed to the conjectures I hear or read on that head, even when they proceed from high authority; for I believe it to be exceedingly difficult to estimate the loss of one's opponents even approximately in a war of this kind, where they fight so much from under cover, and make such efforts to carry off their dead. It seems probable, however, that in the early part of yesterday's affair the Moors suffered more than the Spaniards, especially owing to the artillery. The shells and grape from Lopez Dominguez's mountain battery can hardly have failed to tell severely upon them. On the other hand, in the afternoon, I suspect the Moors lost much less than the Spaniards. They were better covered, they had higher ground, and an excellent position. If the day's work had been limited to the morning fight I should have said it was not only a short, but an extremely good and cheap one. That of the afternoon, which might in great measure have been avoided, added nothing to the Spaniards' gains, but a great deal to their losses.

The action of the 1st of January, which will be known as that of Castillejos, is the only one as yet fought in this war which may claim the name of a battle, by reason of the movements made, the ground covered, and the amount of loss. In one or two of the fights upon the lines around Ceuta the fire was, perhaps, hotter for a short time than it was yesterday; but, as a whole, yesterday's affair was by far the most considerable this army has yet had. The Moors are apparently no great strategists; nevertheless, yesterday, when they saw the Spaniards decidedly assuming the offensive and determined to advance, they seem to have had some idea of strategical combinations and diversions. They mustered in front of our right redoubt (Isabella II.), and opened fire, in hopes, doubtless, of

hardly worth the while. But the action of Castillejos was the most considerable that had, up to that date, been fought; the loss was more than in any previous one; and I suppose it was thought advisable not to shock the Spanish public by proclaiming the whole of it. It would probably be correctly stated at 1100 or 1200 men and officers killed and wounded.

diverting attention from the direction in which General Prim was moving; and they also made a movement as if they would have passed between the Alfonso and España redoubts (the two on the left), and cut us off from Ceuta, occupying the ground we had just left. This last manœuvre, however, would have required a much larger force than they appear to have had, and it is not to be supposed that they seriously contemplated it, but rather that their movement, had it been made by a civilised general, would have induced his opponents to attribute to him the intention referred to.

From various points of the high ground we yesterday rode over we obtained a most distinct view of the Moorish camp, established in a pleasant, sheltered recess, amid grass and foliage, and consisting, as it seemed to me, of some two hundred or three hundred tents, arranged with much regularity, and looking from the distance very white and neat, although it is more than probable that they would be found nasty enough on a near approach, if we may judge from the filthy condition of the few prisoners hitherto made. I forgot to mention, by the by, that five Moors were taken yesterday, three of them badly wounded. A considerable number of arms were also captured. I saw a mule-load of *espingardas* in camp to-day.

Last night, headquarters encamped close to the sea, on a slight elevation covered with brushwood, which afforded excellent material for fires. These were very welcome on account of the damp, but the cold was trifling. Yesterday, New Year's Day, was as warm as midsummer in England. The weather was glorious, the sun oppressively hot, a lovely day in any country, and particularly welcome here after all the rain we have lately had; but as soon as the sun set, such a dew fell upon everything that in half an hour the canvass of the tents was wet through. To-day has again been fine—hotter even than yesterday, but the afternoon was rather cloudy. It is now night; the sky is perfectly clear, with the exception of a few thin streaks of cloud above the sea horizon; the moon is high and bright, and the camp-fires flame and sparkle all

around and up away on the mountain-slope, where Prim's battalions, in two intrenched camps, form our advance in that direction. General O'Donnell was out towards the front very early this morning with only two or three aides-de-camp, and soon afterwards orders were given to headquarters to strike tents and move to where they now are, close to the little old white house overlooking the water, and from which may now be seen twenty steamers, some of them men-of-war, and some store-ships, floating black and still upon the calm sea at a very short distance from shore. In front of the said white house, by the by, was observed a small mound, which some soldiers had the curiosity to break open. It was a Moorish tomb, and contained human bones and skulls, which seemingly had lain there long, for they were dry and mouldering. In one of the skulls a rat had made its nest and deposited its young.

The Moors probably apprehended an attack upon their camp, for they raised it in the night, and early this morning they were descried far in the distance moving away in the direction a little to the west of Cape Negro. Some few, doubtless, still lurk in this neighbourhood, for a soldier who straggled a short way from camp has had his arm broken by a shot; otherwise the neighbourhood is to all appearance quite clear of them. The second chief of the Staff went out this afternoon with a couple of squadrons to reconnoitre. He saw a few cavalry who issued from a sort of country-house, and executed a distant fantasia in his honour, but that was all. It is not to be expected that the enemy will let us reach Tetuan without further opposition, but we suppose that he has betaken himself to some advantageous position whence to assail us on our passage. The general impression is that we shall have a fight towards Cape Negro. Meanwhile we have been spared the one which everybody expected for to-day, and have thus been enabled to encamp comfortably, and bring up the cavalry and some artillery, including a rocket troop, which it is expected will astonish the Moors. It was hoped we should push onwards to-

morrow, but I believe that to be impossible, as the roads are still to be made by which the artillery must pass.

CAMP OF CASTILLEJOS, *Jan.* 3, 8 A.M.

ANOTHER lovely morning, giving good promise of a fine hot day. As yet there are no signs of a march, and there can be little doubt we shall remain where we are until to-morrow. If we can only have a few days of this weather, the task of the Spanish army and Generals will be greatly lightened and shortened. The Spaniards are in good spirits, and the manner in which the Moors were driven from their position on Sunday, and have since hastily abandoned their camp, has increased the confidence of all here. People now begin to talk of a march to Tangier, to follow quickly upon the capture of Tetuan.

The post from headquarters did not go out yesterday. As its hour of departure to-day is uncertain, and will probably be early, I close this despatch. Although I date it Camp of Castillejos, which is the most natural name of our present encampment, the official designation of this is, I am just informed, *Campamento de la Condesa*, and it is thus, I believe, that the official despatches will be dated.

CAMP OF CASTILLEJOS, *Jan.* 3, 2 P.M.

MARSHAL O'DONNELL has just returned from a short reconnoissance in the direction of Monte Negro, the mountain near the seashore before reaching Cape Negro. The object was to examine the ground. Some fifty Moorish tents were discovered inland from the mountain, and a few cavalry were seen, but no large force. There is no probability of fighting to-day, as far as present appearances go. I fear the fine weather is about to leave us.

There is a fitful menacing breeze from the west, which experience tells us is the usual precursor of high wind and heavy rains. Fortunately, we have now better ground to go over than that we have left behind us. At the same time, if such a tempest as the last should come, a move will be scarcely possible.

General Zabala, who commands the second corps, and was present in the action of the 1st inst., has gone into Ceuta sick. General Orozco, who commands one of the divisions of that corps, has temporarily replaced him.

From the high ground on which headquarters camp stands, the whole of the army of operations may now be discerned. On the heights in our rear, beyond the valley, is the second division, a little in front, and to the left of the redoubts Alfonso and España. In the plain, nearer to us, is the cavalry division—about 1400 sabres and lances—and near it the artillery, of which nearly all has come up, and the rest is each moment expected. On the rising ground to the left is General Prim's division, of eight battalions, and in front of headquarters camp is the third division. I estimate the whole strength of the army (exclusive, of course, of the first division, about 10,000 strong, which remains to keep the lines of Ceuta) at 21,000 or 22,000 men; five divisions of infantry, the cavalry division, the artillery, and two battalions of engineers. The first corps, which was the weakest, is now the strongest of the three. It suffered much, early in the campaign, from the enemy's fire, and from cholera, but has since been reinforced. The third corps, on the other hand, arrived here very strong, and has been greatly thinned by disease, which attacked it much more severely than either of the other two corps. The number of cases on some days were as many as they had ever been in the other two taken together. The engineers, who have been worked extremely hard, have also been great sufferers, not from bullets, but from cholera and other maladies. Their companies were 135 men strong on arrival; they are now 90. It is to be hoped, however, that the army is getting acclimatised, and accustomed to expos-

ure and hardship, and that few weakly subjects remain. The doctors say, too, that the ground we have got upon is far healthier than that we have left. It is dry enough, and apparently of a sandy quality, but the climate is as damp as ever from dusk until two or three hours after dawn. Such heavy dews I scarcely ever saw as those which fall on this North African coast. They soak through everything as effectually as rain, than which, however, they are much less annoying, as they do not make mud. An hour or two of the scorching sun of these regions dries them up effectually. Taken altogether, it is clear that this climate is uncongenial to European—or at least to Spanish—constitutions. Among the officers, I hear many complaints of headaches, disordered stomachs, and general *malaise*—not sufficient to induce them to put themselves on the sick-list, but which inspire apprehensions lest they should be the precursors of more decided illness. The heat of the sun during the long day of the 1st, when everybody was abroad from daylight till after dark, produced unfavourable symptoms in not a few. Movement and action, however, are at any time better than the stationary monotony of a camp, and if we can but have a little more fine weather, and march on towards Tetuan, there are good hopes that the cases of sickness in this army will descend to the ordinary average in a campaign.

We are expecting reinforcements, but, unless they arrive quickly, we are likely to march without them.

CAMP DE LA CONDESA, COAST OF MOROCCO (THREE LEAGUES FROM CEUTA), *Jan.* 4.

LAST night passed quietly, and, contrary to expectation, with only a sprinkling of rain, on the ground whence I despatched my letter of yesterday's date. At six o'clock this morning sleep was banished from every eyelid by the

shrill clamour of the *diana*, and as soon as tents could be struck and baggage loaded the Spanish expeditionary army was again on the move. Sixteen squadrons of cavalry—a brigade to which the name of a division is given—were among the first troops to advance, for we were going to ground on which that arm was likely to be required. First came the two squadrons of Princesa Hussars, weakened by their hazardous charge upon the 1st instant; then four of cuirassiers, who have wisely left their cuirasses in Spain; then several squadrons of lancers. The whole of the horses were in excellent condition. The squadrons varied in strength from 85 to 120 sabres. The order of march of the whole army was somewhat extended, considering the nature of the ground and the fact that close to our right there was a chain of hills, rising into mountains, of which the enemy might have availed greatly to annoy us. But the Moors did not show themselves, and we reached the place on which it was intended we should pass the night, at about a league from our last camping place, without the slightest molestation, almost without seeing an enemy. The Spanish standard, which marks headquarters camp, was planted on a flat close to the sea; on rising ground, a sort of downs, before and after reaching the level in question, the army was to pitch its tents. Beyond, that is to say south from, our position, there is more low ground, covered with water in great part, and for some distance from the sea inland. This swamp or shallow lake is known as the Laguna; between it and the sea is a narrow way, along which, I believe, we shall next march. From near the head of the Laguna a *barranco* (glen or ravine) runs back towards our rear, nearly parallel with the sea and on our right flank. With a few cavalry and infantry skirmishers on his front and on his right, General O'Donnell advanced to reconnoitre the ground in advance of our position. It is open and flat for a considerable distance; in the middle rises the Monte Negro, from the westward side of which the Moors have withdrawn the little camp yesterday seen there. They have established a much larger one farther

off, at the foot of the range of mountains which there form the horizon, in a well-chosen position, whence they can either advantageously assail our advancing columns by a movement to their right, or retreat with facility should they deem it advisable. The number of tents is not easy to estimate at that distance, as their white forms blend with and mask each other, but they are sufficiently numerous to imply the presence of a considerable force, as theirs are not *tentes d'abri*, but on a much larger scale. A small body of cavalry was discernible on a low ridge not very far in our front. Our infantry occupied the brow on one side of the narrow valley or ravine above mentioned, and, especially, at the southern extremity of the hill, just before it dips rather abruptly into the plain, possession was taken of a *douar* or Moorish hamlet, consisting of a few wretched huts—*gourbis*—formed of branches, and having behind them a piece of ground enclosed by an apology for a fence, and which bore faint traces of cultivation. These poor habitations stand among masses of stone and afford excellent cover, whence the Spaniards could fire without much chance of being themselves hit. Northwards, proceeding along the edge of the ravine, parties of skirmishers established themselves, supported by battalions and by two or three squadrons of light cavalry. Just over the brow in front of the camping ground a battery of mountain artillery was so placed as to command the plain on the right of the lagoon. Then began a very pretty skirmish. The Moorish sharpshooters advanced, in no great strength, from the direction of their camp to the entrance of the *barranco*, up which they spread themselves, exchanging shots with the Spanish infantry above. These, having the high ground and good cover, suffered very little, and probably inflicted heavier loss on the enemy. The latter, however, had an ulterior object—or rather they were sent as a decoy. Some shells, pitched into certain wooded and suspicious-looking spots, routed out of them group after group of horsemen, until the Moors, seeing that we stuck to our position and did not advance, and that their scheme had failed, no longer

attempted concealment, but showed on all sides, and teh country in our front swarmed with them. They had lain in ambush, hoping that the feeble attack of their small body of infantry would draw on their opponents to be cut up by their horse. They were completely disappointed. For some time they continued moving about the level, occasionally retreating hastily as a shell fell near them, then again advancing, but for the most part keeping out of the range of our guns, until at last they altogether retired, and the fire of the infantry, intended only as a snare, slackened and died away before dark. Our loss in the whole day was trifling. I believe it did not exceed twenty killed and wounded.

While this went on, an interesting spectacle to lookers-on in front, General Prim was keeping vigilant watch in our rear, for it was quite within the probabilities that the Moors were merely entertaining us and fixing our attention on one side while they sent forces through the mountain gorges to attack us upon the other. They did not do this, however, and up to this hour (10 P.M.) we have been as quiet as if we were encamped outside Madrid. The utmost vigilance is necessary, and is doubtless maintained, in presence of a wily foe, reputed to be addicted to night-surprises. While the skirmish was going on to-day, with only a very few troops engaged in it, whole battalions were busy forming intrenched camps, throwing up parapets composed of stones, earth, and branches, so as to form an effectual obstacle to any sudden onset in the night-time. For the construction of such defences nothing could be more favourable than the surface of the country hereabout. It is covered entirely with brush-wood, the *chaparral* before mentioned, and strewn with blocks of stone of all sizes, from that of a common paving-stone up to masses which it takes two or three men to lift. Most of these are partly bedded in the earth, and, when dug or wrenched out, whole families of scorpions run about, until crushed by spade or heel. The soil thrown up from an inside trench serves to cement the pile of rocks and branches, until, in an extraordinarily short time, by

the combined labour of many hundreds of men, large spaces are enclosed, in which thousands encamp. We have need of all these precautions, for we are now fairly away from our Ceuta lines, communication with which by land could be kept up safely only under strong escort. The post from camp is no longer despatched by land, but by a steamer from the point of the coast close to us. In short, we have started upon our adventure—20,000 men in a country of 8,000,000 of enemies, and with a hostile army of we know not what strength in our front, flank, or rear. It will require the utmost prudence to get us safely through to Tetuan without very heavy losses, but that prudence will, we have no reason to doubt, be displayed to the extent required. That our progress must be slow is quite clear. We have to cut roads for our artillery as we proceed, and it will be strange (and the Moors will show themselves worth much less than their reputation) if we have not also to expend one or two days in cutting our way through an obstinate enemy. Everybody is surprised at our having got so far with so little fighting. But the worst is probably to come. Our next march will be a troublesome one. The army will have to defile along a narrow causeway between the lagoons and the sea, and will *déboucher* from it near a mountain, which affords the enemy an excellent position. If they do not profit by it, and make the Spaniards pay heavy toll, it will be evident that the Moors, although brave, are utterly ignorant of the art of war, even as it is understood and practised by some races as little civilised as themselves. I have no doubt that we shall get to Tetuan. General O'Donnell has hitherto shown himself cool, prudent, and patient, and there is no ground for supposing that those qualities, so valuable in the general of an army situated as this one is, will abandon him when most needed. But it will very much surprise me if we reach Tetuan without losing some 2000 or 3000 men at least. As some set-off to this probable loss by the enemy's fire, the army is more healthy than it was. Movement and occupation seem to have had a good effect, and to have diminished

cholera. At least, I am told of a division in which there was only one case yesterday, and of another in which there were but sixteen. The wind has risen a little, not inconveniently so, and the nocturnal cold and damp have much diminished. The country we are camping in is sandy, and covered with aromatic shrubs, which scent the air and give perfume to the water we drink, which, upon the whole, is pretty clear, although now and then we fall upon a muddy stream or well. The army is abundantly rationed as regards both bipeds and quadrupeds. The ration of barley was diminished for a few days, owing to the difficulty of transport, to about 7½ lb. per horse, but it is now again 10 lb., and moreover, for the last three days very good pressed hay has been issued. Besides this, the horses picketed in the *chaparral* are continually nibbling at bushes and herbs, upon which they seem to thrive, some of them having actually improved in condition since we left the camp in front of Ceuta. It is true that our marches are short, mere promenades, but many of the officers' horses get a good allowance of work, for O'Donnell is very active, and frequent *recomoissances* are the order of the day. As regards the men, I fear they are almost too well rationed, for there is a great deal of waste. They get an abundance of everything, and bread and biscuit are thrown about in profusion. They want a week's short commons to teach them the value of the stale fragments one now sees littering the camp, and which the French, in their hungry days in the Crimea, would have gathered up with delight. I say nothing of the windfalls which form pleasant additions to their regulation allowance. To-day they caught ten or twelve Moorish oxen, which had strayed down from the mountains, and were bagged by our soldiers. I have heard that two or three of the said beasts bore a suspicious resemblance to animals lately seen in our own farmyard (a drove of cattle marches with the army); but on this head I can say nothing of my own knowledge. What I can depose to is the great number of rabbit-hunts that have been going on for the

last three days. All the country from the Ceuta lines hither is one great paradise of rabbits, or must have been so, at least, until these sporting and carnivorous Iberians came into it. Sweet herbs, fragrant shrubs, and a light dry soil, are attractions which one cannot imagine any rabbits so self-denying as to resist. Accordingly the whole place swarms with them, and they are daily run down, caught by the hand, rolled over with stones, or knocked upon the, head with sticks, to an extent which must cause much mourning in the burrows. Every now and then one starts up in the middle of the tents, which is the signal for an immediate abandonment of every sort of occupation, and a race of whole battalions after the unlucky fugitive. If it runs to earth there are picks at hand to disinter it, if it doubles it finds arms everywhere open to receive it, and if it goes straight ahead it might as well jump into the pot at once, for the Spanish ranks are formed in its front and impervious to its charge. There are also immense numbers of partridges in this region, and they seem unused to be shot at, for they spring up under our horses' feet and depart with a deliberation bespeaking long impunity. But as we have neither shot nor fowling-pieces, and have not yet learned to bring down a bird upon the wing with a Minié bullet, the partridges are likely to remain for the benefit of any sportsman who may be tempted to come hither in their pursuit when the present strife is over and peace restored to Mauritania.

The whole of to-day's proceedings were of a nature easily observed and comprehended, owing to the comparatively level and open nature of the ground over which the Spaniards moved, the skirmish took place, and the Moors displayed their forces. On the lines of Ceuta, owing to their extent and conformation, one could observe but little at a time. When you were watching a fight upon the right, another, and perhaps one more important, would begin upon the left, and before you could ride four or five miles up and down hill, and over rough ground, to get at it, the combat would again have become

most interesting upon the point you had abandoned. One could see but portions of the contending forces, and general movements were difficult to observe. Yesterday, on the other hand, everything was descried without difficulty. The first movement of the columns, the march of the several divisions across the bush-covered downs, the advance of the skirmishers, the taking up of positions by masses of infantry and batteries of artillery, the advance of the Moors from their camp and outposts, their evolutions in the plain and final retreat, were all distinctly visible to good eyes, or through a moderately powerful field-glass. From the high ground on our right front, where the third division is now encamped, it was easy to watch the restless movements, the wheelings and scamperings, of the Moorish horsemen, not a few of whom were evidently very well mounted. When the rifled 4-pounders began to pelt them, they showed in numbers from their ambuscade, and there was a manifest anxiety to get out of range. The possession of artillery gives the Spaniards an immense advantage over their opponents, who evidently entertain an unconquerable dislike to round shot and shell. As yet they have had experience only of the mountain guns, and of the fire from the ships, which latter—notwithstanding the precision we are told it exhibited the other day against the Tetuan batteries—has often been anything but good; but they have never stood before that, when it was tolerably directed. When the rifled 12-pounders are brought to play upon them, it is thought they will be confounded by their range and precision of fire. Some of the light mule-borne guns have frequently made very good practice. Yesterday a white-draped Moor, mounted on a fine black horse, was curvetting somewhat in front of his comrades, and evidently thinking he was displaying a good deal of valour. Discretion would have served him better. A shell pitched right upon him, burst as it struck, and when the smoke and dust dispersed, horse and rider had disappeared, though it is presumable their fragments might have been collected in the neighbourhood.

CAMP DE LA CONDESA, *Jan. 5.*

THE night has passed quietly, and the weather, most fortunately for this army, continues fair, although rather windy, with occasional slight showers, and apparently not settled. I regret to learn, upon further inquiry this morning, that the cholera, although it has diminished in the two divisions above referred to, continues unabated in the others, and the general sickness in the army remains much as before. Things ought soon to mend, however, if the present weather lasts. It is neither cold nor wet, and the wind sweeps away fog. The army is abundantly rationed, and we are no longer upon clay. There is no accounting, however, for the caprices of cholera. Frequent change of camp ought to contribute to sanitary improvement, for when we remain long in a place the ground gets dirty, and evil odours arise, in great measure from want of sufficiently strict surveillance with respect to cleanliness. I read in one of your medical contemporaries some gloomy predictions as to the health of the Spanish army in Africa, in which, among other visitations, the affliction of frostbite is foretold. Considering that frost is scarcely known in this country, and excites surprise when it appears in the very mild degree in which alone it ever does appear, I think the Spaniards may be considered safe in that respect.

It is believed that Muley Abbas, the Emperor's brother, commands in person the forces in our front. It is known that four or five days ago these amounted to about 25,000 men, of whom 10,000 were said to be horsemen. I do not say cavalry, because it appears to me that the term is inapplicable. There seems no regular organisation among those I have as yet seen; they move about in groups, small and large, without any order or military appearance. They may be well mounted, good horsemen, and skilled shots and swordsmen, but it is difficult to imagine them withstanding for an instant the charge of European squadrons. Their use seems to be rather that

of mounted riflemen; they advance at a gallop, fire their long guns, and hastily retreat. The general opinion in this camp is, that they will never risk an encounter with the Spanish squadrons. Whether this opinion be or be not well-founded, a very short time will probably show. We are stationary to-day on the spot where we last night encamped, while the road for the next march is being made or improved, but to-morrow we expect and hope to move on, and it will be strange if we have not some fighting upon that day or the next. The Moorish camp is still where it was yesterday. It is believed there is another out of sight, behind Monte Negro.

SPANISH HEADQUARTERS, CAMP OF MONTE NEGRO, *Jan.* 6.

THE conduct of the Moors puzzles everybody here. If they continue to act, or rather not to act, as they have done since this army left the lines of Ceuta, the march to Tetuan, which was expected to be a series of obstinate combats, will prove a mere military promenade. The Moorish Generals must either be extraordinarily incapable and irresolute, or else they have some deep-laid scheme baffling our penetration, by which they expect to frustrate the enterprise, and work the destruction, of the Spanish forces. Even then, and supposing they felt certain of the Spaniards' defeat, and of their own ultimate triumph, that hardly seems a reason for their not availing themselves of favourable opportunities to weaken their enemy and impede his march. They will hardly find a better than the one they have just allowed to slip. This army has to-day accomplished a march that is worth a battle, and has made its way unmolested through a passage which it must have forced if defended, and which it could not have forced without heavy loss. In my last, I described to you the position we took up the day before yesterday. Facing southward, that is, towards Tetuan,

from the downs we camped upon, and from the ridge upon the right on which our advanced posts were stationed, we had to our left front Cape Negro and the cordillera or chain of hills running westward, of which that cape is the extremity. Beyond this range of hills lies Tetuan; farther off, on our right front, a range of lofty mountains, on one of the lower spurs of which the Moorish camp stood up to sunset this day, and perhaps still stands, although it appears probable that it will be broken up to-night. About a league and a half on this side of the cordillera is Monte Negro, an isolated hill. The road from Tetuan to Tangier, and that from Ceuta to Tetuan, join close to the Moorish camp; but along the sea-shore, Monte Negro may be reached by a narrow slip of land, partly the sand and shells of the beach, partly the usual brushwood. This narrow way is, as I before mentioned, bounded to the left by the sea, and to the right by lagoons. The latter are very narrow in some places, the ground beyond them (on the right) is covered with high bushes and in all respects most favourable to sharpshooters; there are two points—*malos pasos*, as the Spaniards call them—where a handful of men stationed across the shore track might keep large forces at bay, or at least inflict on them heavy loss. There is one spot where a ridge of rocks crosses the way quite down to the water. Where the lagoon terminates, there is a long ridge slanting up from the shore to a distance of several hundred yards inland, ending in a wooded hillock with steep sides, from the summit of which ridge a most destructive fire might be poured in on advancing troops. In short, and not to prolong descriptions which would perhaps fail to convey to you other than an imperfect idea of the ground in question, I may say at once, that to move to Monte Negro by the coast track is an undertaking hazardous to temerity in face of an enemy not proved to be wholly devoid of courage and of the commonest sort of military knowledge; or, it were better to say, of the instinct which makes an Indian or a Caffre await his enemy in the place most difficult for the latter

to pass, and where he himself will be most under cover. The difficulty of the enterprise is immeasurably increased when, along this heavy sand and over the paths hastily cut by pioneers, it is necessary to drag upwards of fifty pieces of artillery, a long train of waggons and mules heavily laden with ammunition and baggage—in short, a prodigious quantity of *impedimenta*. It may be questioned whether O'Donnell was to be praised or blamed for running such a risk; but into that we need not now inquire, for complete success has absolved him. Measures were taken, too, to deceive the enemy, and induce him to believe that the army would move by the inland road, and attack his camp on their way to Tetuan. That the Moors allowed themselves to be thus deceived, is, however, inexcusable. Against all eventualities, they should have left a force to cover their end of the passage between the lagoons and the sea. They did nothing of the kind, although they ought to have been fully warned by a reconnoissance made the day before yesterday alongshore by General Garcia, chief of the Staff, who had his horse wounded on the occasion. To-day's operations were as follows:—Very early this morning, the second corps, commanded by Garcia in the absence of Zabala (sick in Ceuta), marched rapidly along the coast track entirely unopposed, and took up a most advantageous position to the left of Monte Negro. In his rear the sappers and other troops were actively engaged in improving the road and getting rid of the various obstacles to the passage of artillery. Soon after daybreak, the artillery began to move; it was hard to get it along, and so the gunners seemed to think, as they tugged at the wheels and urged on the sweating horses. Everything passed, however. At about 2 P.M., headquarters were on the ground whence I now write, and before dark the whole army; the third division, Prim's reserve and the cavalry, were on this side of the lagoons, and encamped in one of the strongest positions we have yet held. Our advanced posts are on heights, the farther slopes of which are so steep as to leave little fear of the enemy attempting to

ascend them for a night attack, even could we suppose that people who have neglected the opportunity and thrown away the chance to-day afforded them, would assume the offensive under much less favourable circumstances. All this has been done without other fighting than a little skirmishing this afternoon on the summits of our position, in which the Spaniards did not lose half-a-dozen men. Before the army, now lies the level shore to the foot of the Cape Negro Cordillera. The track the army will follow leads direct to a dip in the hills, where it is presumed we shall cross them. The ground upon our right appears to be all the way much of the same nature as that we passed over the day before yesterday, that is to say, a succession of undulating downs overgrown with brushwood, and admitting the action of the Moorish cavalry, should it choose to act. I believe there is little doubt that tents will be struck at daylight, and that the army will move on forthwith; and if the Moors have any fight in them, to-morrow ought to be an interesting day.

After our arrival here this afternoon, I strolled up to the crest of our position, where some mountain guns were stationed, and a little skirmishing was going on. The view thence was most picturesque. The rocky hill sank abruptly down into the valley, the steep side overgrown with trees and bushes, whose foliage masked the rough and difficult descent. The level below was sunlit, and in the foreground groups of Moorish horsemen moved to and fro, while in the background the enemy's camp presented itself, seeming nearer than it really was. The guns had ceased firing after only a few shots, the Moors having prudently got beyond range; to the left a slender fire of musketry still continued—dropping shots, telling of a skirmish nearly over. A few companies of Spanish infantry had twice advanced with the bayonet, which, as usual, was the signal for the hasty retreat of their opponents; in fact, so little to the taste of the latter does that mode of encounter appear, that it would be impossible to get at them with the cold steel but for the plan

adopted of making the skirmishers retire, when the Moors push on eagerly, and the line suddenly presents itself. Then the Moors are just as eager to get back; and, when it comes to running, you will easily imagine that soldiers have little chance of catching barelegged agile savages, with nothing on them but a sort of woollen frock and hood, and whose epidermis seems proof against the sharpest thorns of the *chaparral*. The state of dirt in which these unfortunate Africans live, exceeds all belief until it is actually seen. So filthy are they and their garments that the soldiers will not touch the dead bodies. It is true that not much booty is to be expected from a search of their pockets. The only things I have yet seen brought in have been arms and powder-pouches, and one or two flags.

The *descubierta* (the usual daybreak reconnoissance) which went out yesterday morning, extended its promenade a little among the hills, and came upon a great many dead Moors, killed by artillery, many of them having lost limbs and perished for want of proper surgical attendance. A few dead horses were also found.

The third division was much molested and disturbed last night by the screams and antics of a legion of monkeys. Those animals are supposed to have contracted an offensive alliance with the Moors. They are numerous in this neighbourhood. The Spanish soldiers, who are dexterous in the appropriation of live stock, caught one to-day, and the captors were sorely bitten and scratched before the prize was secured. Whether the animal has been roasted and eaten, or is kept to be tamed into a regimental pet, I have not yet heard. With the exception of the rabbits, which have proved a welcome addition to many a soldier's mess, the animal creation in this region, so far as we as yet have experience of it, is not of an attractive description. Monkeys and scorpions seem the staple, and, in the insect line, there is a fair assortment of black spiders with thick hairy legs, which suddenly make their appearance on your bread or from under the edge of your plate, and do not add to one's

comfort at meals. At this temperate season all this vermin is easily kept under, but one can imagine its being disagreeably vivacious when the thermometer rises to 100°. Before that time comes we hope to have finished the campaign and to have quitted these inhospitable shores.

Captures of cattle continue to take place. The Moorish cows seem given to straying, and now that we are moving forwards we occasionally come upon an unprotected farmyard. If this army continues to get so much food and so little fighting it will be growing fat and lazy. To-day a cow approached a Spanish picket, followed by a Moor from whom she escaped, and gave herself up to the enemy. The Moor, on perceiving the picket, paused and seemed about to run. The officer commanding made amicable signs to him, and presently, taking courage, he laid down his gun and advanced, when he was told to take possession of his cow and depart. He did so, with innumerable salaams and courteous gestures, and doubtless thought, as he departed, that the Christians were either great fools, or must be very well off for beef. As the troops were advancing to-day, a woman made her escape from one of the wretched Moorish hamlets, consisting of two or three huts, and left behind her two children. The soldiers gave them bread and sent them after her.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock this evening a Moor made his way into the Spanish camp, disguised in the uniform of one of the hussars killed upon the 1st inst. With extraordinary impudence he attempted to take possession of a horse belonging to an artillery officer, although a servant was by it at the time. Without speaking he was about to mount, when the servant opposed him, inquiring what he wanted. He only replied by an imperious gesture, and the man, seeing him persist, stooped to pick up a stone. The Moor seized the opportunity and sprang into the saddle. The moon was shining brightly, and the servant, distinguishing the features of the audacious thief, who probably did not seem much at home in a hussar dress, shouted loudly, "A Moor! a Moor!"

Some soldiers fired at him as he rode off, and he fell dead, pierced by two bullets.

Jan. 7, 7 A.M.

The night has been without incident. Tents are struck and we are on the move. The weather grey but dry.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 8.

Les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas. We have just now an unpleasant exemplification of this saying. Yesterday morning we were in high spirits, quite chirping and confident. The weather was dry, supplies were abundant, we had just accomplished, unmolested, a march that should have cost a thousand men, Cape Negro was close at hand, and, by the earliness of the move, we judged that we should last night cross the cordillera, or, at any rate, camp very near it, in readiness for the passage on the morrow. Unfortunately, there were ill signs abroad. The night had been much colder, and there was a breeze from the east—signs of a change for the worse. An ill-omened fisherman who brought supplies to headquarters had said, when desired to renew them, that he would do so if the coming *Levante* permitted. The word is one at which all here shudder. No pleasant visitor is the east wind in England, when it comes, black and piercing, in chilly March and April, but the bronchitis-bearing blast you annually endure is a gentle gale compared to the tempest that sweeps across the Black Cape, and lashes the Mediterranean into billows of foam on this rugged coast of North Barbary, bringing with it rain that rarely ceases, and that can hardly have been more abundant when Noah put off in his ark. The ensnarer of fish was but too true a prophet. We had been but a little while upon our march, and headquarters and the foremost battalions were halted to allow the

coming up of the artillery, which was painfully dragging its way through the deep sand of the shore, and over paths hastily cleared for it by the engineers, when rain began, at first slight and fitful, but soon augmenting into a steady downpour, and finally becoming a perfect deluge. Wearily the troops and guns dragged on, over ground which every hour made more of a quagmire. The enemy, who had raised his camp at 3 A.M. (as reported by our advanced posts), was nowhere to be seen; but the elements were a worse foe by far. The wind rose as the rain increased, and it soon became evident that there was no safe lying off the shore for the vessels that had hitherto accompanied us. The little *trincadoras* and gunboats first hoisted sail, or were taken in tow by steamers, and departed for Ceuta or Algesiras. The sea grew each moment more stormy; presently the steamers bid us adieu, and this morning the only vessel in sight is the war schooner Rosalia, ashore a short distance from the camp, and for the protection of which from the Moors troops have been despatched. Towards the middle of the day I rode back for exercise' sake to the rearguard. This I found composed of the division commanded, up to the previous day, by General Prim, but which is now under the orders of General Rubin, Prim commanding the second corps, *vice* Zabala, ill. They were looking out for enemies behind us, but none appeared. Indeed, during the whole of yesterday, scarcely a Moor was seen; here and there two or three, probably belonging to the district. Their forces have gone, we believe, across the mountains, and we conjecture that they are in Tetuan, or in the plain on this side of it. It was nearly dark when the rearguard completed its tedious duty, and took up ground for the night at a very short distance from headquarters, which had already been for some time camped as snugly as the very unfavourable circumstances permitted. The camping of Rubin's eight battalions of infantry and two squadrons of hussars was as uncomfortable a spectacle as could well be seen. The ground selected was as good as any

that could in this neighbourhood be had, but that is saying very little for its qualities. It was overgrown with low brushwood and soaked with water; the softened soil was speedily converted into mud by the trampling of men, mules, and horses; tent-pitching was all but impossible, the pegs finding no hold; everybody was wet through, for the rain that had been incessantly falling for hours and cutting our faces like hail, was driven by a wind which cares not a whistle for waterproofs and mocks the best efforts of Mackintosh. Most of the baggage, which, packed on mules, had been exposed to the whole of the storm, was wet likewise; it was scarcely possible to keep fires alight, for the wind dispersed and the wet extinguished them; as for cooking, none but very desperate men would attempt it, and the best supplied tables in the division bore, as sole material for that day's dinner, but a single mess of half-boiled rice and bacon. The horses, terrified by the storm, broke from their picket-ropes and strayed in quest of shelter nowhere to be found; many of the soldiers' tents, soaked immediately, were soon entirely overthrown; in short, without wishing to over-colour the picture, I assure you that nothing I could write would give you an adequate idea of the desolation and misery of last evening and night. To avoid repetition, I spare you details similar to those given from the camp in front of Ceuta; but there at least we had been for some time established, we had resources to fall back upon, and a town near at hand. Here, the novelty of the ground and our isolated position of course aggravate our difficulties, which may become serious if this Levanter continues long. It was a great thing to have the squadron and store-ships at hand to cover our march with their fire, to supply our wants, to keep up our communication with Ceuta and Spain. As long as this storm lasts—and at this time (10 A.M.) the wind is as high as ever, although the rain has much diminished and visits us only at intervals—we can neither send off our sick nor receive our rations by sea. Of the former it is to be feared that last night's exposure and suffering

will have greatly increased the number; of the latter we have some stock with us, but a great part of it was served out to the men before marching, to be kept as a reserve, and it is probable that many of them have not been provident, and have consumed or wasted part of that which they should carefully have preserved. So that if this weather were to last several days we should be obliged to get supplies from Ceuta by land, which could be done only by detaching a large body of troops as escort. We are taking measures to economise our supplies and limit our consumption, as in time of siege, for if this easterly gale continues eight or ten days, as it is said to do sometimes on this coast, we shall find ourselves on very short commons. To-day it looks black and stormy enough to last for a month, and whilst I have been writing the rain has returned heavily.

The ship on shore, the Rosalia, is a schooner-rigged three-masted vessel, carrying two 32-pounders, and having on board 1200 lb. of powder, and some shot and shell for her own consumption. The crew are all saved. There are hopes of getting her off when the weather moderates. The troops sent down to watch over her have been withdrawn, as it is impossible the Moors should get at her—still less carry away her contents—while the sea remains as it now is. I believe it was the arrival of the shipwrecked crew, which some vigilant outpost saw marching across the country, that caused the alarm an hour before daylight this morning. The report was spread that twenty thousand Moors were advancing upon us! The troops were under arms, but no Moors were seen. I very much doubt their attacking in such wet weather, and with the ground in such a state as it now everywhere is.

Two transports, full of volunteers (from regiments serving in Spain) for this army, arrived at Ceuta a day or two ago. They have not yet joined us. The three thousand men the Basque Provinces are to supply have not arrived in Africa, nor any part of them, nor are they expected as yet.

I need hardly say that no post went out yesterday, or can possibly go out to-day; so that this letter will reach you in company with the one that should have left yesterday, and with any more diary that I may write up to the time when the sea shall be once more calm enough to allow vessels to approach the coast, and boats to communicate with it.

The trumpets are sounding to arms, and the troops are turning out. There is firing to our front. The Moors, it is said, have carried off two cows from our commissariat herd, which was grazing hard by our lines. Looking out of the tent I see the hills sprinkled with the white figures of Moorish horsemen. They appear to be in no great numbers. Doubtless they have come to reconnoitre, and take the opportunity of burning a little powder. The General-in-Chief is getting to horse, and I hear a shot from the artillery. A skirmish would do the soldiers good, should it occur, by giving them exercise, and removing them for a space from this muddy and monotonous camp.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 8, 9 P.M.

THE Moors that came down this morning were very few, probably not more than 200 or 300, and chiefly horsemen. The cows they took were recaptured by our skirmishers. The Moors appeared on all sides of the camp, and doubtless came to examine our position. This is a very fair one, and could be defended by a smaller force than the one that occupies it. Although we hardly think that the enemy would venture a night attack, or indeed that one would be practicable in such weather, much vigilance is enjoined, and most persons in camp this evening will sleep with their boots on and their arms at hand. It is a rough night for pickets and sentries, but if they do their duty and keep a bright look-out, the Moors, should

they present themselves, are likely to get a handsome dressing. As yet, during this war, they have never attacked in the night, for, on the 9th of December, although the alarm was given before daybreak, it was light before they commenced operations. The weather continues much as it was. The sanguine and anxious persuade themselves that there is appearance of an improvement, that the sky is brighter, the sea calmer, and the wind about to change. These things may be, but as yet I am unable to discover any of them, although the wind at times shifts a little to the south. We have great need to see our communications very shortly reopened, either by sea or by land, for we shall soon run short of various articles of consumption, and already the cavalry are very badly off for corn. To-morrow they will get but a small part of a ration, and after that they must pick up their living in the open, or how they can. Orders were given that every cavalry soldier was to carry with him a reserve of six days' barley, but, by somebody's neglect or error, the order was not obeyed. I understand that the General-in-Chief is much incensed at this, and with good cause, and it is to be hoped that the person or persons to whom this enormous omission is to be ascribed will not escape punishment.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 9.

THE night is gone at last, to the great relief of all sojourning in this most dreary camp. It fully kept all the promise of the wretched day that preceded it. Wind, rain, and thunder, enough to make up a dozen stormy nights on the average scale. The rain was a cataract, the thunder lasted for hours, but was most violent from four to five this morning. Towards morning the wind fell, and is now blowing lightly from the north-west—a blessed change for this army. The sun is shining, as yet with

but a watery radiance, but there are hopes of a fine day, if that terrible Levanter does not return. Over the sea still hangs a pall of dense vapour, the water is yellow and troubled, and heavy breakers are on the shore; but, if this wind holds, to-night or to-morrow morning we may hope to see our steamers again. They will come none too soon, especially for the horses, for whose nourishment parties are now going out to collect bundles of heathtops, which they readily eat. I have just taken a stroll, or rather a wade, through part of the camp. It is surprising to see the patience and good-humour displayed by the soldiers under difficulties and sufferings of no ordinary nature, and after such a trying night as the last. They stand in circles round the poor smoky fires, which are the best the wet fuel and swampy ground allow of, chatting gaily, while they clean their muskets and gradually dry themselves. There is a great deal of firing going on, but it is not at the Moors, of whom only a few have been seen to-day in the distance; after a wet night it is customary to discharge the muskets, in order to clean and re-load them. I need not say that there is no chance of our marching to-day, nor, I should think, to-morrow either. This will be drying and cleaning day; to-morrow, if the ships can come, will be rationing and road-making day; on Wednesday, if we have luck and fair weather, we may hope to move. If we can cross the cordillera of Cape Negro in the first day's march, it will be a great thing, but that will probably depend on the degree of resistance we meet, and on the ground we find. We are literally feeling our way, advancing *à tâtons*, through a country of whose minor features we know little or nothing. The map may show the position of places, but does not inform us of the nature of the ground for a league in front of us, and such knowledge is to be acquired only by telescopes and reconnoissances. There are plenty of persons who can tell us about Tangier and Tetuan and the road between them, but none can instruct us concerning the wild and trackless district through which we are forcing our tedious and difficult

way. A few wretched huts are all we have met with in respect of habitations, and those were abandoned. The resource enjoyed by most invading armies, of extracting information from the people of the country by means of threats or bribes, is denied to the Spaniards in Morocço. I have heard speak of one or two spies—*confidentes* is the polite Spanish term—who profess to visit Tetuan and other places, and to afford valuable information, but things that have been told me would induce me to refuse them much confidence. In short, this expedition has laboured, and still labours, under all possible disadvantages, and that these should not have been duly weighed and have induced its postponement until a more fitting season is inexplicable and much to be deplored. This really brave and admirably patient and obedient little army deserved better than to be wantonly offered up for decimation by cholera rather than that the campaign should wait two or three months. When I say decimated I speak within the mark. The disease began before the troops had left the depôts in Spain. It is at least a fortnight since I heard the deaths in the army of Africa since its first formation estimated, on very competent military authority, at 5000 men, including loss in action. I do not believe the effective force now in Africa, including Echague's corps, now holding the line round Ceuta, to be more than 32,000 men, and I should not be surprised were it proved to me that this estimate is rather over than under the mark. Besides deaths, we must take into consideration a very large number of men and officers sent to Spain invalided—unfit, I mean, for present service, in consequence of wounds, severe illness, or the debilitating effects of cholera.

"I close this letter, although no ship is yet in sight, because the very instant one arrives she will be sent back with the mails and despatches. It is feared, however, that the east wind is coming back. The weather is very unsettled.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 9.

I POSTED a letter to you this morning, on the chance of the weather moderating sufficiently for a steamer to come and take off the mails that have been accumulating at the army post-office for the last three days. The day has been calm, with little wind, but a very heavy surf still breaks upon the coast, and, now that the mist and darkness that have lately hung over the sea have somewhat cleared away, we can distinguish enormous waves at the entrance to the Straits. No vessel has approached our lonely camp, and unless one appears by daylight to-morrow, the cavalry division and four battalions will start for Ceuta, under command of General Prim, to fetch rations for the army, and especially for the horses. I write therefore a few lines by that opportunity, although with little to add to what I wrote this morning. The Moors have not shown, and are believed to be beyond the mountains, towards Tetuan. Whether or not they intend disputing the passage of this army is still a matter of doubt, but their recent backwardness and neglect of opportunities induce most persons to form a contrary opinion. At any rate, the prevalent opinion is, that they would do so in vain, and only to their own loss and discomfiture. The division of General Rios, 5000 men strong, is at Algesiras, where are also steamers to bring it over and land it beyond Cape Negro, in the immediate vicinity of Tetuan, and at a short distance from the further side of the pass over the cordillera. Had not the bad weather caused us to lose to-day and yesterday, it would have been landed to-day, and while we pushed over the mountain it would have taken our opponents, if any, in rear. Its movement has been postponed until we are able to advance, and until the sea be sufficiently calm for it to embark. If the weather contiues to improve, we ought to be before Tetuan by the end of the week. It will not be at all too soon for our patience, for we are heartily sick of the snail-like march, wet camps, and

many delays that have hitherto marked our progress. The army, however, has lost nothing of its high spirits and confidence.

I learn with satisfaction, from inquiries made to-day, that the health of the army is no worse for recent fatigues and exposure, and that cholera is even on the decrease.

The Spaniards persist in complaining bitterly of Mr Drummond Hay, to whom they impute divers practices unfavourable to their cause. He is accused of supplying the Moors with amunition, of assisting them with his counsels, of superintending (himself in a Moorish costume) certain of their preparations. It is further stated that he has had to do with the engagement of two English engineers, who construct military works. The vessels which convey cattle from Tangier to Gibraltar return thence with powder and other warlike stores! It was by his direction that the Moorish batteries at San Martin aimed the other day at the screws of the Spanish steamers employed in bombarding them! If they did not succeed in hitting them, it was their fault, not that of the British Consul at Tangier. Mr Hay also draws up the Emperor's diplomatic documents addressed to foreign Powers. Of the truth or falsehood of the above charges, of all or any of them I know nothing whatever. As you may suppose, I have no communication with Tangier; it is a month since I was at Gibraltar, and visitors from that place who could afford trustworthy information or resolve an unpleasant doubt are here extremely rare. But it is well to let you know of the accusations in question, because they are not mere matters of gossip and camp talk, but are seriously brought forward and maintained by persons in responsible and important positions here, who declare that they know them to be true, and give it to be understood that they are derived from trustworthy agents of the Spanish Government; also, because I am not without reasons to believe that the information in question, however untrue, obtains credit from that Government. The exasperation felt against Mr Hay

is great, and if the Spaniards get to Tangier I would advise him on their approach to leave that place. It has been insinuated in some quarters that in acting as he is said to have done and to be doing he is only obeying the orders of his superiors; but a more general belief, or at least the one I most frequently hear expressed here, is that he is merely pursuing the bent of his inclinations, and that his Goverment either does not know of or does not heed his conduct. His removal from Tangier is strongly urged, and it is loudly declared that only by that means is a friendly understanding to be maintained between the English and Spanish Cabinets. Ever since I have been with the Spanish army, and previously, at Malaga and Cadiz, I have heard similar accusations and suggestions, and I once before mentioned them in my correspondence. If I now revert to the subject, it is because I find that, instead of dying away, it is more than ever prominent, and that a strong feeling of exasperation and ill-will towards England is growing up, not amongst the mob, but in high quarters. I do not know what degree of importance is attached in England to cordial relations with Spain, but I think it proper, without expressing an opinion on the matter, to state the circumstances by which I believe such relations to be at this moment jeopardised.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 10.

THE weather is calmer, the ships have returned, and the Moors also. Very soon after daybreak this morning, we beheld the welcome sight of a steamer rounding Ceuta lighthouse, with prow in our direction. So General Prim's cavalry and infantry, which were paraded on the shore, returned to camp, as did the several hundred mules they were to escort to Ceuta for rations, and that pugnacious General remained for the skirmish that took place later. We

soon had fifteen or twenty steamers off shore, some of them men-of-war, others store-ships, one with "Hay" painted in large white letters upon her side, a label that produced much animation among the horses, many of which had had little besides heather and young twigs to eat for a day or two previous; another marked "Hospital stores;" a third "Ammunition for the Artillery," and so on. The surf was still very heavy, and the first boat that came to shore was knocked to pieces and her crew swam in; the bread in another arrived disagreeably moist; and finally it was decided that the much-required rations should not be landed until some hours later. It is now 9 o'clock at night, and none worth speaking of have been got ashore, and, as it is pouring with rain and very dark, I suppose not much will be done before to-morrow. Meanwhile the army is on decidedly short commons. Luckily, fresh meat is obtainable from the herd that accompanies us, but the allowance of ration biscuit is very limited, coffee is scarce, and sugar nowhere. The hungry days I some time ago predicted have come at last, and many a soldier regrets past improvidence and greedy consumption of rations that were to be reserved. Tobacco too is very rare, owing to the time we have now been disconnected with Ceuta and to the scarcity of canteen-men and miscellaneous venders in the train of this army. Two canteen-keepers, by the by, were killed the day before yesterday as they were moving along-shore to recover some wine they had left there perforce, for want of mules, the day the ships were compelled to leave by the tempest. A third was wounded in the head and brutally ill-treated, and has been brought into camp. There have been very few things eatable, drinkable, or smokeable to be obtained since we left the lines of Ceuta, the bait of large gains having been insufficient to counterbalance the risks and difficulties of this hazardous march through a desolate and hostile country, and now nothing of any kind can be got at any price. The soldiers, hungry and deprived of their *cigarrito*, which they prize above food, were not in the best of humours to-day, and had attained just the

point of irritation calculated to render them dangerous enemies. This the Moors discovered, when they came down about noon to-day and opened fire upon the front and right of the Spanish lines. They were both horse and foot, and their numbers were estimated by an officer who had watched them filing over the hills at three thousand to four thousand. I did not see them until they had taken up their position and began to fire, and then one might as well attempt to count ants around an ant-hill, so continual are their movements, their ins and outs among the trees, their goings and comings behind hills and through ravines. They were tolerably numerous, however, had a good many horses, and several flags, red and green, carried by well-mounted men in very white haicks, presumed to be leaders from the prominent part they seemed to take in the combat. This began with the usual desultory firing from position to position, accompanied by some little artillery practice on this side. Between 2 and 3 o'clock the Moors showed themselves very numerous and aggressive towards the centre of the line on which the contest was going on; but the Spaniards were not in a mood to yield an inch of ground. The skirmishers advanced thick and eager, and a battalion which had lain quiet behind the brow of the hill suddenly appeared in line upon the summit and charged with the bayonet, with shouts of "*Viva la Reina!*" This had the usual effect. The Moors retreated helter-skelter, and only fourteen of them were bayoneted in that charge. But the consequence of the dash and of a simultaneous forward movement made by two other battalions was a rapid retreat of the enemy from all his positions to ground very far beyond. He was evidently daunted and had had enough of fighting for that day, for he never stopped till out of rifle range of the Spaniards, his flight being accelerated by quickly succeeding discharges from the artillery. And when, an hour before dusk, the troops returned towards camp, the Moors, contrary to their custom, did not follow them up. All firing ended before night, whereas in similar affairs in front of Ceuta it was

never over until the flashes of the musketry showed red and vivid through complete darkness. In short, to-day *Morito* got a decided thrashing. Very few battalions were engaged—a portion of the second (Prim's) corps. The third corps and Rubin's division were not under fire at all. I have not yet ascertained our casualties, but judging from my own observation, from a position whence I saw most of the wounded pass, I should think they were not very numerous, considering the time the combat lasted. I was glad, by the by, to see yesterday, near the head-quarters hospital tents, a number of chairs and litters for the sick and wounded, such as are used by the French, arranged *en cacolet*, to be slung across mules. Each mule in this way carries two wounded, and the mode of conveyance is far preferable to litters borne by men, to say nothing of the diminution caused in the strength of a small army during anything like a severe action by sending four sound men to carry off every wounded one.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 11.

MUCH rain in the night, and the ground this morning very soaked, and the camp terribly muddy. The steamers are landing rations and stores, an operation which proceeds but slowly, owing to the scarcity of large boats, and the surf that still breaks upon the beach. The day is mild but cloudy, after one of the most gorgeous and remarkable sunrises I ever saw,—the whole eastern sky flaked and barred with clouds glowing like burnished copper, on a background the tints of which varied from the pale green of the willow leaf to an almost emerald hue. For a few minutes it was wonderful to contemplate; then the sun rose like a golden ball from the sea horizon, slightly veiled by a low bank of mist, but almost as soon as it appeared clouds floated across, and the whole morning, without being exactly dull, has passed

without brightness. The soldiers are going through the duty, lately so unpleasantly frequent, of discharging and cleaning their damp muskets; the contents of the tents are being spread out to dry; horses are being cleaned and rubbed and brushed, which they greatly need, poor fellows, after standing all night up to their fetlocks in mud, with rain pelting through their covering, and not much to eat. Some of the mules look very thin and miserable, and as if greatly in want of the contents of the steamer marked "Hay:" one poor lean wretch, on beholding some scanty handfuls of that desirable article spread before a horse this morning, came tottering up to claim a share, but fell from weakness before he could reach the much-needed forage. The cavalry horses seem to bear up pretty well; at least, two squadrons of dragoons, which went forward yesterday and rode all along the line during the action in hopes of getting a chance of a charge, looked plucky and in hard condition, and trotted briskly up and down rugged declivities and through the thick jungles of briars and gum-cistus. The Moors apparently did not like their looks, for they kept carefully out of their way. I confess I begin to think there is a great deal of exaggeration in what has been said of the formidable valour of the Moorish horsemen. They have had, before my eyes, several opportunities of attacking, with far superior force, small bodies of Spanish cavalry, and not once have they availed themselves of them. As yet, all they have shown themselves good for is to scamper about the country, generally at a pretty safe distance from the Spanish sharpshooters, and to perform feats which would excite much admiration in Batty's Circus, such as firing at a canter, levelling their long *espingardas*, and discharging them at the same instant that their well-trained horses turn short round and make at speed for the rear. Considering the length of their guns, and the need they have of a prop for steady aim, I cannot believe that this kind of practice causes many casualties in their enemy's ranks. The kind of estimation in which the Spanish infantry hold

them may be judged of from the fact that at the termination of our last march but one—the hazardous but completely successful movement between the sea and the lagoons—when there was skirmishing on the heights above our position, and the soldiers, looking down from the rocky summits, saw Moorish cavalry moving in the plain below, a battalion was extremely indignant because it was not allowed to descend and charge them with the bayonet.

The only Moors as yet seen to-day have been two or three small parties wandering over the ground of yesterday's combat, probably looking for wounded and collecting dead. With a glass one can see some horses lying about on the hills. A number of arms were brought in yesterday, among them several *goomias*. These are much the shape of a butcher's knife—broad and square next the handle or hilt, with a projecting corner, and tapering off to the point. The edge of most of those that have been taken since the war began was ground as sharp as that of a razor. The usual length of the blade is about 18 or 20 inches. Yesterday a sabre was also brought in, which apparently belonged to an officer or some person of distinction. It was in a scabbard of red leather, with brass tip and bands, with slings of crimson cord. Edge and point were as sharp as grindstone could make them. . For a cavalry sabre it was short—a heavy, ill-balanced weapon, with a cramped, inconvenient guard. General Prim has got a *haick* of crimson cloth, and in such clean and good condition that I hear he intends wearing it. Another capture, and by far the most interesting, made yesterday by the soldiers in their pursuit of the flying Moors, was a handsome album, in a case, containing drawings and paintings of scenery and positions, some in this neighbourhood, with manuscript notes. It came into possession of General Enrique O'Donnell, brother of the Commander-in-Chief, and he had it under his arm, when, in passing on foot through part of the camp, after dark, he unfortunately lost it, and all the efforts that have been made to find it

have hitherto proved unsuccessful. This loss is much to be regretted.

I find that nobody attempts to estimate the number of the Moors who yesterday attacked, and, indeed, it is the wisest plan not to do so, for the reason I have more than once given. The positions they occupied could hardly be less than four miles in length. They were met by seven battalions, which, being stronger than some we have here, must be reckoned at 4000 men. Of these only four battalions, Toledo, Castilla, Savoya, and Cordova, were actually engaged; the other three were in reserve. The first-named two particularly distinguished themselves by the charges they made. Cordova is the battalion that suffered so much on the 1st inst., and is even said to have shown symptons of faltering, at which moment it was that Marshall O'Donnell galloped forward to the front and placed himself and Staff in a heavy fire, as described to you in a previous letter. A Spanish artist who accompanies this army has made a spirited sketch of the scene, at the moment when the Marshal put spurs to his horse, and, shouting to a battalion of light infantry close at hand, "*Cazadores! a la bayoneta! Viva la Reina!*" dashed up the ascent. The Cordova Regiment has lost heavily in the campaign; its two senior field officers, and a number of others of all ranks have been killed or wounded. The great loss of officers in the army of Africa up to the present time shows that they do their duty, and is also partly to be attributed to their standing upright, while their men of course get as much as possible under cover to load and fire, and in many instances have fought from behind low parapets thrown up for the purpose of affording them shelter. The casualties yesterday were somewhat heavier than I thought, although the Moorish fire was certainly very heavy at times, until they were disheartened and driven to flight by the bayonet charges and rapid advance of the battalions above named, as well as by the rapid discharges of twenty pieces of artillery. One battalion I saw charging *à discrétion*, as it is called—

that is to say, as the men like, without keeping ranks or any sort of order; it pushed on very rapidly, and must have suffered from the fire from the wood in which the Moors sought shelter. The Spanish loss was 13 men killed, two field officers, 15 officers, and 149 men wounded. It is probable that many of the wounds are slight. The Moors put slugs as well as bullets in their *espingardas*. The Spaniards say that some of the balls extracted from the men wounded yesterday are English. But through the glasses they just now wear, things hostile to them easily assume an English tint. Some affirm that a man in European costume was seen with the Moorish troops on a hill in front of our position. They do not profess to have recognised his face as well as his dress; but I fear Mr Drummond Hay is suspected of having commanded the Moors in chief on the (for them) somewhat disastrous day of the 10th of January. At Gibraltar they are in the habit of receiving rather highly-coloured accounts of Moorish successes, of the guns, tents, mules, and prisoners they have carried off. I cannot guess in what light the Moors and their friends will endeavour to put the last combat, but, as one who witnessed the whole of it, I can assure you that if ever men were completely beaten and put to flight, those were who provoked yesterday's affair. The Moorish generals, or leaders, or sheiks, or chiefs, or whatever they call themselves, are surely very stupid people. They allow this army to pass unmolested along paths and through defiles where they might attack it with certainty of causing it much loss, and of suffering little themselves; and three days later they come and attack it in strong positions, when its forces are concentrated, its parapets made, its artillery at hand and ready to act at five minutes' notice. And they seem to have calculated on signal success, for there were evidently men of rank among them, judging from their equipments and from things found; and the Spaniards say that on the hills in the far distance were a number of non-combatants, whom they take to be curious civilians come to witness the triumph of their army. And, in the latter

part of the day, on the crest of the mountains to our right front, not far from Tetuan, appeared a few horsemen, who are here conjectured (but it is mere conjecture) to have been Muley Abbas and his Staff.

It was more than once mentioned to you that at the commencement of the war the Moors, when they found escape impossible, fought to the death, refusing quarter. There are grounds for believing that this desperate resolution on their part has since not been strictly adhered to. I told you that on the 1st inst., at Castillejos, five prisoners were made, and I have lately heard of instances of Moors throwing themselves on their knees and imploring their lives. They might spare themselves the humiliation. The Spaniards, believing that no quarter is shown them, give none, but pitilessly slay all who fall into their power. It must have been by some peculiar concurrence of circumstances, or perhaps in consequence of an order given to that effect, that the prisoners on the 1st inst. were made. Before them, only one Moor had been taken. Believing that the Moors not only kill, but torture the wounded who fall into their power, the Spanish soldier is unsparing to ferocity. It is certain that the Moors do not act in a manner to entitle them to much pity. The unfortunate canteen-man who was brought in yesterday had been most infamously maltreated.

To show how the Moors, thanks to wood and jungle, may and do lurk unsuspected in our immediate neighbourhood, I will mention that this morning a body of troops having gone just outside the camp to discharge their muskets, and having sent a volley into a thicket, ten horsemen scampered out of it in great terror, doubtless thinking their retreat discovered, and made for the hills.

There is no chance of the army marching, at soonest, until the day after to-morrow. There is a great deficiency of large boats for the landing of stores, which proceeds very slowly—retarded, too, by what appears to me a great want of method and proper organisation. I was down on the beach for some time to-day, and the scene

was one of much confusion. A crowd was assembled, in which nine persons out of ten had no business to be there, and served but to impede progress. All that had been done up to six this evening was to get up to camp one day's ration of the most essential articles. Six rations must be landed, drawn, and distributed, as a reserve, before the army can march. If a Levanter were to spring up to-night the vessels must leave, and we should be again on the brink of starvation until a convoy could be got by land from Ceuta, which would take two days, even if the Moors did not molest it and try to cut it off on the way. Fortunately the wind seems pretty fixed in the west, but on this coast and in this season it is more fickle even than its proverbial reputation.

CAMP ON THE RIVER AZMEER, *Jan.* 13.

STILL am I compelled, greatly against my will, to date from the banks of this insignificant stream, of Oriental sound, and unpleasant presence. Does not the name of "the river Azmeer" summon up delightful images of crystal currents and twining roses, melodious nightingales and voluptuous *far niente?* Ought it not to be a stream tinkling music over silver sands and golden pebbles, with Eastern beauties lolling on its banks, in careless enjoyment of the *Kef*, beneath bowers of jasmine and myrtle, and under a sky without a cloud? Alas! how far from so pleasing a picture to the sad reality! The Azmeer is a muddy sluggish stream, absorbed by the sand before its languid efforts have borne it quite to the sea. The few flowers that may be found on its banks are choked and hidden by thorny jungle and gum-cistus thicket; the best music it can boast of is the scream of the seabird, driven ashore by a rude Levanter, or, just now, the harsh notes of Spanish trumpets. No beauties are reflected on its turbid surface; the sky above

it is more frequently stormy than bright; the odours that surround it are anything but fragrant, and the paths that approach it are deep in mud. Such is the unpromising spot on which the Expeditionary Army of Africa is now completing its fifth day, and whence it does not seem certain that it will move upon the sixth. The camping-place is one of the worst we have yet had, a marshy soil —in which a hole dug a foot deep instantly fills with water—with numerous small ditches and drains intersecting it. It cannot but be the earnest wish of the General-in-Chief to get away from it as soon as possible, and to lead his troops forward to the completion of his immediate object, the capture of Tetuan. But although a general may order his army to march at a moment's notice, he cannot ration them with equal rapidity; nor can he always compel his subordinates to do all that might be done towards supplying their wants. It appears to me that we are thus delayed for want of method and order and foresight. The store-ships arrived early on the 11th. Little could be done that day towards discharging them by reason of the heavy surf, but it must have been evident to those whom it most concerned that the process would be very slow when it did begin, unless more and larger boats were provided, and those, one would think, might have been fetched from Ceuta and Algesiras, or purchased, if not otherwise obtainable, at Gibraltar; or at worst, rafts might have been constructed. To discharge the ships now lying here with the boats employed is like emptying a huge hogshead through a straw. And then the confusion and crowd upon the beach impeding the progress of the work! I am not inclined to attribute fault to the Commissariat, which hitherto in this campaign has kept the army well supplied. But there is evidently defective organisation somewhere. Here have the majority of the horses and mules been on short commons, or no commons, for the last three or four days, and yet up to last night it was found impossible to give them a full ration. Many of the mules, especially, were left with nothing but what they could pick up. To-morrow or next day they

will be expected to march with heavy loads over rugged roads, and people will wonder if they sink under their burdens. It will be found, too, I expect, that their numbers have been somewhat reduced during our stay in this camp. The muleteers take them out to graze, or rather to eat bushes, and they let them stray, or often leave them abroad at night, and we are surrounded by lurking Moors, skilful marauders, on the look-out for booty. At half-past two this morning, we were aroused by a number of shots fired by one of the advanced posts stationed from 100 to 200 yards in front of the intrenchment that surrounds the camp. The army was on foot in an instant, but the fire did not continue. On reaching the spot whence it proceeded, which happened to be a very short distance from my tent, I found the General commanding the division and some of his Staff just arrived there. The report made to them was that several Moors had approached, driving away stray mules. Nothing more was seen of them, and they no doubt retired, having secured their booty, to some rugged stony hills not far from the camp, where they habitually lurk. A fire made by them was visible at no great distance. In the almost perpendicular side of one of those hills (a mass of craggy rock, scantily sprinkled with earth) are caves, where they have left women and children, notwithstanding the proximity to our camp. Two oxen having strayed yesterday from the commissariat herd, a party of soldiers went out to fetch them, and, happening to pass near the caves, the women began to scream. The place is almost inaccessible except to Moors, and no attempt was made to disturb the concealed families—fugitives, doubtless, from various wretched huts in this neighbourhood which the troops have burnt. Whether or no they are still in these hiding-places may be questioned, for yesterday afternoon the Moors, warned, perhaps, of the peril of their women, came down along our line, and under cover of a skirmish some of them were seen making their way to the caves in question, on the shelf at the foot of which is a thick copse. General Rubin, who commands the reserve, opposite to whose camp

the hill in question is situated, sent up four companies to reconnoitre, who drove back the few Moors they met with, and found in the wood numerous traces of recent fires established in spots where their flame would not be visible from the camp. So there is no doubt the Moors repair at night to the wood in question; and probably it is thence that the marauders came who alarmed our camp so early this morning. The skirmish yesterday, which at first was chiefly on our right, rather towards our rear, soon extended, and the fire was for a short time very brisk. The Spaniards advanced with great spirit, driving the enemy from one position to another, and finally sweeping a considerable extent of hill and wood, and pursuing them to beyond the range of our artillery. Several Moorish huts, or rather hovels or kennels, were burnt, and a Moorish prisoner, a young man, was brought in wounded. When our troops retired to their lines it was dark, and the Moors did not follow them up. The skirmish presented no particularly interesting feature that came under my observation, except the stealthy manœuvres of the Moors to get up to their caves, but I shall probably obtain more particulars later, as well as the amount of loss. This must, I fear, have been larger than the affair was worth, for the Spaniards went forward with much impetuosity, and fought their way through woods, where the Moors obtain the great advantage of props for their long guns. Apropos of those *espingardas*, we are told that 14,000 bayonets adapted for them have just been captured by the Spanish blockading squadron, on board an English vessel which was trying to reach the Morocco coast. There was also some ammunition, and a quantity of tins of preserved meats. The ship is said to have been taken to Algesiras for condemnation. You will probably have received full particulars before this letter reaches you, if there be any truth in the story. The Spaniards shake their heads, and anathematise Drummond Hay, unfriendly England, and venal Birmingham, which, for love of gain, thus supply the barbarian infidel with arms against the civilised Christian.

It is of little use to tell them that trade is free, and that our Government cannot prevent such supplies being sent; they evidently think that something might and ought to be done. The tale of the bayonets, however, requires authentication.*

I was conversing yesterday with an officer who has been personally engaged in most of the fighting in this campaign, and he happened to mention one or two instances where Spanish battalions, by lying hidden just below the brow of a hill, and causing a few skirmishers to retire hastily upon them, inveigled the Moors to the summit, to within a few feet of their own position, and then charged them with the bayonet. On expressing my surprise that on each one of those occasions the loss of the Moors had been trifling—eight, ten, or a dozen men killed—he explained the reason to be the extraordinary agility of these half-naked mountaineers, whose speed of foot is surprising, and who jump down and over places where, when the soldier attempts to follow them, he most frequently cripples himself. Those battalions, especially, which are recruited in the flat provinces of Spain—La Mancha, for instance—have not the slightest chance of overtaking the Moors when they choose to run. What would be of great use here would be the long-talked-of 3000 volunteers which the Basque provinces are to furnish. They would be the very men to deal with the Moors, for they are mountaineers, fleet of foot, insensible to fatigue, and many of them sportsmen and good shots. The battalions of Chapelgorris, which, volunteers for the war against Don Carlos, reckoned among their officers, and even among their private soldiers, several men now high in rank in the Spanish service—Cotoner, late Captain-General of the Balearic Islands; Lieutenant-General Echague, now commanding on the Ceuta lines; and Brigadier Barcastegui, who recently died of cholera at Algesiras—would be of inestimable value here. As for the new volunteers, it seems they are in no hurry; and, indeed, I lately saw in a Madrid paper that the

* It afterwards proved to be wholly unfounded.

required number had not been made up. There is rivalry between the little provinces; Alva will not admit into its ranks men from Guipuzcoa, and Guipuzcoa is exclusive, and will not receive Biscayans. Each province wishes its own contingent to be composed entirely of its own people. This feeling of emulation would have good results in the field, but it somewhat delays the recruiting officer. It is now said that the Basques will not come direct to Africa, as was expected, but will be sent to Algesiras for organisation. So it is very possible they may not get here till the war is nearly over, or perhaps not at all.

We have just had some promotions among the superior officers of the army. Major-General Garcia, O'Donnell's Chief of the Staff, an indefatigable and zealous officer, has been raised to the rank of lieutenant-general; and Brigadiers Ustaritz and Mackenna, both holding important positions on the Staff, have been made major-generals. It may be as well to explain the higher ranks in the Spanish army. Captain-general is equivalent to field-marshal, but the permanent rank in the army must not be confounded with the title of captain-general conferred, during his command, upon the chief military governor of a province. Thus Pepe Concha, who has just relinquished that agreeable and profitable post, the government of Cuba, was Captain-General of that island, but is only Lieutenant-General in the Spanish service. This is the second rank. Then comes *Mariscal-de-campo*, which, literally translated, is "field-marshal," but which is equivalent to our major-general, and is the lowest rank that is entitled to wear the much-coveted *faja*, or general's red sash with gold tassels. The brigadier is the intermediate rank—the transition stage between colonel and general. He is not addressed as general, but wears the same embroidered insignia on his cap, only in silver, instead of gold, and without sash. Of all promotions, that from brigadier to major-general is probably the one most desired, and which generally gives most satisfaction to the recipient.

I have seen it stated that there are French officers

attached to these headquarters. It has been reported here that some are coming, but up to the present hour not one has arrived. The only foreign officers that have yet visited the camp of the Spanish army (when it was on the heights of the Serallo) are two or three English, who remained, I believe, two days in Ceuta. The Spanish papers reproduce with exultation some details those visitors afterwards published in the *Gibraltar Chronicle*, in which they spoke favourably of this army. It is amusing to see how that little journal excites the ire of some of the Madrid papers by publishing the news it receives from Moorish and hostile sources, as well as that derived from Spanish and friendly ones. When it gives letters like that of our English visitors, it is condescendingly patted on the back by the great guns of the Castilian capital; but when, in its desire to be impartial, it prints a bit of news (perhaps exaggerated, or containing misstatements) which has been brought to the Rock from the Barbary coast, it is denounced as the official organ of the Moorish Government, and, as such, held up to obloquy. In vain may it quote the *Audi alteram partem*. Few southern journalists admit the maxim, or willingly recognise the virtue of impartiality. If you would stand well with them, you must go through thick and thin, believe only what favours their cause, and set down their enemies as undeserving of credit.

On inquiry, I find that in yesterday's skirmish the Spaniards had only about fifty wounded, no officers hurt, and no men killed. Three prisoners were taken, all wounded—one very badly. They are, as usual, profoundly ignorant, and very dirty; and although they have been examined separately, and their evidence compared, it would hardly be safe to place implicit confidence in their reports of what is going on upon the other side. Among other things, they said that Muley Abbas was present with the Moorish army yesterday, in which case he cannot have been much satisfied with the beating his troops got; that, besides the camp on our right, which was seen in yesterday's advance, and which they say

contains 16,000 men, there is another camp on the further side of the cordillera of Cape Negro, the chief of which is Ibraham Mirza, a black man, and where are the Moorish Black Horse (*Moros de Rey*), the best of the Emperor's troops, who have not yet been opposed to us. Nothing of this seems particularly improbable; but they made other statements—not worth recording—so very unlikely to be true (as, for instance, that Tetuan is already abandoned by all but women) that they throw a doubt upon the others.

"A war steamer was off Cape Negro this morning, reconnoitring, and fired a few shots at the Moorish batteries. The little grey gunboats (English built, I believe) which used to buzz along-shore like hornets, treating the Moors to projectiles, have not returned since the late gale, and we hear that they were driven on shore in Algesiras Bay, and need repairs. There are a large number of steamers here, men-of-war and store-ships; but it is doubtful how long they will be able to remain, for seafaring people say that another Levanter is setting in, although at the present moment there is no wind whatever, and the day is quite warm, with a pale sun shining. Fortunately, we are assured that all the rations required, in order that the army may prosecute its march, will be landed to-day, and it is hoped we shall move forward to-morrow, but this is perhaps not quite certain. When we do move, it is to be hoped we shall make a good march of it at once, and, if we do not cross the cordillera, that we shall at least establish ourselves on its summit. Some persons are of opinion that the Moors will oppose our passage, and it is very probable that they may, although they have neglected other chances quite as good; but as they invariably recede when the Spaniards boldly and decidedly advance, we ought to be able to drive them over and down the other side of the hills, in the hours of daylight that will remain after the troops reach the hostile positions.

The post now closes at nine in the morning, by a new arrangement, and as it is possible that, if we march very

early to-morrow, it may leave sooner than usual, or that, if Levanter comes, our communications may be cut off before morning, I send this letter to-night, and shall be heartily glad if my next be dated *tras los montes*, and in sight of Tetuan. I perceive that a great many persons here continue to believe that, Tetuan taken, the war will be virtually at an end; that the Moors will offer to make concessions, or negotiations will be in some way brought about. A report lately reached me from Gibraltar to the effect that if Tetuan were captured, England and France would conjointly offer their mediation; but I confess I attach little weight to reports from the Rock, which appears to me the native country of the *canard*, and the place where the "shave," so famous in Balaklava, is polished and brought to the greatest perfection.

CAMP ON THE HEIGHTS OF CAPE NEGRO, *Jan.* 15.

THE most important movement yet made by the Spanish army in Africa took place yesterday, and was attended with some sharp fighting and complete success. Very early in the morning General Prim, with the second corps, approached the chain of hills that run inland from Cape Negro, directing his movement rather to the right, with a view to deceive the enemy, and leave them in doubt whether he were not going to turn the extremity of the chain. Then, suddenly changing his direction, he came down upon the pass over the chain, where the hills sink and invite a passage. This is quite close to the termination of the beach along which we have lately been marching, and was rapidly carried by Prim, the Moors making but a feeble resistance, notwithstanding the highly defensible nature of their positions. The Spaniards were already established in commanding heights to the right and left of the rugged mule-road that winds through

the mountains when General O'Donnell and his Staff advanced to the scene of contest. From a lofty and difficult eminence to the left, to the summit of which their panting horses scrambled, a fine view was obtained over the valley of Tetuan. On the left hand extended the coast beyond Cape Negro, stretching away into the distance in a succession of narrow headlands; the smooth sand of the shore served as yellow fringe to a level brown plain, varied with green spots of various tints, and having a great deal of water on its surface—ponds of various sizes, probably resulting from recent rains. The general aspect of the plain is marshy. One sees the river towards the further side, winding towards Tetuan. The city is masked by a line of low heights, between which and a range of high mountains it is situate. Although both yesterday and to-day I have wandered a good deal about the hills occupied by the Spaniards, I have not yet discovered a point whence one obtains a view of the city, although from several are seen a tower and a few buildings said to be in its suburbs. From the commanding position taken up by the General-in-Chief, and from another to which he afterwards transferred himself, an excellent view was obtained of the proceedings of the second corps, cleverly and effectively handled by General Prim. The panorama was most picturesque and interesting. From the long series of hills, many of them steep and difficult of access, which compose the part of the cordillera to the right of our line of march, the Moors were driven in quick succession by the Spanish infantry. These troops behaved extremely well all through the day—afterwards, when they met a far more obstinate resistance, as well as at the early period I now refer to; and I have no doubt that they would have behaved equally well, and have displayed much gallantry, against a more formidable opponent; but I must add that but scanty laurels are to be won by triumph over a foe whose soldiers fight so feebly, and whose leaders display such incapacity, as the Moors did yesterday. I may not please some of my Spanish friends by saying this, but they themselves feel

its truth, and they proclaim it when they express their unbounded surprise at the manner in which the enemy allowed himself yesterday to be swept from positions which might have been defended with scarcely better weapons than sticks and stones. These Africans seem to act by the rule of contrary; they fly in the face of all known military tactics; they allow strong positions to be taken without firing a shot, and then attack them to get them back; they run when they ought to stand, and fight when they ought to run. I wish it were in my power to send you a photograph of the hills over which the Spaniards yesterday chased them, with very moderate assistance from their artillery, which was more than once distanced by the rapidity of the advance and the difficulties of the ground. The Moors mustered thick, and received reinforcements during the day from the hills on the right of our line of march before ascending the pass. They had a great deal of good cover to fire from, and the ascents to their positions were long and steep. It was hard enough work to climb some of them, without having to fight. But the Spanish soldiers ran up them gaily, and the foe did not wait their coming. Then, when the ground was more favourable, the Spaniards made repeated charges, for the most part *à discrétion*—that is, not in line, but in loose order, pretty much as each man chooses. For a short time the fight was really exciting. I should rather call it a hunt at that period of the action. Every moment one heard the trumpets of one battalion or another sounding the lively call which means "charge bayonets." The Moors seem by this time to know that call, and as soon as they heard it and the shouts of "*Vivà la Reina!*" which the soldiers set up, one saw them jump out of their covers, fire a few parting shots, and scamper off at a pace which made it very difficult to come up with them. There were a great many horsemen among them, but, as I have before said, they do not seem to have any idea of acting as cavalry. I very distinctly saw eighty or a hundred horsemen advance along a ridge and open fire upon some

companies of infantry. The infantry set up a shout and charged them, scattering across a piece of nearly level ground, and going in headlong, every man for his own bayonet. The Moors turned tail and galloped off. It looked odd to see horsemen running from an infantry charge. The same number of European cavalry would have charged to meet the infantry, and would have cut them to pieces. But everything is by the rule of reverse in this war. A rally attempted by a considerable body of Moors, horse and foot, who seemed to meditate taking our advancing and widely-spread line in flank, was checked by the fire of some mountain guns. Two or three shells pitched among the foremost made them alter their position, and drove them again more to our front, where their resistance was feeble, and the whole position, a very extensive one for the number of troops that took and held it, remained in our hands. Before it was completely conquered the sappers and other soldiers were at work with pick and spade cutting a road for the heavy artillery in our rear, and throwing up intrenchments on the heights for bodies of troops to occupy and pass the night in.

The summits of the range being thus occupied and defended, it might have been expected that the Moors, feeling themselves beaten and having nothing to gain by defending some lower hills that still intervened between the Spaniards and the plain, would continue their retreat to the level ground, since they certainly could not dream that they should recapture what they had lost. Things turned out differently. On one of the last elevations (a small round steep hillock) before arriving in the valley, they had established a redoubt, with a deep ditch and a high parapet, altogether a very pretty defensible position but for two circumstances connected with it. One was that it was within short artillery range of the higher ground in its front, and the other was that the ditch and parapet were around only one-half of its circumference, so that, in rear, light cavalry might almost have galloped into it; or, at any rate, it was easy to be outflanked and taken by infantry. Some rifled four-pounders set its

occupants scampering once or twice, the shells bursting just within it; but they returned, and for the time the gunners did not trouble themselves much about them, since they had other things to occupy them; for the Moors had established themselves behind a low ridge somewhat to their left of the redoubt, and having a knoll or slightly rising ground at each end of it; and here they made a stand which, had it been made in the fine positions they had so easily relinquished, would have effectually stopped our progress for at least one day, and would have occasioned the Spaniards much hard fighting and very heavy loss before arriving in the valley of Tetuan, and within, as far as I can judge the distance, two leagues of its gates. The true gates of Tetuan, when approached by the route this army took, are the pass and heights that were yesterday so easily taken. Now, we have before us a fine plain, on which troops can manœuvre, and it will be an easy morning's march to the city, unless the Moors take heart of grace, and prove much better fighting men than they have lately shown themselves. It is difficult to believe that after giving way so easily in the mountains they will make very stout resistance in the plain. In mountain warfare, and on such rugged ground as we have lately been fighting over, the disparity between regular and irregular troops in great measure disappears. In our next engagement it will be re-established, and, moreover, the Moors, who are already so afraid of the Spanish mountain guns that two or three well directed shots generally suffice to dislodge them, will find themselves opposed to several batteries of nine-pounders, some of them rifled guns, with which they have not yet made acquaintance, besides a rocket troop, and upwards of 1000 cavalry, which has hitherto, from the unfavourable nature of the country, been able to do scarcely anything. To return, however, to the closing act of yesterday's combat. From their sheltered and not ill-chosen position the Moors kept up a heavy fire, which, although it could not secure them any ultimate advantage, inflicted considerable loss on their opponents.

I suspect, indeed, that more of these were killed and wounded there than in the whole previous fight. The second corps had alone been engaged, and was holding a considerable extent of position, so that at the particular point at which this episode of the action occurred there was but a small disposable force, and it was necessary to wait the arrival of the third corps before taking those steps which were certain to dislodge the enemy. Meantime a severe fire was directed against him, but the troops engaged had been firing a great deal, and ammunition began to get low and had to be economised. The fire, however, on both sides, was very sharp and well kept up, and was probably not the less telling upon the Moors that I heard a Spanish brigadier order his men to fire slowly and take good aim—which is too often the contrary of what many of these young troops do. General O'Donnell and his Staff were on the ground, and, as is not unusual, rather more under fire than was necessary. O'Donnell, on arriving, rode a little forward, and shouted "*Viva la Reina*," to which the troops engaged gave a hearty response. Two officers attached to Headquarters Staff, Major Villalon, of the Engineers (who was in the Crimea with the French army), and Major Galiana, were hit, but fortunately their hurts were very slight. The firing continued a considerable time, and the Moors exhibited great tenacity and even much intrepidity (some of them, apparently officers, riding out in front amid a shower of balls), until at last the head of the third corps made its appearance, winding through the defiles of the mountain. The first two battalions that came up went down to the Moorish position without firing a shot, menaced its flanks, advanced against it in front, and its defenders evacuated it without waiting for a hand-to-hand contest. The day's work was now done. It was getting late in the afternoon, and moreover the heavy artillery, which had been wearily toiling since 6 A.M. through the heavy sand of the shore, had not yet all arrived on the Ceuta side of the pass (which proved, when we came to march it, fully four miles from our last camp), and roads had to be made for it to cross.

So there was no intention of moving farther upon that day. The plain was full of Moors, horse and foot, thousands of them, irregularly scattered in all directions; but the principal body was on a slight undulation of the ground, within short artillery range of a small elevation, to which went a slender battalion of infantry and three or four mountain guns. Previously to this, I have omitted to mention that fifty cavalry, headed by Don Carlos Coig, a nephew of O'Donnell, charged the Moors, and cut down a few, but also suffered somewhat from the heavy fire to which they were exposed. The Moorish horsemen did not await their onset, and the Spaniards went rather farther than was prudent. I have much doubt whether the battalion and mountain guns just spoken of could have been safely placed where they were—although they were supported at a short distance by two or three squadrons—in presence of a European foe as numerous and as near as the Moors in their front. The Moors, however, showed no disposition to annoy them, and did not even fire a shot, but rather appeared inclined to give ground. It had been raining heavily for some time, everybody was drenched, and so, I suspect, were the Moorish firelocks. Their construction is such that they can hardly be of any service in rainy weather, and this is not the first time that I have observed them suspend fire abruptly when rain came on, although in general, even after they are beaten, they keep up a distant skirmishing. The fight was evidently over for the day, and its results were far greater than could reasonably be expected. Marshal O'Donnell looked, and no doubt was, very well pleased. He ordered the captured positions to be held by the second and third corps, and returned to his quarters, which, for that night, were at the foot of the pass on the side looking towards Ceuta. In his rear camped the artillery, a considerable part of the cavalry, and Rubin's division, the reserve, as it is called, which formed the rearguard yesterday, and last night pitched its tents on the sea-shore, there composed of sand, and of such beds of shells as would delight a conchologist.

I do not yet know the official return of the Spanish loss in yesterday's action, but I have heard it stated at about four hundred killed and wounded, and should not, from the nature of the fight, suppose it to be much more. On the other hand, I should think the Moors had lost more than in any affair I have witnessed during this war, and that chiefly by reason of the artillery practice, much of which was very good. I saw many shells fall, and immediately burst, where the Moors were thick. The Spanish Cazadores pressed them hard, also, from position to position, and pelted them with shot as they fled out of their covers and were for a short time in full view. A considerable number of bodies have been found scattered about, and doubtless many others lie among the thick brushwood which covers the hills and the greater part of the ground over which the battle was fought. A wounded prisoner was taken, and was sent on board ship this morning. He said he was the servant of a Moorish *santon* (priest, or rather saint), who was in the fight as well as himself. He appeared somewhat more intelligent than the others that have been taken, and his answers to the questions put to him corresponded in many cases with what we have some reason to believe to be the truth. On being asked how many fighting men the Moors had, he declared they were extremely numerous. Were they 20,000 or 30,000? he was asked. He laughed at the question, and, taking up a handful of sand, said that they were as numerous as its grains. Then, how was it that they did not make more resistance? He said that they were *acobardados*, daunted by the losses they had experienced; that they had been told the Spaniards were few in number, and not to be feared; that they were surprised at finding them dangerous opponents; and that it was becoming difficult to get them to serve, especially the men on foot. Concerning yesterday's action, towards the close of which he was wounded, he could, of course, say but little, but he declared that the Moorish loss was heavy, and that a great many of Muley Abbas's escort were killed and wounded. I have heard from other sources that the Moors,

previously to this war, had the meanest possible opinion of the Spaniards, especially in a military capacity. Officers who have been quartered at Melilla have told me that the Moors in that neighbourhood always spoke of the Spaniards as very weak, *muy flojos*, and contrasted them with the French, of whom they thought highly.

General Rios's division arrived off the coast to the south of Cape Negro yesterday evening, and is very probably landed by this time. He brings about 5000 men,—a welcome addition to this little army, which I am assured is even smaller than I reckoned it to be. It is said now not to exceed 17,000 or 18,000 men. Of course, the corps left on the lines of Ceuta is not included in this estimate, whose correctness I do not guarantee, although I am inclined to credit it when I see how very slender are many of the battalions.

This morning, while again riding over part of yesterday's battle-field, I came upon the ground on which a small Moorish camp had been pitched. From appearances it had been raised within the preceding twenty-four hours. There was very little noteworthy about it. There were the gutters to carry off the rain, marking the exact spots where the tents had stood, and one old tent had been struck and left there. There were two or three rude earthen pots and cooking utensils, and scattered about was a good deal of old matting, of a coarse description and tolerably dirty. A profusion of orange-peel strewed the place, the whole aspect of which did not convey the idea of its having been either comfortable or fragrant as an abode, although it was probably at least as much so as the Moorish habitations we have hitherto seen. At the foot of the cordillera, just at the entrance to the pass, stood a small hamlet, or rather an insignificant group of huts of the very rudest description. A roof of rushes, supported on a framework of crooked sticks, more or less twined and bound together with branches or reeds, without windows, and with a hole instead of a door, seems to content the population of this district as a dwelling. The huts in question are now burnt. They were, of course, deserted

by their inhabitants, but I nevertheless suspect that a large amount of animal life must have been destroyed in the flames.

CAMP IN THE VALLEY OF TETUAN, *Jan.* 16.

THE last battalions of this army did not leave the plain on the other side of the Cape Negro chain until more than four hours after dark last night. There had been miscalculation; it was thought the artillery would reach the halting places prepared for it on the mountain sooner than it did. As was to be expected, when a strong rear-guard of cavalry and infantry, encumbered with a long train of loaded mules, commenced a march over hastily-cut and heavy roads through mountain passes on a pitch dark night, there was a good deal of confusion. There was no moon, and but for the artificial light the Spaniards were enabled to throw over the scene, the troops and baggage would never have got so far as they did. The rush-roofed huts at the foot of the pass were set fire to one after the other to serve as torches for the advancing force, and when the last was burnt out, which took no long time, fires were made all along the roadside. They emitted showers of large sparks, or rather of small glowing embers, which the wind blew among the passing troops, and it was rather alarming to see them falling by hundreds upon the men's cartridge-boxes and upon the cases of reserve ammunition carried by upon mules. But it was not a time for niceties. Fortunately there was no accident, and the troops got to their camping grounds towards midnight. They were not destined to have much sleep. The poor fellows were dead beat, and, although they must have been hungry enough, many of them threw themselves down to rest by the blazing camp fires without thinking of food. They had not arrived half an hour when a number of shots were fired into the camp of the reserve division, which had formed the rearguard. Only one man was wounded, but of course the alarm

was general, and every one ran to arms. A few minutes later more shots were heard, but these were the last. It was very late, however, before the camp was restored to a sense of security by the return of General Rubin, who went out himself with a couple of aides-de-camp and a dozen infantry soldiers for sole escort, to reconnoitre and see if the enemy were in force in the neighbourhood. The shots appear to have been fired by a handful of horsemen, who perhaps chose this way of resenting the burning of their dwellings. There was little sleep in camp, and at five o'clock, or soon after, the trumpets roused everybody, and the usual hasty packing and mule loading took place. The artillery, cavalry, and a considerable force of infantry then descended into the valley. It was necessary to cover and protect the landing of General Rios's division. To do this six battalions of the reserve division (late Prim's) advanced over the plain under the command and direction of General Rubin, at whose orders were also placed some 1200 or 1400 cavalry, and twelve pieces of field artillery, the guns all rifled. It was a pretty sight to see these troops drawn up, in excellent order, in the middle of the broad open level, looking a very small force by reason of the expanse on which they stood, and inviting the Moors to come on. The Moors were slow to accept the invitation; there was a little skirmishing between some of their horsemen and the Spanish hussars, who were in front of all; then the rifled guns opened fire, and the first shell burst in the midst of a large group of Moors. There was hard riding, on the part of the Africans, to get out of range, but the unpleasant projectiles pursued them as they went, and burst among them when they paused, thinking themselves quite safe. Bodies of cavalry went forward, the whole line advanced, everything was done to tempt the Moors to a fight, but all was in vain. Even their skirmishers showed themselves very shy; they shouted—in good Spanish, perhaps spoken by renegades—foul-mouthed abuse of their opponents, and dared them to come on, but they showed little disposition to come on

themselves; and when a dozen picked shots, with Miniés, went down to where the hussars were, and began making dangerous practice, they hastily retreated. The retreat of their main body—if such a term may be applied to an irregularly scattered crowd—was not less rapid when the artillery began to play upon them. They clustered on the heights towards Tetuan in considerable strength, but the whole plain was cleared. The Spaniards advanced, again halted and fired, and then again advanced, the Moors making corresponding retrograde movements. In short, there seemed no reason why this small body of troops, little more than 4000, with a dozen guns, should not proceed to the very gates of Tetuan, but orders came from the Commander-in-Chief, who remained in his elevated camp, whence he commanded a view of all that went on, to suspend an advance which had not been intended as offensive, but merely as protective. So the Spaniards slowly returned, entirely unmolested, the enemy having had too much of the rifled cannon to think of again exposing themselves to its effects for the mere pleasure of harassing a retreat. The Moors must have experienced some loss yesterday, notwithstanding their early flight. I saw several shells burst among their groups. The artillery practice was good. On the side of the Spaniards no one was hurt.

The appearance and movements of Rubin's corps yesterday did them credit. The infantry—whose luck it was to form the rearguard on Sunday night, and vanguard on Monday morning—had worked hard the day before, had been under arms the greater part of the night, and had had scarcely any sleep. In the swampy plain in which they were yesterday for five hours drawn up, they had their feet in mud and water, in some places up to the ankles. The ground was so heavy that the squares, when formed, were delayed in closing because the ammunition mules, in mud to their knees, could hardly drag themselves through it to their place inside them. Nevertheless, the men were cheerful and willing, and moved steadily. I was pleased

by the appearance of the cavalry, which is commanded by General Alcala Galiano. The last time I had an opportunity of seeing any considerable body of Spanish cavalry was in 1854, at the time of the Vicalvaro insurrection, and my opinion of it was that it was probably the worst in Europe. It has much improved since then. Its horses are good, as Spanish horses, and in good condition, notwithstanding recent short commons, and yesterday the few manœuvres they were required to perform were very neatly executed. Their style of riding is not exactly what would find favour in English eyes, but it is better than it used to be, for they have shortened their stirrups, which in former times were absurdly long. The men are generally stout fellows, and, although only small bodies of them have as yet had opportunity to act during the present war, the conduct of those detachments may be accepted as proof of their being intrepid soldiers.

While this display of force went on in front, Rios's division quietly landed at the mouth of Tetuan river—nearly five thousand men, all infantry except one squadron of hussars, and all looking, although just off shipboard, magnificently clean and smart in comparison with the battalions already here, which are considerably the worse for wear, and show, in their dress and equipments, by their bronzed faces and loss of flesh, the effects of hard work, exposure, and not a little sickness. The Spanish men-of-war, the store steamers, even our old friends the tiny gunboats, were all off the coast very early in the morning, acting as support, encouragement, and base of operations to this isolated expeditionary army, just as they did during our weary and slow march from Serallo heights to Cape Negro, and some of the gunboats went a short way up the river and remained there. The Moors were there in the morning, and a few shots were fired; but they speedily retired, and all that part of the coast seems entirely clear of them. They abandoned the fort of San Martin, their batteries, and also the Custom-house—a large white building some way up the river.

BEFORE TETUAN, *Jan.* 17.

THE difficulties of correspondence here are in one respect great, and frequently compel me to abridge more than I could wish my descriptions of what I see and the narrative of what passes around me. Where the army goes every one must go; if the order be to strike tents and march at daylight, amateurs in camp must strike and march, unless they prefer remaining behind in solitude, and waiting the arrival of the Moorish marauders, who are always lurking in the vicinity of the army, or at least following hard upon its heels, and who probably would not appreciate the difference there is between a Spanish warrior and an English journalist. So that what with early marches and late arrivals, and waiting hours for orders in the wet, after tents had been struck, and there was no longer a possibility of writing, and going out to see fights, or in the expectation that there would be a fight, and the trouble and loss of time inseparable from a daily change of residence, when one's house is a tent and all one's movables must be loaded on mules, and night-alarms breaking one's brief slumbers, and other trouble and botherments too numerous here to relate, my letters since our departure from that muddy and unpleasant camp on the river Azmeer, on the morning of the 14th inst., have been shorter and more hurried than was satisfactory to myself, for I feel as if I had given you in them little more than the dry bones of what I had seen, and that there was a deficiency in colour and form. I am in hopes, however, that circumstances are now changing, and that we shall remain for a short time stationary on the ground we took up just before dark this evening, or, at any rate, that if we move onwards to-morrow, we shall then be stationary for a few days. Not too many days, however, for that would imply that some fresh difficulties had arisen, and that I am mistaken in the opinion I have formed that Tetuan is as good as taken, and that not improbably before this sheet of paper

has arrived at Bayonne you will have learnt by telegraph that the Spanish flag is waving over the Moorish city, now about six miles in our front, as it is already doing over the Moorish customhouse within a few hundred yards of which I am writing.

Orders were received last night by the commanding officer of the division with which I was temporarily encamped, to be in readiness to march at break of day. The day broke most unpropitiously, with torrents of rain, which did not greatly increase the pleasure naturally felt at having to prepare to march by candle-light on a winter's morning. The ground in this valley of Tetuan is extremely marshy; you are fortunate if you ride a mile through it without your horse sinking up to his knees in some treacherous swamp; it was bad enough yesterday afternoon, and the rain was calculated to make it much worse. So it appeared probable that the intended move might be deferred. But we have had so many delays that O'Donnell is naturally desirous to push on, and, notwithstanding heavy ground, the artillery was soon seen moving in the direction of the beach—that is to say, to our left—a good deal of it having already gone that way yesterday afternoon. I do not suppose that you have before you a map of this part of Africa on a large scale—anything approaching, even at a remote distance, to an Ordnance map—at least I have been unable to procure or hear of anything of the kind. You will therefore, I fear, have had some difficulty in following the movements of this army. In broad terms, the whole of our march has been along the coast. The Spanish army, had as much been known of the Moors three months ago as is known now, might have risked a landing on the shore near, or at, the entrance to Tetuan river. But still it is possible that, had that plan been adopted, the Moors, then undaunted by defeats and having formed a very low estimate of Spanish prowess, might have presented themselves with much confidence and in great numbers, and have offered serious opposition to a disembarkation. Be that as it may, the Spaniards,

as you know, landed on their own ground at Ceuta, established themselves in fortified lines around that place, and, when they moved out of their positions, proceeded along-shore, supplied and supported by their ships. On reaching the hills running inland from Cape Negro—hills, the higher of which might be called mountains, did they not look small when compared with the lofty ranges in the background—the character of their march changed, and a dangerous defile and commanding positions had to be conquered. You already know with what ease this was done, thanks to the discouragement of the Moors and the utter incapacity of their leaders. The passage of the mountains accomplished, and the southern plain reached, the army found itself farther from the sea than when it left the level shore on the north side. The movement yesterday (of Rubin's division) to the right was intended merely to engage the attention of the enemy and cover the disembarkation of the reinforcement from Spain. This done, and the ground reconnoitred, the army (with the exception of a body of troops, I believe about 5000 men, left in intrenched camps on the heights to our right) moved today down to the shore, and proceeded along the sands to Fort San Martin. On the way it passed a shore battery of eight guns. The guns had disappeared; two or three carriages alone were left; but this afternoon three guns were dug up which had been buried in the ground. The fort itself is a square white tower, entered by means of a ladder leading to a door upwards of 15 feet from the ground. It bears the marks of recent bombardment; a number of shot and shell have been collected in its neighbourhood, and the damage done to it by the artillery of the ships has evidently been quite recently repaired. The fort is close to the sea, and by it runs the river, a small one, whose mouth is closed by a sand bar against all but very small vessels. Seven old iron 32-pounders were found in the fort. The river enters the sea just beyond it, and a very muddy track runs inland along its bank, but there is another and

better one over the sandy soil a little farther north. Both lead to the Tetuan Custom-house, close to which a large part of the army is to-night encamped. This is a white building of considerable size, divided into small rooms, some of which, on the upper floor, were used as the residence of the administrator or chief of the establishment. These are arranged with some attention to comfort; the floors of the principal rooms and stairs are composed of a coarse mosaic; there are windows closely latticed, and doors provided with exterior bolts, to the apartments supposed to have been occupied by the ladies. Not much remained in the way of furniture or household utensils; a few earthen pots and jars, a volume of *Gil Blas* in Spanish, and a number of bottles—some of which, I believe, were found full, but were most decidedly empty when I visited the place—were the principal articles. Some of the bottles, by the bye, bore English labels; "Baird's Pale Ale" was conspicuous on several of them, and this gave rise to a report among the Spaniards that the English Consul at Tetuan had lived there, no doubt to assist the Moors in the defence of the coast, an enterprise in which it must be owned that he has been entirely unsuccessful. In the Customs' stores were a quantity of matting for the floors of rooms, some English earthenware, some bark for dying, barrels of odds and ends, a large basket of nails, and a good deal of rubbish. The building is now occupied by part of Rios's division, who have erected parapets with barrels full of earth placed among an irregular hedge of aloes that partly encloses it. The ground to the right front is marshy, and a stream or ditch intersects it, over which is a small bridge, with a causeway leading up to it, very fairly paved with smooth, round stones from the seashore. The ditch forms a line the more easily defended that the ground along its banks is excessively swampy. The bridge is blocked up with bags and barrels of earth, to guard against any sudden dash of the Moorish cavalry, of which, however, I do not think there is the least chance, since, as far as we have yet been able to judge,

those desert horsemen have been prodigiously overrated; and, moreover, to attempt any such inroad with the troops here now collected would be to rush upon destruction. A large portion of the army, including a good deal of artillery, is now massed on this side of the plain. Many of the troops arrived at dusk, and even after dark; I have not yet had time to examine the position they occupy, and must therefore postpone further details until to-morrow.

There were thirty-five steamers (men-of-war and transports, chiefly the latter) anchored off-shore this afternoon, and provisions for the army are being landed. If no Levanter comes we shall be abundantly supplied with stores of all kinds in a day or two. We were menaced this morning with that inconvenient breeze, from which we have already suffered so much. The wind blew from every quarter of the compass within three or four hours, and showed symptoms of settling in the east, and the violent rain that fell (and which often accompanies the setting-in of that wind) made us apprehend a fresh period of discomfort, and perhaps short commons and very serious inconvenience. Things improved in the afternoon, and there were some gleams of a very hot sun. During one of those bright intervals General O'Donnell with a numerous Staff rode up to the front, much relieved in his mind at finding all his difficulties (and they have not been few) at last surmounted, and Tetuan close before him, and almost within his grasp. He inspected Rios's division, and returned to his headquarters, which to-night are close to Fort Martin.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 19 *and* 20.

THE Spanish army continues upon the ground it took up on the 17th inst. The whole of it is now concentrated between and around Fort Martin and the Custom-house, in full view of Tetuan, which glistens, snow-white, on

the rising ground at the extremity of the valley. From the fort to the Custom-house it is about a mile; from the last-named edifice to the city about six miles. The Moorish camp has not been raised, as was expected. It has, on the contrary, according to some, augmented in size since my last letter. I see no difference myself, but it would not be surprising that troops should have come to aid in the defence of Tetuan. They have got a small cannon, a 3-pounder, and yesterday morning, as the General-in-Chief was riding out, they fired several shots at him. The distance was not less than three or four miles; but perhaps the practice of the Spanish rifled 9-pounders on the 14th encouraged them to fire, with the idea that all cannon carry alike, and have the same extensive range. They fired the same little gun on the 1st instant. They are evidently extremely ill provided as regards artillery. The seven guns in Fort Martin are long iron pieces, a century or two old, and which one would almost as soon see fired at him as stand by them when they were fired. In casting up earth hard by the Custom-house, where some defensive works are constructing, five small guns have been discovered, so carelessly buried that it is doubtful whether they were intentionally concealed or had got hidden under earth and rubbish in the course of time and through neglect. Fort Martin itself is a mere pigeon-house of a place, built chiefly of brick. It is ascended by a rope-ladder, and from the summit there is a fine view over the valley of Tetuan, the form of which is oblong, longer from the sea to the opposite mountains than from side to side. The river winds down from Tetuan with much undulation, but bends during the greater part of its course very near to the lofty mountain range which extends from the seashore westwards to the south side of the city. On a ledge of the range which thence runs nearly due north, at right angles to the first-named, stands the Moorish camp, the distance of which from the city is variously estimated, but is probably, if we allow for the nature of the ground and deviousness of the paths along the moun-

tain-side, not less than a league. One thing certain is, that the camp is better placed for guarding against an attack from the ground this army first occupied after passing the heights of Cape Negro, than against an advance since the change of front that was effected the day before yesterday. The Moors cannot be said to cover the city, although they could reach it before this army could. Their present attitude is eccentric and incomprehensible, and many persons here are puzzling their brains to conjecture what their plans can be, what idea they can have, and seem to think they must have some deep move in reserve. This appears to me a useless expenditure of ingenuity. We may very fairly acquit the Moors of having any ideas at all upon the subject. Their conduct throughout the whole of this campaign, so far as it has gone, proves them to be ignorant of the commonest strategical rules and combinations. They have neither opposed the Spaniards in front nor harassed them in rear, although the strength of their positions was most favourable to the former course, while the enormous *impedimenta* of this small army afforded them abundant opportunities of advantageously adopting the latter. While the Spaniards moved along the seashore they kept up a parallel and timid movement on our right, as if they feared to place themselves directly in the path of the advancing force, and dreaded to find themselves between two fires if they placed themselves between it and Ceuta. In short, on every occasion they have shown a lack of conduct and daring. Individuals among them have fought most gallantly, but as an army they have been ineffective, and their leaders have proved themselves profoundly ignorant. Between the lines of Ceuta and the present position of this army they ought to have killed and wounded as many thousands of Spaniards as they have done hundreds. Their first palpable and inexplicable negligence was when O'Donnell led his troops on that hazardous march between the sea and the lagoons—a march that would have been rash in the extreme in presence of almost any other foe, but

which was justified by its complete success, and showed that the Spanish commander had formed a just estimate of the intelligence of his enemy, whom he outwitted by a transparent feint—the display of a division to the right. After that march the next important step was the passage of the Monte Negro chain. At that point, according to letters lately written to me from Gibraltar, the Moors were expected to make "a determined stand;" and so they assuredly ought to have done. Their friends must be disappointed to learn that they were driven out of those most formidable positions with the greatest ease. That done, and after such proof of their incapacity and of their strange neglect of the greatest natural advantages, O'Donnell might probably at once, with perfect impunity, have continued his march along the coast and established himself on the ground he now occupies. But such a course might also have led to a disaster. It must be borne in mind that from the commencement it has been found almost impossible by the Spaniards to obtain reliable information regarding the plans and movements of the enemy, and especially concerning his strength. With respect to the last, public report had rated it very high—not higher, however, than was justified by the population of Morocco and by the warlike character commonly attributed to its inhabitants. We had been told of armies of 50,000, 80,000, and even 100,000 men —of a formidable cavalry, 10,000 and even 20,000 strong, which only awaited the arrival of the Spaniards in the plain to test the valour of their handful of horse and the steadiness of their squares of young infantry. It was true that but little had been seen of these numerous forces while the army was in the lines round Ceuta. A few thousand men—10,000 or 12,000 at the very most—were all that it could be positively affirmed had at one time shown themselves. But it was said they were reserving themselves for the march, when the Spaniards should quit their redoubts and defences; they would cause them heavy loss at Cape Negro, and, once in the plain, it was quite upon the cards that the remnant

would be exterminated. Well, Cape Negro was crossed with a loss of barely 400 men. This was encouraging; but from the summits of the cordillera the advancing army beheld a broad swampy level stretched out before it, and here, perhaps, it would suffer from the dashing assaults of the Moorish horsemen, whose action had previously been limited by the mountainous nature of the country. In the absence of positive information, O'Donnell considered extreme caution a paramount duty, and it was then that he executed a manœuvre at once skilful and prudent. Instead of entering the valley, he took up a position on the heights such as could be advantageously defended against greatly superior numbers. Established there and prepared for the worst, the whole of his artillery brought, by dint of hard labour, and thanks to the activity and willing industry of the corps of engineers, across the mountain, all his baggage and rearguard well up with the main body, and Rios's division ready to land at Fort Martin, which the Moors abandoned after a few harmless shots, he put out a feeler in the way I briefly and imperfectly described in my hastily-written letter of the 16th. He sent into the plain a small body of troops under a cool and experienced General, with the intention of inducing the enemy to show his strength. General Rubin had under his orders barely 4500 men, of which more than half were infantry, the remainder cavalry and artillery — 1200 sabres or rather more, and 12 rifled guns. Advancing across the level, in the direction of the upper end of the valley, he formed his troops. The infantry were placed in five squares, two to the right and three to the left, from which latter quarter it was thought there was most probability of an attack. The three squares represented the three points of a triangle, with the apex in rear of the two angles at the base, between which the artillery formed line of battle. The sides of the squares were four deep; in case of the enemy charging, the front rank had orders to sit down, the second to kneel, the third to fire standing, and the fourth over the shoulders of the third. To

each square the General addressed a few words of encouragement and information, plain, to the purpose, and such as soldiers can appreciate and like to hear. The Moorish cavalry, he told them, were more formidable in appearance than in reality; they would charge down with great seeming fierceness and determination, but before reaching the squares would fire their muskets and wheel about. The infantry was to reserve its fire. He should not put himself in a square, but would be near the one first menaced, and no trigger was to be pulled until he gave the word. The cavalry was formed in two lines behind the infantry, and it was intended that when the latter had repulsed the Moors the horse should gallop forward and complete their discomfiture. The troops remained for some time stationary; the Moors showed in considerable force, and appeared to be mustering for an attack, which was expected from the left front, the direction of their camp. As they did not come on, the little body of Spaniards advanced, and opened a well-sustained fire of artillery. The effect of this was described to you in my last letter. The Moors hastily retreated out of range of the terrible rifled guns, without having displayed anything like the numbers that had often been popularly attributed to them. This was sufficient information for O'Donnell. Part of the artillery was already moving across the plain to join Rios's corps, which had landed at Fort Martin. The next day the whole army changed front to the right, at the same time advancing. Descending from the heights, and traversing the short distance that intervened between them and the sea, it moved along the shore, the artillery with double teams of mules and incredible labour of men—all needed to get the guns through the deep sand—and then, wheeling to the right, presented itself, compactly massed, opposite to Tetuan, in the positions and at the distance already described. Here, for the first time, I may say, since the commencement of this precipitately begun campaign, this little army finds itself in a natural and, comparatively speaking, highly

advantageous position. Hitherto its toils have been incessant. My letters have given but an imperfect idea of the amount of labour, hardship, and suffering gone through to effect the short journey from Ceuta to Tetuan. With the exception of those fragments of the march when it dragged its way wearisomely through the sand of the sea-shore, the army had to make all its own roads until it reached this side of the Cape Negro Pass, when it found itself with its feet in a swamp. "We are in luck," I heard one artillery officer say to another, as they ruefully contemplated a gun, up to its axles in mud, at which a dozen mules were tugging,—"when we leave the sand we ascend the mountain, and when we quit the mountain we sink into the marsh." The ground over the Cape Negro Pass was very heavy, owing to the immense deal of rain that had recently fallen; and although, in twenty-four hours, the engineers and infantry, working with hearty good-will, had cut a road the whole way across (labouring part of the time under fire), the passage of the artillery, and of the numerous horses and mules, soon greatly deteriorated it, and, in places where the ground was particularly bad, created deep bogs, through which it was hard work to get. The first battery might get through pretty well, the second found it worse, and by the time the last two or three reached the spot the ruts had grown into chasms of stiff mud. Through all these difficulties there have been brought 50 pieces of field artillery, besides 24 mountain guns, conveyed *a lomo*—that is, on mule-back. The siege train of 40 pieces has been brought here by sea. Then the baggage of this army, which to my eye is sufficient for one of twice the strength, has all been conveyed on mule-back, including ammunition, engineering tools, hospital necessaries, and rations. Mules are queer cattle to drive, and their loads, however cleverly balanced upon their backs, have an inconvenient tendency to slip off on one side when passing over steep and uneven ground, generally dragging the mules down with them. The mule as generally begins to kick and struggle, and thus a narrow road is often

blocked up, and a long line of march arrested, until by main force of men's arms the load is lifted, and the animal set upon its legs. Sometimes the load gets so discomposed by these tumbles that it has to be taken to pieces and readjusted, and you may imagine the delays thus occasioned. All this often on deep muddy ground, under pelting rain, sometimes in the dark. But now the sands are passed, the mountains crossed, and, although there is a good deal of swamp not far from us, there are also a level track and a short distance from here to Tetuan, with, if I am rightly informed, ground which, after a day or two's dry weather, will be found suitable to the march not only of infantry and cavalry, but also of heavy artillery. You may imagine what a relief this must be to all hands, and especially to the Commander-in-Chief, on whom the *onus* and responsibility rested. He has now his tent pitched within musket-shot of a fleet of steamers, full of all requisites for an army; his troops are well encamped, chiefly on a sandy soil; he has received a reinforcement of five thousand fresh men, bringing the strength of his army to upwards of twenty thousand effective combatants. His present inaction is easily explained, and will probably be of no long duration. There has been no easterly gale since we left that vile camp on the banks of the Azmeer, and that is a piece of great good luck; but at this season a *Levanter* must be daily expected, and the first thing to be done in expectation of it, and to guard against the departure of the ships, which must be its consequence, is to lay in abundant stores of food and ammunition. This is now being done with all possible celerity. The ammunition is being stored in a large, low, strong building in rear of Fort Martin; the Custom-house receives the commissariat supplies. Our left is covered by the river, and on the right the engineers are busy with defensive works. A very few days, it is to hoped, will place this army in a position to move on Tetuan. Whether and how the city will be defended,—whether the Moors will abandon it, or be shelled out by field artillery; or whether it will be neces-

sary to bring up the siege guns,—is now the subject of many conjectures. It is of little use to form these, since the Moors seem to act according to no rules of military science or common sense. Thus it is quite possible they may seek to defend Tetuan against an army whose strongest arm is its artillery, although they neglected to attack that army during its passage through places where that arm could hardly have been made availing. When we look back upon all the circumstances, incidents, and difficulties of the march from the lines at Ceuta to the front of Tetuan, which lasted seventeen days, and note the countless advantages thrown away by the Moors, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that these as an army, and their leaders as generals, are totally unfit to contend against even very inferior forces which are supplied and act according to the practice and rules of modern warfare. The long march (in time, although not in distance) from Ceuta hither ought to have been one continual combat. The Moors should have pressed upon the Spanish rear, harassed the right flank of the line of march—which more than once, owing to the difficulties of the road and the quantity of encumbrances, was dangerously extended and exposed—have exhausted the army by daily skirmishes and nightly alarms. All this was competent to the most irregular force; the Red Indians of the last century might have done it, and probably would. The army, which is now admitted to have left the Ceutan lines with less than eighteen thousand fighting men, should have lost thousands before reaching the valley of Tetuan, and have arrived there greatly weakened and discouraged. Instead of that, its killed and wounded since and including the action of the 1st instant, have not amounted to two thousand men. Here it has found a valuable reinforcement, and, moreover, its own vacancies are being filled up by the arrival of volunteers from regiments in Spain. Upwards of seventy of these came yesterday to one regiment alone. In short, the army is stronger, better provided, and in a better position than it has been since its departure from Ceuta. It is to

be hoped there will be no unnecessary lingering and inactivity, for, although we are now encamped on sand, the ground is low, swamps are near at hand, and the fell fiend cholera still stalks abroad, with minor maladies in his train. In a small division of four battalions, less than two thousand men, there are thirty-six to forty sick daily, although only a portion of these cases are cholera. A good deal of illness is to be attributed to wet nights in the intrenchments. Men return convalescent from hospital, and a single night often suffices to send them back again. The weather continues very variable. To-day (20th) it does not rain, but yesterday a good deal fell; and the night before last, for four or five hours, water came down in quantities and with a force that no covering could resist. Hitherto the army has been very fortunate in finding abundance of fuel everywhere, but we have now left the thickets and brushwood behind us, material for fires has to be sought at a distance, and the camp is no longer illuminated in the evenings by countless bonfires, around which the soldiers find warmth and dryness.

The deaths in the Spanish army from the commencement of the campaign, and from causes of every kind, among which cholera claims the largest share of mortality, are estimated at six thousand, and I fully believe that they have not been less. The newly arrived division of General Rios looks healthy and in good condition, but it is to be feared it will not escape paying tribute to the floods, blasts, and plagues of Barbary.

The official return of casualties in the action of the 14th, on the heights of Cape Megro, shows 1 officer killed, 5 field officers and 26 of lower ranks wounded; 24 soldiers killed, and 326 wounded,—total, 32 officers and 350 men, which is very near the estimate of 400 I made in my last. Generally speaking, I believe the Spaniards give tolerably correct accounts of their losses. The names of the officers killed and wounded are telegraphed to Madrid, and nominal lists of the soldiers are subsequently sent.

There is talk of making a tramway from the sea towards Tetuan, for the easier conveyance of stores and wounded. This, however, would of course require time, and the army will not wait for it to attack the city, which everybody is impatient to do—in like manner that everybody earnestly hopes that, Tetuan taken, the war will be over, and a part of the army will return to Spain. Although there is no discouragement, the war is not of a nature to make any one desire its continuance. It is quite evident that it will yield little glory and no profit, although it has been the means of calling out and exhibiting the good qualities of the Spanish soldier.

An unfortunate accident occurred yesterday in the neighbourhood of Fort Martin. Some soldiers got hold of a shell, one of many projectiles, proceeding from the French and Spanish squadrons, which are there lying about, and, while they were handling it, it exploded, and killed two men and wounded five.

To-day the Moorish camp seems to have diminished. It is said they have another in rear of Tetuan, just behind the citadel, and it is probable that they have transferred part of their forces thither. The one in our sight can hardly contain more than five thousand or six thousand men, and that only by close packing.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 21.

THE officers on outpost duty yesterday (when the atmosphere was very clear in the direction of Tetuan) observed that no smoke arose from any chimney in that city. Some shots were fired in the camp behind the citadel which some persons suppose to be signals, but a report has got abroad that the Moors have been fighting among themselves. General O'Donnell rode out reconnoitring. No Moors showed themselves at all near to this camp. The defensive works round the Spanish

position are proceeding rapidly. It is thought the army will advance as soon as there has been a little fine weather to dry the ground and render it practicable for artillery. There was a slight alarm at half-past four this morning. Some sentries of Rios's division fired several shots, and of course awoke the whole camp. It was pitch dark. Nothing ensued. Some persons thought they distinguished in some of the shots the peculiar sound of the *espingarda*, which differs from that of the rifle or musket. I very much doubt whether there was any enemy near the camp. Rios's men, having only just arrived, naturally see Moors everywhere.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 23.

WHEN closing my letter the day before yesterday morning I mentioned that we had had an alarm two hours before daybreak, resulting in nothing save turning people out of their blankets and tents into pitch darkness and a raw atmosphere. We have had several alarms of this kind during the present war, but none of them have come to anything. We have not yet seen the much-talked-of Black Guard of his Moorish Majesty charging into camp, or the fire of a serried line of *espingardas* sparkling and flashing within a few yards of our tents. I incline to think that the strongest force of Moors that has hitherto approached the Spanish camp during the hours of darkness has been a handful of horse or a band of marauders. This is not much, but it suffices to break everybody's slumbers and to produce an awful amount of malediction. In time one gets accustomed to these things; indeed, I perceive that already they begin to be taken as matters of course and of little importance, and, although there is no deficiency of vigilance, people don't allow themselves to be excited or put out by the announcement that the enemy is firing into the camp. We are rather on our

guard of late, because there is some reason to believe that adventurous Moors enter the camp disguised as Spanish soldiers and appropriate such articles as fall in their way. You will remember that on the march from Castillejos a bold fellow in hussar uniform made a daring attempt to carry off a horse, and was shot for his pains. An officer in the cavalry camp lost a pair of pistols out of his tent the other night, which he fully believes to be now gracing the girdle of one of Muley Abbas's followers; and Moors, or persons resembling them, have been seen lurking in our environs at that hour of almost darkness which the French designate as "between dog and wolf." And, talking of dogs, on some nights we are much disturbed by the howling, barking, and baying of a large number of those quadrupeds, which, as they are not to be seen in the day, are supposed to accompany the gentlemen in dirty haicks who come loafing around the camp in quest of live stock and small movables. This was the case on Friday night last, which was here an uneasy restless sort of night, a good deal of talking in camp, and barking around it, and odd sounds of all kinds. I, for one, went to sleep late, and was sleeping very hard, to make up for lost time, when I was roused by the voice of my tent-mate, informing me that there were shots, and simultaneously the noise of musketry fell upon my ear. Just then the canvass door of the tent was drawn aside. "*Señores, los Moros!*" said the servant, as coolly as if he were announcing dinner or an ordinary visitor. "All right!" replied my companion, much in the same tone in which he might have said "Show them in!" So we dressed (that is to say, we put on our boots, which here constitutes dressing), and pocketed our revolvers, and emerged from the tent just in time to see the General commanding the division quit his tent and stride through the darkness, with a brace of aides-de-camp at his heels, in the direction of the firing, which had already nearly ceased. There was no light in camp; wood is scarce in this neighbourhood, and even the guard had allowed its bivouac flame to dwindle into a few smouldering ashes;

here and there a pale glimmer came through the canvass of an officer's tent; dark figures glided swiftly and noiselessly in all directions; there was a slight clash of arms audible occasionally, as the soldiers unpiled their muskets or a steel scabbard clinked against its swivel. The few tents that could be discerned through the gloom looked cold and spectral. Now and then you ran up against a horse picketed in the intervals. There is a dark mass just before you, motionless and still; it is a battalion of infantry, formed up and watchful. The firing has quite ceased; officers begin to talk to each other in whispers and to express their belief that the alarm is unfounded, for that the sentries are of the division just arrived from Spain and see a Moor in every bush through which the night wind rustles; Staff officers come in from reconnoitring, and have been able to discover nothing; and presently the General himself arrives, receives a few reports, gives an order or two, and re-enters his tent; and, after half an hour's *qui vive* and tension, everybody does the same,—some to wrap themselves again in their blankets, others to await daybreak and the *diana* over a cigar and a cup of tea, but all excessively disgusted at having been disturbed, and dividing their invectives between troublesome Moors and hasty sentries. The troops have now got accustomed to these alarms, are quick and cool, muster silently and promptly, and the enemy, if they did some night think proper to come down in force, might reckon on a warm reception.

Yesterday was a fine day in camp, with some sun, a fresh drying breeze,—much the weather you sometimes have in England (when you are lucky) at the latter end of April. We had many visitors from the men-of-war and transports now lying off Fort Martin; the engineers progressed rapidly with the fortifications; and there was a good deal of examination of the Moors through telescopes from the little bridge, some way in front of the Custom-house, where a picket of cavalry and infantry is all day stationed. The fortification of the Custom-house is nearly completed, and it is of ample strength to defy

all the efforts of all the Moors, so long as they do not bring artillery to the attack. Another fort is commenced to our right front, which, with Fort Martin, completes the triangle. The Moors, on their side, are throwing up some sort of parapet on the mountain where their camp still stands, but it is impossible to say what purpose they expect it to answer, for, unless they have artillery of long range to place there, it will in no way affect our advance upon Tetuan, whether that be made on right or left. They have about 250 or 300 head of horned cattle grazing in the plain towards the foot of the mountains to their right front of Tetuan, and, with a view, we conjecture, to protect the herd, they have pitched a small camp at the further extremity of the level, exactly in our front, at a distance of about three miles. One of the gunboats that are moored in the river close to the Custom-house sent a couple of shots at them yesterday, but they fell short, the guns being, as it seemed to me, insufficiently elevated. The rifled 12-pounders could easily reach them, but it is hardly worth while expending the ammunition, which may be much better employed when we advance upon Tetuan. This we shall do, it is generally expected, within three or four days. It is presumed that the plan adopted will be to take the field artillery to within easy range of the place, and to throw in shell, to see what the Moors propose doing. As the Spanish guns will reach farther than any they are likely to have in their fort, they must either advance and fight, decide on evacuating the place, or make up their minds to have it knocked about their ears. Their citadel is at the further end and highest point of the city.

A Russian Staff officer has arrived here to accompany the Spanish headquarters. Also the Count d'Eu, a nice-looking fair-haired lad, whose pink and white complexion will be the better for a little browning by African sun and storms. He wears the elegant uniform (white and light blue) of the Princesa Hussars, and around his left arm the embroidered badge, indicating that he is attached ("at the immediate orders of," it is here called) to the

Commander-in-Chief. It is reported that French and Prussian officers are coming to observe the operations.

This morning is very fine and sunny. The ships are firing salutes in honour of the birthday of Queen Isabella's husband, Don Francisco de Assis. A reconnoissance is out on our right, and has sent a few shots into the Moorish camp on the mountain. The tents are being aired and the camp cleaned,—the latter is especially necessary, for the Spanish soldiers, among their good qualities, certainly do not possess that of cleanliness, and a camp where they have passed six days, as they have in this one, becomes extremely filthy and offensive. There is much need of strict regulations rigorously enforced in this respect, not only out of regard for one's nasal and visual organs, but also for the sake of health. Some of the commanding officers of divisions seem alive to the necessity of compelling cleaner customs, and to-day a deal of scraping and sweeping is going on, and the aspect of the camp is greatly improving.

As far as I can learn, there is not much variation in the health of the army since I last adverted to it. There is still some cholera, and a good deal of dysentery and diarrhœa. There is one article of food, lately largely given as rations to this army, which I suspect tends to provoke the latter diseases—which often terminate in the former and more usually fatal one—and that is preserved meats in tins. The soldiers have found this out from experience, and, although the meat thus preserved is by no means unpalatable, many of them reject it, because they think it makes them ill, and prefer contenting themselves with their bread or biscuit, and with a not unsavoury mess they make out of rice with a bit of bacon boiled in it. In officers' messes the preserved viands are equally out of favour; many have brought out tins of different kinds of meat, fish, stews, soups, &c., which remain unopened, while their owners dine off rice-soup and ration beef, boiled with beans. The meat in tins served out to the troops is beef, preserved with gravy, and with a large proportion of fat. It is unpopular, and,

I believe, not wholesome, and a very different thing from the boiled beef, without gravy, which was much liked by the British army in the Crimea. A considerable portion of the provisions now serving out to the Spanish army proceed from English sources. The prime bacon, in barrels of 100 lb., is the best that comes here. We get a great deal of biscuit in huge cases marked "Navy Bread," and also English pressed hay. Barring the tin beef, this army has had no reason to complain of the quality of its provisions, or of their quantity either; and this is the more fortunate, that the soldier has had but rare opportunities of adding to his rations either by foraging or by purchase. He gets his pay regularly, but since we left the lines of Ceuta he has seldom been able to expend it, because there was little or nothing to buy. For five or six days, between Castillejos and Cape Negro, rabbits were in season. The jungle of gum-cistus and other plants through which we marched swarmed with them. There were also a few monkeys hunted, although not always caught, for their agility set whole battalions at defiance, but I have not heard whether the soldiers brought their stomachs to stand that peculiar diet. When we got into the plain we left rabbits and monkeys behind us, and the only thing I now see the men adding to their rations are a few tortoises which they have picked up in this neighbourhood. But we have now supplies of another nature. A number of boats have come from Ceuta with provisions, and a sort of market is established along the banks of the river. Booths are formed out of three long oars with a sail thrown over them, and in them are sold bread, wine, oranges, raisins, *chorizos* (the small Estremaduran sausage, strongly flavoured with garlic and red pepper), and various other things suited to the soldier's taste. And as soon as day breaks the camp is perambulated by itinerant vendors, crying their wares and recommending them in the highest terms to the soldiers. Aguardiente and a bastard sort of Geneva are carried about in stone bottles; also chocolate, olives, and other things of common Spanish

consumption. So that for the present there seems no danger of starvation, nor even of a return to the rather short commons not a few had to put up with in that camp of odious memory on the muddy margin of the river Azmeer.

Since the above was written we have had a fight of no great importance, which commenced in consequence of the Moors coming down upon our right, apparently intending to molest the engineers employed in constructing the new fort already mentioned. A couple of companies were sent out to cover them, skirmishing began, and the Spanish artillery struck in. General Rios having advanced a battalion overmuch, into a position where a piece of stagnant water in some degree cut it off from support, the Moors pressed upon it, other troops were obliged to wade to its support, and the action assumed larger proportions than had been intended or than there was any occasion for. The artillery fired a good deal, the gunboats in the river made some very indifferent practice, some of their shells bursting nearer to Spaniards than to Moors, and finally the cavalry executed several charges, in which some damage was done to the enemy, and a standard was captured by a trooper, who was made a sergeant and decorated on the spot. The young Count d'Eu smelt powder for the first time, went out among the skirmishers, and received a decoration. I have not heard what the Spanish loss was, but I should think it small. The Moors displayed no great force, and the whole affair was unimportant. The enemy, once fairly driven back, showed little disposition to come on again, and made but feeble attempts to harass the Spaniards as they returned to their lines. There is nothing to prevent their coming down to-night and destroying the engineers' daily work at the outlying fort, but, judging from the way in which they respected the new roads that were made outside the Ceuta lines, it is probable they will do nothing of the sort. It is not unlikely, however, that

they may again descend from their hills to-morrow and provoke another skirmish. During the fight to-day they fired some cannon-shots from their camp, but nothing was seen of the balls. They have, apparently, two small pieces of artillery up there, but probably very antiquated, like some of those that were found in the fort and custom-house. Their sound is faint and dull, very different from the sharp reports of the rifled guns. Moreover, the Moors have the reputation of being bad artillerymen, and have evidently the vaguest ideas as to the distance a gun can carry.

According to the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of the 20th instant, the Moors boast of having carried off from the Spaniards, on the night of the 11th, 97 mules, two horses, and a donkey. I think it not unlikely that between the lines of Ceuta and Cape Negro they may have obtained possession of quite that number of animals, some of them dead, and others too much exhausted to proceed with the army. Round the camp on the Azmeer they were continually prowling, and doubtless made some captures, thanks to the stormy nights and the incorrigible stupidity and obstinacy of the muleteers, who persisted in taking their beasts to graze at a great distance from the intrenchments, and used to leave them there unattended. From one division alone 22 mules were reported missing the day before we marched from the Azmeer, but some of them afterwards turned up, and others had lain down and died. Mules are tough animals, but, unfortunately, no means have as yet been discovered of prevailing on them to live without food, and, as most of the horses were nearly, or quite, without corn at that time, it may be imagined that the mules did not get a large ration.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 26.

I WRITE to you rather from the force of habit than because there is anything of interest to communicate. We

remain perfectly inactive, without even a skirmish to vary the monotony of our existence, which is as dead a level as the ground on which we are encamped, and with every foot of which we are by this time too familiar. Girt in by mountains and the sea, and with the enemy in our front, our range is not large, and a very moderate ride would expose one to be "potted" by a Morisco. This is the tenth day of our sojourn in this weary flat, and heartily does every one long for movement and action. Although we are on the sandy soil near the sea and river, the whole of the valley of Tetuan is but a swamp, and the health of the army is likely to suffer if we remain here long. It is not very good at the present moment; a good many sick passed my tent this morning in litters, and the French steamer Bretagne, in Spanish employ, yesterday had on board 250 cholera patients, bound for Ceuta, to whose hospitals all such cases are sent, the consequence being, as I hear, that typhus has shown itself in that town. There are many conjectures current as to the cause of the delay and the period at which we shall move, but I suspect that these are known to the General-in-Chief alone, than whom, as I have more than once told you, no man keeps his plans more secret. It is not rations that we wait for; twenty days of all articles, and thirty of some, are landed and stored. Ammunition has also been landed. To save the drag through the heavy sand, it is said that steamers of very light draught have been sent for, which will bring the siege artillery some distance up the river. From that point rails (not yet here) are to be laid in the direction of Tetuan, and on these the heavy guns will be drawn by horses. The Star Fort (so called from its form)—which is constructing on our right front, and will be the most advanced point of the triangle formed by it, Fort Martin, and Custom-house Fort—proceeds but very slowly, and at the same rate will require ten or twelve days to put it in a state of defence. The ground is boggy, and the engineers are incommoded by the water that rises under the strokes of pick and spade; and, more-

over, this morning when I rode round there, few men were at work. The fact is, that the army has plenty to do to supply guards, something like a quarter of the troops being under arms every night in the trenches that surround the camp. The Moors give little trouble; there has been no fighting since the skirmish of the 23d. The night before last they came down and fired a few shots between 9 and 10 o'clock, their aim being, it is said, a light in the window of a room in the Custom-house, where General Ros de Olano lies sick. Last night they visited the Star Fort, and removed some of the marks placed by the engineers, but did little harm. Perhaps they are waiting till the works are more advanced. To-day there has been a good deal of firing in their camp, we suppose *feux de joie* in celebration of some Mohammedan festival, or of the arrival of some great personage.

In addition to the swampy soil and present inaction—both fertile sources of disease in the soldier—the illness in camp is probably augmented by the sale of bad spirits and various unwholesome articles, to which no check seems to be put. Free trade is carried to the utmost limit, and the camp is overrun by vendors of a cheap alcoholic drink, which they style Geneva, of sour oranges, questionable sausages, and similar trashy and unwholesome eatables and drinkables.

Among the prisoners made in recent actions was a *santon* or saint (people of influence among the Moors), who was severely wounded by a bayonet-thrust. He was carefully attended to, well treated, and completely cured. I understand that he has been released, and that yesterday he returned to his countrymen. Some mystery is made about it, but it is certain that he is no longer here, and there can be scarcely a doubt that he is with the Moors. It is further said that he took a message to them from O'Donnell, to the effect that they should surrender Tetuan, in which case life and property would be respected by the Spaniards; but that if, on the contrary, they defended it, they might reckon on the destruction

of the town and no quarter for themselves. This is said to be, and probably is, the purport of the message, and on its effect and on the representations of the released *santon* some persons build hopes of peace. It is unnecessary to seek a connection between these circumstances and the present inaction of the army, since the latter is sufficiently explained by the unfinished fort and the expected railway. General O'Donnell is determined to risk as little as possible, and to economise the lives of his men; thinking, doubtless, that a very large number have already been sacrificed, in proportion to the advantages as yet derived from the war. All that has been gained is the lines round Ceuta and the ground we camp upon. For this, 6000 men had, some time ago, perished, and it is probable that 7000 to 8000 would now be nearer the mark—to say nothing of men crippled by wounds or broken down by disease. The loss is heavy, considering the numbers of the army and the shortness of the campaign, and, if Tetuan were already in Spanish hands, it could not be denied that it would have been pretty dearly purchased. As yet we have nothing to show as a set-off against the lives and treasure expended, save the patch of rugged hills round Ceuta, and the strip of sand on which our tents are pitched. We had not seen a town or a village until we came in sight of Tetuan; the only habitations we met with were a few wretched huts of reed and cane, most of which were given over to the flames. It is high time that some more solid and satisfactory pledge of victory should be won.

There are now at the Spanish headquarters a Russian and an Austrian officer. The former is there only as an amateur, the latter is commissioned by his Government. Three Prussian officers are expected. There was a report of some French officers coming, but as yet nothing has been seen or heard of them.

Two colonels of the Headquarters Staff, Peralta and Ramirez, have been obliged to return to Spain by reason of ill-health—the latter of the two in consequence of an

attack of cholera, so violent that his life was despaired of, and the last sacrament administered within twelve hours of his first seizure.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 29.

THE Moors were very restless the night before last, and fired shots at all hours, without doing any harm beyond waking people. On one occasion their fire was returned by a few soldiers in the trenches, and it is supposed a Moor was killed or badly wounded, for traces of blood were found, and also some articles of dress—a pair of Moorish slipper-shoes, &c.—as if left behind by somebody who had been carried off in a hurry. Last night there was no firing, but the enemy came down to the Star Fort, which is not yet completed, and did some mischief, throwing down the parapets into the ditch. By this afternoon the damage was repaired, and I hear that troops will be set to watch there to-night. The Moorish camp seems to have increased in size. In is not unlikely that they are bringing up their forces in expectation of an attack. To-day they have been wasting powder to a great extent, in honour, it is supposed, of the arrival among them of some important personage. They began by firing cannon from the citadel, and from a battery they have to our left front, near a road which I before mentioned as leading from a gate of the town. Then there was a heavy running fire of *espingardas* from the front of the place, and from the advanced camp on the edge of the plain below it; and then it is supposed the great man went to visit the principal camp on the hill within the main range of high mountains which closes the valley of Tetuan. The hill in question, on which the Moorish camp has been ever since our arrival here, is known, I understand,

among the natives, by the name of Gheb el Bouffir. One plan of operations would have been to carry that hill (for it is rather one long irregular hill than a range) and the camp on our first arrival, which might probably have been done without much difficulty, and then, in the opinion of many here, Tetuan must have fallen within forty-eight hours. This plan, however, either was not suggested to, or not approved, by General O'Donnell, who seems determined to act on the cautious principle. It is now thought the Spanish attack will be made on our left front. Wheresoever and howsoever it is to be made, it is a long time coming, and everybody is heartily weary of the delay. This, it is hoped, will not now be much prolonged. A steamer came up the river yesterday, and landed some siege guns near Custom-house Fort. A number of mortars have been landed to-day, and I should think the greater part of the siege train must be on shore. The weather continues fine. The mornings and evenings are rather cold, but the day, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., is like summer in England. The ground has dried up very much, and operations will thereby be much facilitated. It is to be hoped they will recommence before we get a return of wet weather.

General Zabala, who was sick at Ceuta, has rejoined the army of Africa, and resumed his command of the second corps. The two divisions known as the first and second of the reserve, commanded by Generals Rubin and Rios, and which have been in advance ever since their arrival in the valley of Tetuan, are formed into a corps and placed under the command of General Prim, who had the second corps during the absence of Zabala, previously to which he commanded the reserve division, consisting of eight battalions, the division of Rios not having then arrived. The term "reserve" seems in this instance to have been rather inappropriate, for, on numerous occasions before we left the lines round Ceuta, and subsequently at Castillejos on the 1st January, Prim and his battalions were in advance, and bore the brunt of the fighting. It would hardly suit an officer of Prim's char-

acter and impetuous courage to be stationed in the rear as a support, instead of being sent forward to clear the way. No General out here possesses in a higher degree than the Count de Reus the confidence of his soldiers and the esteem of his comrades. In the unhappy civil contests of his country he won himself a reputation which this war has augmented. Calm, cool, and cheerful in the midst of great peril, his mere aspect inspires with fresh courage the battalions in front of which he often throws himself, sword in hand, to lead them—himself in the post of the greatest danger—in a charge against the enemy. In the action of Castillejos, when a part of his scanty force, thinned by the Moorish bullets and pressed upon by superior numbers, showed signs of wavering—were *muy conmovidos*, as I have heard it expressed by an officer there present (much agitated, that is to say; or, in plain English, inclined to look over their shoulders)—he seized the colours of a battalion and sprang forward, with the words, "This flag I take over to the Moors!" The soldiers rushed after him, and repulsed the enemy.

Since I began this letter a Moor has come over. He is a youth of eighteen or twenty, who approached the Spanish outposts uttering cries and making signals to avert their fire. Since a prisoner was released and sent over three days ago, orders have been given to the troops on picket duty not to fire on any Moor who should present himself, making signs of peace. Accordingly the deserter (or whatever he may be called) was received and conducted to General Rios, who, after asking him a few questions, gave him in charge to a brigadier there present to take him to headquarters. Not being acquainted with Arabic, Rios spoke to him in French, which probably was as unintelligible to the Moor as if he had been addressed in Spanish. "*Allez, allez!*" said the General, signing to him to follow the officer. The Moor drew his hand quickly across his throat, and although he manifested not the slightest discomposure or fear, his look and gesture asked, as

plainly as words, if he was going to have his head cut off. "By no means," replied the Spaniard, horrified at the misconstruction; and the young follower of Muley Abbas was sent off to Marshal O'Donnell, the *gran Cristiano*, for whom he said he had brought a letter, but when he put his hand in his breast to seek it it was not forthcoming. Lost on the way, he said. This seemed rather improbable. In reply to inquiries addressed to him, he said that the firing to-day was in honour of a brother of the Emperor (not Muley Abbas), who had come to Tetuan. The letter, he said, was from the chief of the Tetuan merchants. The people of that place, according to his account, are in a state of great trepidation, daily expecting an advance of the Spanish army. It is impossible to say what weight is to be attached to these statements, the last of which, at least, is likely enough to be true. General O'Donnell has been examining him through an interpreter, but what passed is unknown. The Moor has been consigned to safe keeping in Fort Martin, and will shortly be sent back to his friends.

At eight this evening the battalion of light infantry of Vergara, belonging to Rubin's division, marched out in profound silence to the Star Fort, with special instructions, in hopes of catching the Moors who come down to destroy parapets and fill up ditches. About half-an-hour later some shots were heard, followed by a vast deal of Moorish yelling. The surprise has probably failed, as was to be expected, these African savages being much too wary to come down in large numbers without feeling their way by means of scouts. It is now nearly eleven, and all is quiet, and if nothing occurs the battalion will return to camp at midnight.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Jan.* 30.

THE Moors who came down to the Star Fort last night were preceded by a dog, whose barking, as he approached the Spaniards, betrayed the ambuscade. Nevertheless, some of them still advanced, were received by the firing we heard in camp, and incontinently fled. The Spaniards believe they wounded some of them, for they heard cries of pain. Had the Moors come on in force, and remained rather longer, there were four guns in the camp trenches which had been laid during the day, and loaded with shell *à leur intention.* But they at once retreated, firing a very few shots, and uttering diabolical yells. This morning some picks and spades were found, which they had left behind them in their haste, and had not ventured back to remove. The battalion returned to its tents before midnight.

All the news and reports current to-day tend to inspire a belief that active operations against Tetuan, so long by various circumstances delayed, will now very shortly begin—perhaps within three or four days. According to present appearances, the Moors are determined to resist, although, unless they be downright mad or exorbitantly stupid, they must feel that they have no chance of doing so successfully. It is not to be supposed that they are ignorant of the means of destruction that are to be employed against them. There can be little doubt that they have had spies here, and, moreover, the Moorish prisoner who returned to them a few days ago, and whose arrival in Tetuan is confirmed by the youth who came over yesterday, was able to supply them with information as regards the Spanish forces and resources. If he has not, the youth referred to will, for he has just been conducted to the advanced posts, and sent back to his people, after being led through the camp, and past the formidable siege train, of which the greater part is now landed, many of the guns and mortars being already placed on their carriages. There are eighteen large mortars (12 and 14-

inch), ten of which, according to the calculations of the artillery officers, will suffice to send 1000 bombs within twenty-four hours into the Alcazaba, or citadel of Tetuan. The strength of that fort is exactly known by plans at present in camp, and it is believed that the above number of projectiles will amply suffice to lay it in the dust. It is doubtful whether the tramway will be waited for; the ground is so hard, after the dry weather we have had, and the plain before us so level, that it cannot be necessary. Including the rifled 12-pounders in the field-batteries, which serve perfectly well as siege guns, I understand that nearly 100 pieces may be arrayed against Tetuan. Great abundance of ammunition has arrived here, shot and shell, rockets and incendiary missiles for firing the town, as well as sandbags for the batteries, and other siege materials; and some fresh battalions (six or eight, it is said) are expected daily. On the other hand, the Moors are believed to have received reinforcements. They have a new camp pitched, between the two others, which is said to contain 500 or 600 horsemen. The Moor who has just left says that the camp on the verge of the plain just below Tetuan, which was of about forty tents, but has lately increased, is occupied by Riffians, the best fighting men they have. From Anghera, the old fighting ground outside the lines of Ceuta, a small contingent is said to have come, not exceeding a few score men. We are told also of some of the Black Horse being in or around Tetuan; but so much has been heard, and so little seen, of any cavalry answering to the description given of those much-vaunted Imperial troops, that people begin to doubt their existence, or, at least, to suspect that they are little or no better than the rest of the Moorish mounted men. The enormous disproportion existing between the resources of the Spaniards and those of the Moors makes one wish, for humanity's sake, that the latter would see the extreme folly of attempting a resistance which must terminate, according to every calculation and probability, in the ruin of a flourishing city, and in great loss of life. Hitherto they have given no

indication of a disposition to yield a place which would be indefensible against smaller forces than the very considerable ones now preparing to act against it. One thing is pretty certain, which is, that if they displayed a disposition to give up Tetuan, the terms they would obtain from O'Donnell would be generous and faithfully observed; whereas, if they compel him to open fire, they must expect no mercy. It would not surprise me if, in that case, he were to make a signal example by laying the whole place in ashes. You may depend he will not do the thing by halves; and those who know his character, and are acquainted with certain episodes of the civil war in Spain, will support that opinion. It is thought rather strange that the Moors have not sent a flag of truce (the mere sending of which would bind them to nothing) to know what terms would be granted them should they decide on surrender. As yet, however, they have made no sign, and it seems probable they will persist in their infatuated determination to hold out. Considering their very limited skill as artillerymen, it will surprise me if they stand long to their guns when once the Spanish siege-train opens upon them. From such information as reaches us (which is not always of the most trustworthy sort), we are led to believe that the people of Tetuan greatly desire a surrender. We hear that persons have there been put in prison on suspicion of holding communication with the enemy.

Besides the reinforcement expected, 12,000 men are assembled at Cadiz, Malaga, and Algesiras, ready for embarkation at short notice. There is a report that the Havannah squadron may be expected shortly to reach Spain. It has been sent for, it is said, with a view to the bombardment of Tangier, Mogador, and other ports, in case the war should continue, which some persons think it likely to do, for some time longer, although the opinion, and also the wish, of the great majority seems to be, that it will be terminated after the taking of Tetuan. The more reflecting among those Spaniards with whom I meet and converse, frankly admit that the war, however

successful it may prove, offers slender chance of compensation for the money and blood expended. Spain, with an insufficient population to till her own fertile fields, has no need of land in Africa. She has already won what she desired and demanded—the tract around Ceuta up to the slopes of the Sierra Bullones. She has gratified her *amour propre* by showing to Europe that, in case of need, she can turn out a brave and well-equipped army, supply it abundantly with rations and ammunition, and support the heavy cost out of her own resources, and by the sole aid of the patriotism of her people. She has shown that she is not, as she has sometimes been considered, utterly effete; and she is gratified by the idea that she has raised herself in the opinion of the nations of Europe by the efforts she has made and the successes that have attended her arms. The capture of Tetuan will be a material proof of those successes—as yet rather barren of results in proportion to the sacrifices made to achieve them; and when that event has come to pass, as it hardly can fail to do, the Spanish Government and nation will not, I think, be sorry if intercession and concessions open the path to an honourable peace.

It was strongly reported yesterday that Señor Blanco del Valle, late Spanish Consul at Tangiers, was hourly expected here, but as yet nothing has confirmed the rumour. When his coming was talked of, the first idea to which it gave rise with some was that negotiations for peace were on foot. This morning Sir William Codrington and a party of officers from Gibraltar arrived off headquarters camp in a steamer, and sent a message on shore expressing a wish to land. A courteous reply was of course returned, and the Governor of Gibraltar and his suite came on shore, called on General O'Donnell, and afterwards rode round the lines on horses belonging to the Spanish Staff, visited the forts, &c. The whole is to be seen in a very short time, and the party will have got back to Gibraltar to dinner. They were in plain clothes. The visit has, as might be supposed, given rise to curious conjectures, but to none, that I have heard, of an

ill-natured character. The suspicious and bad feeling towards England that prevailed in this camp a few weeks ago, and which was unmistakably manifested in the Spanish papers, appears to me to have somewhat diminished.

The Star Fort will probably be armed in a day or two. A battalion has gone out again to-night to lie in wait for any Moors that may venture down, but it is not to be expected that it will find anything to do. The enemy seems to have been panic-struck last night, and, besides the tools already mentioned, guns, swords, and shoes have been found which he left behind in his precipitate retreat.

Numerous sick have been transported from Ceuta to Spain, and few besides cholera patients are now left in that town.

General Zabala, who had flattered himself that he was sufficiently recovered to return to his duty, found himself so much mistaken that he had to be carried on board ship to-day, and is now on his way to Spain. Prim will return to the second corps. Concerning the command of the reserve nothing positive is yet known.

Jan. 31, 7 A.M.

The night passed quietly, the Moors neither venturing to the fort nor firing into the camp. A high wind, which has been blowing for more than twenty-four hours, still continues, and we are blinded by the clouds of sand it raises.

CAMP OF GUAD EL JELU, *Feb.* 1.

THERE was an action yesterday, but, unless the force of artillery displayed, and the loss it occasioned the Moors, should induce them to surrender Tetuan, it has not placed the Spaniards one inch nearer to the possession of that place. Strictly speaking, they may be said to be further from the attainment of that end than they were, since they have lost out of their little army 200 or 300 men, more or less acclimatised and inured to this

kind of warfare, and who can be but imperfectly replaced by an equal number of recruits from Spain. The combat of yesterday was useless and unprofitable, like many others that this army has had since its arrival in Africa. The position of the Spaniards is this: they occupy an intrenched camp and forts before Tetuan, in which they are waiting until they have completed their preparations for attacking that place. Until then they have nothing to gain by engaging in combats in the plain around them, and across which it is in their power to advance whenever they please. They are constructing a new fort, which is slow in completion by reason of the nature of the ground, and of the form selected, which requires a great deal of labour. This fort the Moors come down and attack, or, at least, make a demonstration of attacking. It might be thought sufficient to defend it, driving away the enemy when he approaches, and to this the Spanish military chiefs have, it is said, more than once expressed their intention of limiting themselves. Unfortunately, when the moment comes, good resolutions are apt to evaporate. The smell of powder has an intoxicating effect on most heads. A little *amour propre* may, perhaps, have its influence, for it must not be thought in Europe that the Moors are masters of the plain, and that we dare not sally forth and drive them back in confusion even greater than that of their disorderly approach. So that, in fact, during this time of waiting and preparation, while guns and tools and stores are being disembarked, the Moors have it at their option to fight or not. If they choose to remain in their tents, nobody will molest them; when they feel pugnacious and have got a fresh supply of powder and some new leader arrives among them, they have nothing to do but to come down into the plain and fire and yell, and they are quite sure that troops will be sent out to meet them, and that, although their own loss may be great, they will have the satisfaction of killing some of the "Christian dogs." Spaniards are apt to take illustrations from the bull-ring, and I have heard this army and the Moors compared to the bull and the bull-

fighter. The Spanish bull stands calm and firm in his African arena, confident of his powder to repel and somewhat scornful of his foe, worsted in many encounters. Forth rides the Moorish *toreador*, brandishing a red flag, which he shakes in defiance and provocation, and followed by a swarm of long-legged, long-gun-bearing Moriscos, who look, upon the brown hill-side and in their dirty white haicks, like lively gentles. "Come on, come on!" he may be imagined to say as he makes his charger curvet and waves his banner on high, while his followers crouch behind bushes and seek supports for their *espingardas*, and fire and vituperate. At the sound of their hideous yells and of a whistling bullet or two the eager Spaniard pricks up his ears, paws the ground, and soon forgets prudent resolves. Like the unreflecting bull, he is not long in losing his temper and accepting his enemy's challenge. Forward the skirmishers! Bring up the mountain battery! Up with Vergara's sharpshooters! Where are the rifled four-pounders? And forward they all hurry — the active red-legged light infantry, with Minié on shoulder, and the tall powerful mules, which the weight of guns and carriages perched upon their high pack-saddles cannot restrain from furious neighing and inconvenient rearing, and other antics highly annoying to their conductors, and scarcely to be checked by sharp jerks at the severe iron apparatus affixed to their nose and mouth. Battalions move up in support, the field artillery rumbles in the rear, and lines of cavalry glitter on the flank, waiting an opportunity to charge. And soon the Minié whistles, and the sharp report of the rifled guns is heard, and the Moriscos, who are not anxious to come to close quarters, knock over a few men by parting shots, and scamper off to another position, and again career to and fro, and wave their dirty little flags and howl abuse of the Spaniards, who again, as before, are seduced to follow them up. And thus some miles of ground are gone over, and the enemy doubtless suffers severely, which does not, however, prevent him, when he sees the Spaniards retire, from following them

and killing and wounding a few more. The telegraph announces a fresh victory to Madrid, where there is probably much rejoicing on the occasion; but the next morning the "butcher's bill" is added up, and the loss is ascertained, while anything like a gain, either substantial or moral, is sought for in vain. It may be questioned whether such expenditure of soldiers' lives be justifiable, but under present circumstances it certainly seems unwise.

The above is much the sort of thing that went on yesterday, beginning soon after ten and lasting till nightfall. The Spaniards brought up the whole of their artillery and pounded the Moors considerably. The affair began to our right front, just beyond the new fort, still incomplete, which was supposed to be the object of the Moorish advance. Soon it spread over a much more extensive line; and while, on the Spanish left, a few battalions kept the enemy at bay, the right and centre cleared the plain and advanced nearly five miles from their position, through a country inconveniently sprinkled with ponds and long narrow lagoons. As regards military movements, there is not much to describe in these actions. When I read the Spanish official accounts of those I myself have witnessed, I am often puzzled to trace all the strategical ideas therein attributed to the Moors. Now and then, they have seemed to have some glimmerings of that kind, but usually their plan, if such it may be called, is much that of a dog attacking a bull, and who careers round him seeking opportunity to rush in and bite with impunity, but retreats in haste when he meets the horns. This was the case yesterday. The Moors were no sooner repulsed on one part of the line than they scampered off to another, in hopes of finding a weak point, but everywhere they were disappointed; and, in the afternoon, a general advance put them utterly to the route, and the greater part of them disappeared, abandoning the spurs of the Sierra Bermeja to the Spaniards, and seeking refuge in the recesses, and even on the summits, of the mountains. Their camp, on the hill referred to in former letters, was in evident danger, and

its occupants began to strike tents, in anticipation of an attack. It might easily have been taken, and many thought that such was the intention, but the attempt was not made.

I perceive that the Spanish bulletin of the little combat of the 23d of January speaks highly of the practice made by the artillery. This, I suppose, was out of consideration for the feelings of the gunners. I persist in saying that it was very indifferent, and some of it very bad, and that some of the shells from the gunboats burst much nearer to the Spaniards than to the Moors, and even in dangerous proximity to the former. This was very well known and freely commented on by many here. Yesterday the case was different. There was some extremely good practice, and, although I do not know by what process of calculation the Spanish headquarters arrive at their estimate of 2000 as the loss of the Moors, it would not be surprising if they had lost quite that, and the prisoners taken say that their army suffered greatly, especially the cavalry. The whole of the field artillery, and some, if not all, of the mountain batteries, were out and engaged, so that there must have been at least fifty or sixty guns in the field. Frequently four batteries were firing at a time, from different points of the line; and as the Moors, although they do not form in line or columns, were very thick yesterday, they must have suffered much from the shells and round shot, especially from the former, many of which fell and burst in the very midst of their groups. The rocket troop also came out, for the first time in this campaign, and greatly astonished the dusky warriors of Muley Abbas. As the first missile issued from the tube, and, rushing through the air like a red-hot arrow, with a train of smoke behind it, ricochetted twice or thrice, and then, plunging into a field full of Moors, exploded in the midst of them, they fled in every direction in the utmost consternation. The rocket practice was remarkably good, and must have been very damaging to the enemy. One of the mountain batteries—that of Lopez Dominguez, which has

been constantly engaged from a very early period of the campaign, and has done excellent service—went out among the skirmishers on the left, at a time when the Moorish fire was very heavy at that point, and fired grape with good effect, but suffered severely, losing one-third of its men. To all this storm of artillery the Moors could only oppose two or three small guns, which it is presumable they inherited from their remote forefathers, and which the Spaniards would not have known to have been fired but for the smoke and report, and for a ball which was picked up in the plain and showed the pieces to be three-pounders. They were stationed in the Moorish camp below the Sierra Bermeja, and the Moors were very industrious in changing their position, in hopes of improving the effect of their practice. One of the prisoners taken said that his countrymen were greatly puzzled to understand why their guns did not carry as far as those of the Spaniards, for that they put in a great deal of powder. I presume the Spaniards will no longer believe, as some were disposed to do a few weeks ago, that their antagonists have had the advantage of instruction from British artillerymen.

The number of horse shown yesterday by the Moors was considerable. One prisoner said there were 2000; another 3000; and it would not be surprising if the larger of these numbers were correct. The opinion in this camp seems to be that they showed a greater force of both infantry and cavalry than they had previously done in the war, and I certainly had not yet seen them bring forward so many horsemen, some of whom appeared well mounted. The Spanish cavalry was not idle, but neither was it fortunate. A considerable body—six or seven squadrons—was with the third corps, which occupied the centre of the line, and with which General O'Donnell passed the greater part of the day. When to the right, and in advance of the Headquarters Staff, this cavalry was led to the charge against a very numerous force of Moorish horse and foot, and it certainly was not handled with much judgment. The movements were so rapid,

and took place in such a cloud of dust and on such uneven ground, that it was impossible for a spectator's eye to follow all the details; but the main outline of the affair was perceptible enough, and it was to the effect that the Spaniards went on bravely and in good order, went too far, got under the heaviest and best sustained fire I have as yet heard proceed from the Moors, and came out in no small confusion, leaving dead, wounded, and a few prisoners behind them. I have since heard many details and episodes of the affair, which was certainly the least satisfactory part of the day's work for the Spaniards. According to the official return there are two officers and sixteen men dead, eleven officers and thirty-four men wounded. Among the dead and wounded are three field-officers. I do not hear of any being returned as "missing," but I am assured that a subaltern and three or four men were made prisoners and taken away by the Moors, who yesterday were more merciful than usual, and did not invariably cut off all the heads that came within their reach. The Moorish cavalry did not shrink from crossing sabres with the Spanish dragoons; indeed the Moors in general show much individual pluck; what they are deficient in is organisation, generalship, and artillery. Their muskets are certainly not of the most modern and convenient construction, but that they who use them are good shots is evident from the large number of Spanish officers they knock over—a disproportion with the casualties among the soldiers not to be entirely accounted for by the forwardness of the officers, or by the fact that they are often on horseback or erect while their men are stooping behind banks and partly sheltered from fire. It is also observed that a large proportion of the wounds received in this army are above the waist, and a great many of them in the head and neck. To revert, however, to the cavalry charge of yesterday. The headlong advance of the leading squadrons led them towards a tract of brushwood at the foot of the hills, along which it was easy to discern, even from a distance, that the Moors had a parapet. As the horse-

men galloped within short range of this, a steady file fire was opened upon them, which lasted in a prolonged and continuous roll fully two minutes, and doubtless seemed longer to those who were under it. The cavalry went files about and made for the rear, and soon the Moorish horsemen were mingled with them. There was a good deal of cutting and slashing, and not all the wounds were where a soldier takes most pride in showing them. I saw one dragoon, a tall powerful fellow, lying on the ground with two tremendous sabre cuts across the back. He was dead, and had been stripped by some of the rascally camp followers, of whom a great number hang about the skirts of the army when it moves, on the look-out for plunder, and against whom a severe general order has to-day been issued, promising them 200 blows of a stick for future transgressions. The Moors seem more accustomed to cut than to thrust, and thus it is that many of the wounds they inflict are slight. An officer of the Principe Regiment, Major Moraski, a Pole, found himself engaged with four or five of the enemy—an encounter which he somewhat rashly sought. He received, as his comrades inform me, upwards of twenty wounds about the head and shoulders, but his life is not in danger, and he left this morning in an hospital ship for Malaga. Another officer of the same regiment was saved by the courage and devotedness of two of his soldiers. He was lying on the ground, severely wounded, both by shot and sabre, in three or four places, when the two dragoons approached him and urged him to accompany them. He said it was impossible for him to stir, and warned them to be off, for that five Moors were in ambush only a few paces off. They immediately rushed to the place, killed two of the Moors, put the others to flight, and brought off their officer. I met them bringing him in across their saddles, as I was riding forward towards the scene of the charge. The poor fellow could not repress cries of agony, but fortunately a neighbouring square of infantry supplied a litter. To sum up these scattered details, the fault of the Spanish cavalry yesterday does not appear to have

been want of courage, but want of proper leading and direction. They charged stoutly enough, but there seems to have been no one there to bid them halt at the proper time, and thus they got into a heavy fire, which they had no means of returning, were disordered and driven back, and then were assailed by a swarm of mounted Moors, intrepid combatants and skilful horsemen. The cavalry, in short, were unlucky. On the extreme left General Rubin, who commanded there, sent a squadron to charge a large number of Moors who were scattered over the low marshy plain that stretches from the camp up to the foot of the rising ground on which Tetuan stands. The squadron got into a treacherous morass, which let in the horses up to their girths, and sixteen or eighteen were killed there. One man had a most miraculous escape. With a cut in the wrist that nearly severed hand from arm, and a severe wound in the throat, he was stripped naked by the Moors, who thought him dead, and left him half immersed in the water. He lay there for about three hours insensible, then recovering himself, got up, and approached the Spanish skirmishers, between whom and the Moors he had lain, they firing at each other over him. It was dusk, and the Spaniards did not know what to make of this strange figure, and some, taking him for an enemy, fired at him. He made signs and moved towards them as fast as he could, and finally he was saved and brought into camp, and will very probably recover.

General Prim commanded on the right yesterday, and had little to do in the way of fighting, which must rather have annoyed him. He found himself, however, towards the middle of the day, menaced by a large force of Moorish cavalry, which, after being driven back from the Spanish centre, chiefly by the very heavy artillery fire, galloped off to the right, in pursuance of their usual system, to seek a weak place there. Prim had no cavalry with him, or at most a mere handful, but he had reliance on his infantry, and his infantry have unbounded confidence in him. He addressed them in his usual laconic

style. "Men," he said (it was thus that his words were repeated to me), "there is cavalry in our front, and we have none to send against them, but we will charge them with the bayonet. Form squares, and let the music play." So, accordingly, in solid masses, their colours in the middle, and the bands playing their most inspiriting tunes, the infantry advanced against the Moors, who did not wait for them.

The Commander-in-Chief of this army, who was thought to have been rather more prudent of late, as regarded himself personally, than he showed himself in the action of Castillejos, yesterday relapsed into his old habits, and put himself in all sorts of exposed places, where he had no business to be. His Staff and escort make up the numbers of a pretty strong squadron of cavalry, and of course offer an excellent mark to the Moors, and as he is always in front and the tallest figure among them, there is no small risk of his being either killed or wounded. It seems of little use to make representations to him; the whistle of the bullets has an attraction he cannot resist. Yesterday he was repeatedly close up to the skirmishers, and once actually in front of them. The Brigadier-General who commands the artillery of the army, a grey-haired old officer, was shot in the head within a few paces of him, and carried away with the blood streaming over his face. At first the surgeons seemed to think the wound slight, but I hear to-day that it is serious. Other officers received contusions and shots through their clothes in his immediate neighbourhood, but I believe the above was the only bad case. Upon the whole, the number of officers killed and wounded yesterday, throughout the army, must have been large, judging from those whose names have reached me. Captain Coello, brother of the Spanish Minister at Turin, was severely wounded. Two officers of General Rubin's Staff were wounded, but both slightly. The divisions of Rubin and Rios were those that suffered most. They were ordered to advance to a certain distance, and there remain, and the Moors, according to their custom, when

they saw that they did not mean to advance farther, kept up a heavy fire upon them, which lasted from the commencement of the action until it was quite dark.

The number of prisoners made yesterday was not large. I have heard but of three, although I believe that others were made, but were killed by the soldiers before they were brought in. When prisoners are made they are generally handed over to the civil guard (gendarmes) to conduct to the rear, but these are not always able to protect them from the soldiers, who are excited by the conflict, and exasperated by the little mercy the Moors have hitherto shown to those of their comrades who have fallen into their hands. If it be true, as there is good reason to believe, that the Moors yesterday gave quarter and took prisoners, it is to be hoped that means will be found of rendering the Spaniards more merciful. We heard the other day from Gibraltar that the Moorish Emperor had raised the price of a live Spaniard from four dollars to forty. If this be true, it ought to render the Moors careful of those who fall into their power, for, judging from the extremely small amount of currency that has as yet been found upon any Moor, forty dollars must seem a fortune to them. Of the prisoners taken yesterday I saw two. One of them was brought in, after the cavalry charge, by the Marquis of San José, an English officer in the Spanish service, who is attached to O'Donnell's Staff, and who had no small difficulty in saving him from the bayonets of various bloody-minded soldiers desirous of finishing him off. The poor fellow was already wounded, although not severely, by a lance-thrust in the face and another in the body. He was a tall, well-built young man, as fair as many Europeans, his head shaved, all but a twisted scalp-lock of black glossy hair, his features aquiline, his countenance intelligent. His bearing was calm, and not without a certain dignity, but, as he saw persons pressing around him, his glances shifted uneasily, and it was easy to see that he thought himself in great danger, if not doomed. Once or twice he looked up at his captor, to whose horse's mane he clung, and made the interro-

gative sign respecting approaching decapitation by passing his hand across his throat. With some difficulty he was prevailed upon to entrust himself to a gendarme, who brought him in safety to Fort Martin. When questioned, he said that he was the son of the man who that day commanded the Moorish cavalry. His haick was of finer texture and cleaner than is common among the Moors we have seen, and he was evidently superior in station and intelligence to the filthy half negro-looking savages who lay dead about the ground. Another of the prisoners was a *santon*—one of their saints or holy men, who both stimulate the others and fight themselves. He was a dark, bearded, Jewish-looking man, of about fifty years of age, dressed in a white gown reaching to his heels, with a hood over his head, and coming well forward over his face. His feet were bare; possibly he had lost, in the fray or in striving to escape, the inconvenient slippers these people seem commonly to wear. I happened to be within earshot when a few questions were put to him through an interpreter. He said that two brothers of the Emperor were present in the action, Muley Abbas and Sidi Achmet; that there were upwards of 2000 cavalry (the other prisoners said 3000), and that the Moors had lost heavily, especially the horse. At this time the action was not much more than half over. The *santon* was sent off to the fort, seemingly rather anxious about his sacred person, and making the usual inquiry about the security of his head. In reply to questions that have since been put to them, the prisoners say that Muley Abbas perceives the impossibility of contending against the Spaniards, and has made corresponding representations to the Emperor his brother, but that the Emperor says he has plenty of men and money, and therefore does not see why he should not be ultimately victorious. "It is true," said one of the prisoners, "that we have plenty of people; we are numerous as the frogs in a marsh, but we lack direction; good leaders are what we want." He would perhaps have been more correct had he said that they wanted organisation, discipline, and

artillery; for, if we may judge from what we see in almost every fight, there are not wanting men among the Moors gallantly to head and lead them on even in the greatest danger.

The Spanish loss in yesterday's action is roughly estimated (the returns not having all been got in) at 200. It will perhaps be found nearer to 300. A red flag was taken from the Moors, and a very dirty, shabby-looking article it is. Several horses were also taken, some of which had their saddles covered with red housings. Although more men have been lost by the Spaniards in other actions of this war, that of the 31st of January was perhaps the most like a battle of any that they have as yet had. The month has ended, as it began, with a successful engagement.

A Prussian officer arrived in camp the day before yesterday, just in time for the fight of the 31st. He is sent by his Government, and four others are expected.

To-night the Star Fort, although not yet finished, is garrisoned by infantry, and I hear that to-morrow guns will be put in. Orders have been given to draw rations in advance, and a move upon Tetuan is confidently expected for the 3d inst.

BEFORE TETUAN, *Feb.* 5.

I WROTE to you last night a brief account of yesterday's action,* in which the Spaniards gained a most complete victory, whose proofs are in their hands, and whose results may be very important. The attack was well planned and gallantly executed. Across a broad plain, marshy in many places, and intersected by ditches and long ponds, the Spaniards had to make their way to the attack of an extensive and formidable line of massive breastwork, with a ditch at its foot, and in front of that a morass. The plain had been reconnoitred up to a dis-

* This letter, written on the field, unfortunately miscarried.

tance which had brought the General and his Staff within range of the Moorish guns, but the worst ground was close under the enemy's fire, and its exact nature could not be known beforehand. These and all other difficulties were, however, stoutly surmounted. The Moorish artillery did little damage to the advancing battalions until they came within very short range and grape was poured in upon them. Considerable loss was occasioned to Prim's corps by a heavy fire of espingardas, which met its right wing as it approached the brushwood and copse that covered the left of the position. Prim was, as usual, foremost in the fight. He had with him 400 or 500 Catalan volunteers, who joined the army the day before the battle. They are dressed in the provincial costume, with jacket and trousers of blue velveteen, red sash, and a long red cap of the form of the cap of liberty. They are of various ages, many of them mere boys, but all are determined, active fellows. Prim, himself a Catalan, harangued them on the day of their arrival in the dialect of their province, and those persons present who comprehended him say that he made a most telling speech. He spoke to them of the old glories of Catalonia, said that they had come there to represent their province and vindicate its reputation for valour—in short, produced such an effect on them that I am assured some of them actually shed tears; a weakness to which, judging from their aspect, one would suppose them but little prone. As they marched forward yesterday with the army the brilliant red of their caps made them conspicuous from afar, and many, on seeing them, predicted that, although mere recruits, they would vie in daring with the oldest soldiers. On the eve of the battle Prim, talking with some friends, is said to have exclaimed, "Happy the man who to-morrow first enters the breach!" That man was (as, perhaps, was to be expected) none other than Don Juan Prim. Sabre in hand he dashed up the parapet, cutting down a Moor who would have barred his passage. The Catalans were not far behind. Their commandant was killed and their loss heavy. It was

towards the centre of the long line of parapet that Prim entered; on the right was a brother of Marshal O'Donnell, who commands a division; on the left was the third corps, part of which advanced towards the centre, but, finding Prim had already done the work there, moved more to the left and found bad ground. One battalion stuck in a morass and suffered severely from the Moorish grape. The Moorish gunners stood to their pieces like brave men. By one of their discharges the battalion in question had forty men killed and wounded. When it got out of its difficulty it moved rapidly on towards the left, where General Turon's division was just then entering. These troops, too, had made a momentary pause to get rid of their knapsacks, which they found an incumbrance on such active and dangerous service, and, thus lightened, they charged gallantly into the camp, bayoneting many Moors. One of Prim's divisions in the meanwhile was pushing through the camp and completing the rout of the enemy, while the other ascended the hills to the right, where it found slight resistance, and took possession of three other camps, making, with the two captured below, five in all. In my letter of last night I underrated the number of tents taken, which is upwards of 850, all large, and implying the presence of a very considerable force. They are mostly excellent tents, and some few are of a very superior class. Among them is the tent of Muley Abbas, which O'Donnell intends sending to the Queen of Spain. It is lined throughout with fine cloth, and is an excellent specimen of the comfortable, as far as that is obtainable in a tent. It is said to have contained handsome haicks and other articles of clothing, camp equipage, &c., but the soldiers lost very little time, and before sentries could be posted to protect the tents a great deal had been removed, and it is currently reported that a corporal was seen treating his comrades to coffee out of Muley Abbas's coffee-cups. There is no doubt that the Emperor's brother left his coffee-service behind him, for three silver trays belonging to it are now in the possession of the General-in-

Chief. Besides the tents collected and now in store, a few are said to have been appropriated by persons possessed with that rage for relics and memorials of the campaign which induced some in the Crimea to encumber themselves with Russian muskets, swords, bayonets, cannon-balls, and even with small shells, without always very carefully ascertaining whether the latter were charged or not. As to a Moorish tent, I should think no man commonly prudent who did not make it pass through fire and water, soap and fumigation, before allowing it to lie among his baggage. Some of them will, I hear, be applied to the use of the troops expected from Spain, and who have been delayed for want of tents. It is proposed to give others, as an acknowledgment or memorial, to towns and provinces of Spain whence contributions have been sent to the expenses of the war, for the relief of wounded, as pensions for the relatives of soldiers killed, and for sundry other patriotic objects. Besides all these acres of dirty canvass—a heavy loss to the Moors in this cold weather, and one which they certainly did not expect as the result of yesterday's fight—the Spaniards took eight pieces of artillery, a lot of espingardas, numerous saddles, a quantity of ammunition (round shot of various sizes and a good deal of canister), and a few prisoners, not more, I believe, than twenty or twenty-five, most of them wounded, and some since dead. Many more prisoners might have been taken, for although some of the Moors behave like lunatics and positively throw themselves on their enemy's bayonets, as I saw them do yesterday, actually rushing to death as to a boon or joy, it is a fallacy to suppose that many of them do not cling to life and implore quarter. But the Spanish soldiers are not merciful, and really yesterday, considering the hard day's work and the furious fire they were under just before entering the camp (which was in fact a fortress), one cannot wonder that they were rather prompt in the use of their weapons. Judging from the number of dead bodies I myself saw, and of men mortally wounded and struggling in death's agonies, and of severed limbs

and other ghastly evidences, the loss of the Moors must have been considerable. In front of and in the camp, and in the lanes leading from it to Tetuan, a great many corpses were yesterday evening to be seen, and even this morning one came across many, but measures were taken to have them buried. The guns captured are of various calibre. They comprise an 8-pounder, bearing the date of Barcelona, August 28, 1790, and said to have been a present to the Moorish Emperor from Ferdinand VII., who doubtless little anticipated that it would one day be used against his daughter's troops. There is a 4-pounder of the date of 1808, bearing the English crown and motto, a 12-pounder of English make, and two others of equivocal origin, but probably cast by the Moors themselves. These guns will be sent, it is said, to the military museum at Cadiz. An order has been given for all the *espingardas* and other arms that have been taken to be given up to the military authorities. They will be transmitted to Spain.

As regards the loss on the side of the Spaniards, I have not yet been able exactly to ascertain it. It is certainly not less than 600 men, and may prove to be greater. There are very nearly 500 wounded reported; the number of dead I do not yet know. But omelets are not to be made without breaking eggs, and if the assault and capture of the Moorish camp on the 4th of February 1860, had cost the Spaniards 1000 men, the advantages gained would certainly not have been dearly bought. In all previous actions during this campaign, although the advantage has remained with the Spaniards, they have had very little to show for their victory. They gained positions—a few miles of barren mountain—they attributed heavy losses to the Moors,—but that was nearly all; and nothing seemed to indicate that they had seriously discouraged their enemy or so punished him that he might be disposed to reflect whether concessions would not be better than an obstinate continuation of the contest. I do not know whether even now they have done enough to make him weigh this alternative, but it is certain that

the loss of his camp is a severe blow and discouragement to him. We learn that Muley Abbas has now taken up a position half a league in rear of Tetuan. Before establishing himself, he committed, according to the statement of some Tetuanese we have seen this morning, an act which may be in strict conformity with Moorish custom, but which to us appears severe, cruel, and especially unjust. He ordered the chiefs of all the tribes engaged yesterday to be decapitated, and many of them, if not all, were accordingly yesterday evening shortened by the head—*pour encourager les autres*, we supposé. Now it is true that the Moors did not all fight alike yesterday, and that upon the whole, as an army, they were weak; but it is also undeniable that a great many of them (not only individually, but in bodies) did conduct themselves most gallantly, the artillerymen, especially, sticking to their guns to the very last, although fully forty guns were opposed to their eight, pelting them with shell, to say nothing of those diabolical rockets whizzing and serpentining about their ears, and four explosions of powder carts or barrels in their battery. The cavalry did not show much, except on the extreme right, opposite Star Fort, which they came down towards and looked at, but did not like crossing the laguna which runs for a considerable distance along the plains in front of it, and evidently wanted the stimulus of a little fire from the Spaniards—just as an irresolute or sluggish bull sometimes will not fight till the *banderillos de fuego* have been stuck into him; and finally, when they saw that they were calmly waited for and not gone out against, and that the real danger was more to the left, they took themselves off thither and showed here and there, but did little or nothing. The wholesale measure of beheading the chiefs of the tribes was uncalled, for, and I should think, impolitic, since it may indispose the others to hasten to the front when wanted; but Muley Abbas was naturally in very bad humour at the result of the day's fighting, and wanted to revenge himself on somebody.

The belief I last night expressed that no officers of

high rank had fallen on the side of the Spaniards was partly correct. The colonel of the little Catalan battalion was killed; the other officers killed were all of inferior rank. Of O'Donnell's Staff nobody was hit, which is rather unusual in anything like a serious action. Several round shot fell among them.

The Spanish cavalry yesterday had nothing to do. The artillery made good practice, but their fire was not so well sustained as I should have thought it might have been, considering the number of guns engaged. Telling, however, are better than frequent shots. The artillery suffered very little. The suffering and the glory were chiefly for the infantry, which behaved well and deserves much credit. I speak positively only of those I myself could see; but if, as I have no reason to doubt, I am justified in judging of the whole by that part, there was neither faltering nor undue precipitation. The battalions bore a heavy fire coolly and unshrinkingly, and displayed sufficient dash when the moment came to charge. These two or three months of hardship, with combats and skirmishes twice or thrice a-week, have made veterans of recruits, and have shown the possibility that the Spanish infantry—so famous in former centuries, but which did little to support its reputation during the first half of this one—may yet recover its high standing in the scale of European armies.

Independently of the loss of their tents and guns, of a good many arms, a few horses, an infinity of picket ropes, matting for the floors of tents, saddlery, haicks, and clothes of all descriptions—for the most part anything but clean—the Moors have other reasons to lament the camp yesterday so rudely snatched from them. It was pitched on a charming spot of undulating ground, with hedges of cactus and aloes, and just enough trees to give shade and embellish the place, without impeding circulation, or rendering it inconvenient for the sojourn of a large body of troops. The strip of country between it and Tetuan is still prettier. In consequence of a visit of which I shall presently speak, I rode down this forenoon

about half-way from the camp to the town. Our path lay through narrow lanes, which in wet weather would hardly be passable for horses, and which alternately sank deep into miniature valleys and rose over knolls covered with a luxuriant vegetation. Numerous hedges—new to Spaniards, who are unaccustomed to that sort of partition in their own country—surrounded orchards, chiefly of fig-trees, whose whitish branches are now bare of leaves, and beneath which the rich grass was yellow, or rather orange-coloured, with marigolds, while the hedgerows were blue with the flower Rousseau loved, the starlike *pervenche* of delicate blue. Out of the tall irregular hedges, of very different aspect from our well-trimmed English quickset, shot, to a far greater height, feathery reeds and canes. In places one might almost have fancied himself in parts of southern France, or of other countries of Central Europe, until a closer examination of the trees and shrubs around proved a more southern latitude, and any illusion of the kind was quite dispelled by the frequent encounter of huge clumps of cactus and of gigantic aloes. Orange-trees, too, were abundant, but fruitless. The season for getting in the crop is just over, and even if it had hardly arrived it would be too much to expect that the Moors should leave to their spoilers fruit for the gathering. Passing through these pleasant lanes at the time I visited them were half-a-dozen highly respectable Tetuanese, who came up to camp this morning to parley with General O'Donnell on the subject of surrender. The General had already sent a communication into the city, to the effect that, if it opened its gates, protection might be relied upon for persons and property, harems and religion, and that Tetuan should have no cause to repent its yielding. If, upon the other hand, the place held out, it might judge, from what it yesterday beheld, of Spanish power and resources; it might depend that these would be unsparingly applied for its reduction, and that then it must expect no better treatment than the laws and usages of war enjoin in such cases. The deputation consisted of a Jew, consul for several foreign nations,

and who speaks Spanish well, and of four of the principal inhabitants of the town. They came to represent their fellow-citizens. It would seem that Tetuan has no governor appointed by the Emperor, or else that he has been withdrawn. A sixth personage carried a table-cloth tied to a stick, which did duty as a flag of truce. The consul was attired in a blue cloak and red fez, and was mounted on a fine mule, with a handsome carpet over his saddle; the Moors wore haicks and turbans, were clean-looking, and came on foot. The purport of what they said seems to have been that, Muley Abbas having abandoned their defence (in consequence of the very strong reasons the Spaniards yesterday gave him for so doing), they were desirous of coming to terms. The reply coincided with the message already sent in—surrender at discretion on promise of good treatment. The details of the interview between these envoys and the General-in-Chief have not yet transpired, but a surrender is thought extremely probable. We shall know, at latest, early to-morrow morning, what the Tetuanese propose to do; twenty-four hours are all that were granted; the conditions will be strictly observed, and to-morrow either the gates of the town or the Spanish siege-batteries will open. Preparations are actively going on; mortars, bombs, barrels to make batteries, and other materials are arriving, and by noon to-morrow Spanish troops will occupy Tetuan, or the shells will be bursting in its streets and houses. Even if well garrisoned, Tetuan could not possibly sustain a regular siege, and under present circumstances the Moors must be mad if they hold out.

The Moorish envoys said that the strength of the army yesterday opposed to the Spaniards was 26,000 men. Even supposing that they might have reasons, difficult to imagine, for exaggerating its numbers, the number of tents found would probably accommodate that force. Half the numbers, disciplined and well commanded, should have held the position yesterday captured against a larger army than that of O'Donnell. We

have often thought that the Moors grudged their labour, because we saw that they did not destroy the Spanish roads when they might easily have done so. But they must have had other reasons. The fortification of their camp is of a nature to prove that, if they be not addicted to work, there are those among them who know how to make them toil to good purpose. Their long line of solid lofty earthworks is of a nature to show this. The position, too, was extremely well chosen. The swamp in front was sure to arrest, or at least greatly impede, the passage of an attacking force, and so expose it to heavy loss from the fire of the redoubt. The mud and water not only extend along the whole front, but also round on one side, while at the other extremity (the left of the position) the ground rises, and there are wood and bushes in front, which yesterday, as above mentioned, afforded excellent cover to the Moorish sharpshooters. The Moors were confident in the strength of their citadel—for such their late camp truly is; and certainly, had it been garrisoned as well as it was fortified, the Spaniards would never have taken it. A very few thousand European troops, with a moderate supply of artillery, would have sent them back across the plain with heavy loss. As it is, they would have lost more, but for the judgment with which their movements were combined, and the extremely poor practice of the Moorish artillerymen, who are evidently much more brave than skilful. Although they had plenty of masses to play upon, there were but two men hit on the side of the Spaniards until these came quite close. That there was plenty of firing is evident from the ground in front of the redoubt, which is ploughed up in all directions by round shot and shell.

The deputation was conducted back towards Tetuan by a company of riflemen and some Staff officers. They had arrived escorted by a party of Moorish soldiers, but these got surrounded in headquarters camp by officers and idlers, and by some accident those they came to guard departed without them. At a certain distance from the city the envoys expressed a wish to be allowed

to proceed alone; but as there were Spanish soldiers straggling to the front, on various pretexts, but probably with an eye to marauding, and some of whom might not have recognised or respected the sacred character of a flag of truce, it was thought prudent that an officer and two men should go with them a little farther. On my return to camp I found the Moorish escort still there. Possibly they were picked men, but certainly they were all fine-looking fellows, of various ages, from an elderly man, with grey mustaches, but still active and athletic, down to lads as yet beardless. Some of their countenances were remarkably pleasing and of a very good expression. They evidently did not belong to the wild tribes which the Spaniards have as yet had chiefly opposed to them, and were probably natives of Tetuan. Their guns were clean and in good order, and some of them were excellent weapons. Before they left they had got on extremely friendly terms with the Spaniards, and I suppose there will shortly be greetings and recognitions in Tetuan.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 7.

AT last I am enabled to date a letter from this much-desired city, fallen an easy prey to the Spaniards, as a result of the victory of the 4th instant. Early yesterday morning a renegade Cadiz watchmaker, Robles by name, came to O'Donnell's headquarters, and said that the Moorish soldiery, both *Moros de Rey*, or regulars, and the irregulars of the Kabyles or tribes, had been sacking the place for upwards of twenty-four hours; and in the name of the inhabitants he implored the entrance of the Spanish troops. He brought with him some sort of ill-written letter (all the negotiations in the matter of surrender have been of the most irregular kind, and it was difficult for the Spaniards to know exactly with whom they had to

treat), and it appears that his communication satisfied the Commander-in-Chief that the proper thing to do was to enter Tetuan, for General Rios's division was immediately sent forward to occupy the town and citadel, and as soon as they had left the passage free through the narrow lanes leading from the camp to the city, O'Donnell with a numerous Staff and escort followed in the same direction. It was a brilliant cloudless morning, and the lovely country around Tetuan showed to the greatest advantage, dew-bathed and glittering in the sunbeams. The city is built on a brow, extending down both sides of it, and in the part visible as we advanced not the slightest movement was perceptible. The fields, woods, and the valley on our left were equally still and solitary; on the top of the rugged craggy hills to the right a Moor or two were discernible, and somewhat below glistened the bayonets of Rios's men, advancing upon the citadel. In may be remarked, in a parenthesis, that General Rios and his division are fortunate men. They arrived when the principal hardships of the campaign were over, on the 15th of January, and landed at Port Martin, avoiding the long imprisonment in the lines of Ceuta, and the weary march thence; they took no part in the action of the 4th, being then stationed at Star Fort to keep the enemy in check on the right; they have now enjoyed the honour of being the first to enter the first Moorish city captured, and of planting the Spanish colours on its turrets. Before General O'Donnell reached the rough pavement which covers the last quarter of a mile of the road to Tetuan, and while pausing a moment in a field to allow the passage of troops, Spanish soldiers were seen on the roof of Al Casbah, and the next moment the gorgeous red and yellow standard flaunted its folds from the battlements. It was exactly ten in the forenoon. The sight seemed to animate the General, who put his horse into a trot, and Staff and escort rattled over the rugged stones, and were soon close to one of the city gates, over which two cannon gaped out of their embrasures. To the right was a cemetery, on steep, craggy ground, leading up to the citadel. While troops were

entering, and pending the reception of the report from Rios that the place was occupied, O'Donnell dismounted and walked, or rather climbed, over the rocks and among the tombstones till he reached the fort, two of the guns of which had just been fired by the Spaniards at some Moors seen retreating across the plain. It was a stiff pull up to the top, but the view thence obtained repaid the toil. A more beautiful valley I have seldom set eyes upon than that which opens in the rear of Tetuan. It is of an oval form, and, after it has nearly closed at the further end, it again opens out into a second and smaller oval. Around it are fertile hills, partially wooded, with a background of mountains. Near to the first rise of the ground on the right runs the road, or rather track, to Tangier, along which, in the distance, a large number of Moors were seen hastening away, laden, doubtless, with the plunder of the previous night. Descending from the citadel by the same path as before, O'Donnell was met by an aide-de-camp, sent to report the complete occupation of the city, which he thereupon entered. The gate through which he passed led at once into the Jews' quarter, and it is very difficult to describe the scene of desolation that there presented itself. On either side of the street were small low shops, of a kind very commonly seen in Constantinople and other Turkish cities—square apertures a foot or two from the ground, closed by a shutter at night, and in which in the daytime the merchant squats among his wares. All these, without exception, had been broken open, plundered, and their contents thrown out into the street and broken to pieces. Such complete ruin and desolation I never yet witnessed. The narrow filthy streets were paved with *débris* of every kind—broken drawers and boxes, torn garments, paltry merchandise of all descriptions, fruit, grain, smashed crockery—the whole blended in a confused mass, which almost defied analysis. When the spoilers had taken all they thought worth their while, or that they were able to carry off, they had pitilessly destroyed the rest. The Jews—who, as I afterwards learned, had shown signs of terror, and for the most part hidden themselves, on the

entrance of the first Spanish troops—had taken courage on perceiving that these were orderly and well-behaved and did no one harm, and now began to come out into the streets, and even to welcome the soldiers with cries of "*Bien venidos!*" "*Viva la Reyna!*" and the like. Doubtless, had the action of Saturday had a different result, and Muley Abbas's hordes been returning victorious from the combat, the same smiling, cringing welcomes would have been shouted, and the *vivas* would have been given for the Moorish Emperor. But after all they had gone through during the previous thirty-six hours it can hardly be doubted that the poor Hebrews really rejoiced to see O'Donnell's orderly legions within their walls. They had evidently suffered much. Many of them were nearly naked; others had their garments torn as if from rough treatment. Like all the African and Turkish Jews, they spoke Spanish, and they were voluble in their descriptions of what they had undergone. They pointed to their throats, and told us how narrowly they had escaped having them cut by the knives and *goomias* of the Moors. Of the city itself I must postpone an attempt at description until better acquaintance and greater leisure. Some strange figures appeared here and there—striking heads, with all the marked physiognomy of the Jewish race in its very strongest development—old men with thick white beards reaching nearly to their girdles—a few negroes, whose inky blackness contrasted with the generally sallow complexion of the children of Israel. Of the filth that disfigured the streets, and which was especially accumulated in the narrow alleys that run at right angles to them, I can give you no idea, even were it desirable to do so. Garbage of all kinds lay about, and hungry dogs battened on it. At the further end of a very narrow lane, heaped with rubbish and ordure, down which I glanced in passing, two huge dogs were growling, blood-bedaubed, over a meal of raw flesh. I had not time, nor was I anxious, to investigate the nature of their meal; but, from the form of some bloody ribs I saw sticking up, a horrible suspicion crossed my mind that it consisted of human remains. This

would not be surprising, for we met with several dead bodies of Moors lying on the street in different parts of the town, some naked, others imperfectly covered with their haicks. They had all met violent deaths, but at whose hands, whether in broils among themselves, disputes over spoil, or from the Jews as they retreated from the scene of their devilish orgies, it was impossible to learn. We reached a large square in which two or three battalions of infantry and some light artillery were drawn up. We were at the exit from the Jews' quarter. At a short distance was the Imperial palace, which was used during the war as a depôt of provisions and stores for the army. Here the Moorish soldiery had also run riot before quitting the place. They had taken all they could, and had destroyed the rest. Whole suites of rooms were flooded with oil, the earthen jars that had contained it lying broken about. Others were paved with grain, wet and trampled. Here and there gunpowder was scattered, and this was also the case on the square without. While the General and his Staff were wandering—not very prudently, under all the circumstances—through the corridors and numerous apartments of the palace, two explosions took place, one within and the other outside the building, and three or four persons, natives and Spanish soldiers, were badly burnt. Some say the explosions were accidental, caused by sparks from cigars; but others believe that they were intentionally caused, although this appears improbable. Water was thrown over several places thickly strewn with gunpowder, and the alarm created soon subsided. A visit was paid to the house of the governor. That dignitary had disappeared. On inquiring whether he had fled with the Moorish army, I was told by the Jews that it was more probable he had fled from it. The soldiery, whom the people here designate as *Beduinos*, and the irregulars of the tribes or Kabyles, who are spoken of as *barbaros*, or barbarians, seem to have given themselves up, without anybody's attempting to restrain them, to the most insane licence after their defeat on Saturday. The two brothers of the Emperor, we are told, fled precipitately

from the lost position, and rode through Tetuan without drawing rein, and the soldiery did as they liked. Their excesses are said, however, to have been confined chiefly to the Jewish quarter. What amount of damage they may have done in that of the Moors I have not yet been able positively to ascertain, but it is reported to have been comparatively small. Many of the Moorish inhabitants had fled from the city, but many still remain, although in great part hidden. The pillage began in the night of Saturday, or rather at three o'clock on Sunday morning, and lasted until yesterday morning. The Jews say that the Spaniards saved their lives by coming, for that otherwise the Moors, having taken all their property, would assuredly have cut their throats, on their refusal to reveal the hiding-place of wealth they no longer possessed. It is piteous to hear the tale of suffering of some of the poor wretches, who found themselves in a few hours reduced from easy circumstances to the most abject poverty. I entered some of their houses and heard many of them tell their story. Some of them had their clothes torn from their backs by the Moors, as punishment for remonstrance and prayers for mercy, and were turned out stark naked into the street, while the most fiendish violence was perpetrated in their dwellings. I fully believe that there is exaggeration in some of their tales; in fact, it may be said that we have practical proof of it; for whereas on our first entrance, they met us with cries of hunger, declaring they had eaten nothing for three days, and so forth, before I left the town, in which I passed nearly six hours, they, having discovered that the Christians paid for all they took, were selling very fine fowls for a few reals a-piece. Under such circumstances it is well known that Jews, as well as people of other religions, are apt to make the most of their misfortunes; but there is no mistaking or denying the fact that the Moors have behaved like the brutal savages they are, and there is evidence enough on all sides of the heavy losses of the Hebrews. Neither could the emotion be feigned which some of them showed when relating what they had gone through in the pre-

ceding two days. I fell in with one highly intelligent Jew, whose hands and manners showed that he belonged to the higher class of his people, and who narrated to me his sufferings. He showed courage and fortitude; but there were parts of his story when his voice became shrill with agitation and the hot tears started from his eyes. I may doubt that he is quite so ruined a man as he represents himself, but I cannot doubt that he has suffered and lost much, for I visited his dwelling, which was in a state such as Huns and Vandals might have left it in. It had evidently been a well-furnished and comfortable house. As is commonly the case with Jewish dwellings, in places where that persecuted race feels insecure, the exterior had little to attract. The entrance was mean and narrow, but, once within, one could see that comfort and even a certain luxury had reigned there. It required, however, some little investigation to convince one of what had been, for I could compare the house, at a first glance, to nothing but what is in England called a dusthole, into which servants toss every sort of refuse and breakage. The whole of the furniture, mirrors, household utensils, china and glass—everything in the place, in short—was not only broken, but pounded into small fragments. Truly the Moors are industrious spoilers, and must have given themselves much trouble to accomplish such complete devastation. No Paris *chiffonier* or English marine-store dealer would have given 20s. for the contents of the whole house. In a room which seemed to have been the best furnished of all, several lamps and glass chandeliers that had hung from the ceiling had been torn down and destroyed. A shabby deal table and two or three rickety chairs had the appearance of having been borrowed since the sweeping calamity. On one of the chairs sat the mistress of the house, a comely Jewess, suckling her eighth child, born a few days ago, and with the seven others standing about. She looked resigned, and even courageous, and had a kind smile for the strangers her husband presented to her. Two or three neighbours and several children,

whose houses, perhaps, had been even worse dealt with than the one we were visiting, stood about or sat on the floor, with dejected aspect and mournful tones. The master of the house took us up a narrow staircase leading to the *azotea*, or platform on the roof, whence there is a beautiful view of the valley. Just before reaching the top of the stairs, we came to a small door on the left, leading into a narrow room full of merchandise and property of various kinds, for the most part broken up and destroyed. It was here, the Jew told us, that he had hidden his wife and family, the woman still in childbed, and he had hoped the door might escape notice; but the Moors discovered it, and put the knife to his throat when he hesitated to open it. They would have killed him, he said, but that he stooped, at the moment the blow was given, to kiss the hem of the murderer's haick, and the sudden movement caused the blow to pass over him. "I told them," he said, "that my wife was ill and my children very young, but they would not listen to me, and ——." A deep sob choked his voice. It would have been cruel to insist on further details. We are justified in believing that there is no imaginable iniquity that the Moors did not perpetrate in the Jewish quarter of Tetuan during the thirty hours in which they there held their horrible saturnalia. The Moros de Rey began the sack and brutality; the Kabyles followed. To all appearance, if a third set of ruffians had succeeded to them they would have found nothing to take save the blood of the wretched inhabitants. There can be no doubt that large booty was made, although I have as little doubt that the Jews exaggerate their losses and have saved more than they confess. It is not to be supposed but that, living among Moors and with a war going on which might any day jeopardise the city, they took means of securing a part of their riches,—and some of them are well known to be rich. A Jew told me that in one house the spoilers had got possession of 20,000 dollars, of which 5000 dollars belonged to him. They were secreted, he said, in a wall, but the Moors went

about knocking the walls to see where they sounded hollow, and then broke them in, and when they could discover nothing in this way they compelled the Jews, by ill-treatment and by the prospect of immediate death, to reveal their treasures. I could fill a much longer letter with details of the sack of the 5th of February 1860, which will long be remembered as a date of woe by the Israelites of Tetuan, but the departure of the post compels me to abridge, or at least postpone.

The panic consequent on the defeat of the 4th inst., and on the capture by the Spaniards of positions which the Moors thought could never be taken, was, as I have already said, most complete. I have little doubt that if there had been sufficient daylight left to move forward on Saturday after the action, or if an advance had been made on Sunday morning, Tetuan would then have been taken by the Spaniards; but there might have been a conflict in the streets, and that was what General O'Donnell naturally desired to avoid. Moreover, the deputation which came on Saturday morning rendered it highly probable the city would be surrendered. For the Spaniards, things were best done in the way they have been done; the Jews are the victims. Now that we have seen Tetuan and its capabilities of defence, we are enabled to judge that the Moors must have been severely beaten and discouraged to yield it as they have done. The town walls are, as we believed, of little account—common walls of about a foot in thickness; but there are two strong batteries besides those on Al Casbah, which citadel stands on a rough steep rock. The Moors have abandoned about fifty guns and mortars of various calibre—some very large ones, a few of them small field-pieces—which they might easily have taken away had they chosen to do so, or been less in a hurry. They have also left a large quantity of powder, round-shot, bombs, canister, &c. The guns are of all countries—French, English, Spanish, Moorish—and some of them very old.

I hear this morning that there are 3000 wounded

Moors in Tetuan. We were in error in supposing that the troops were not allowed to enter the town during the war. It appears there was a continual coming and going both of the regulars (so called) and of the Kabyles.

The loss of the Spaniards in the action of the 4th inst. was upwards of 700 killed and wounded.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 8.

I TO-DAY received a letter from Gibraltar, in which a friend there, whom I am, perhaps, warranted in suspecting of being rather Moorish in his sympathies, refers to the action of the 31st of January as having been attended with very heavy loss to the Spaniards, and seems to think their prospects anything but bright. It is quite certain that three days have made an immense difference in the aspect of the campaign. Last week not a few persons here, disgusted by the long pause on a strip of sand and swamp, began to look rather discouraged. Day passed after day, and the move was always to be upon the next, but that next never came. At last it arrived. In forty-eight hours more was done—or, at least, more positive and material results were obtained—than in the preceding two months. A severely contested action was fought, strong positions were stormed, a town of 30,000 to 35,000 inhabitants was occupied, nearly sixty pieces of cannon were taken, and the Moorish army fled, panic-stricken and disordered. All the doubts were removed which may have arisen in foreign countries, owing to intentional and unintentional misrepresentations, as to the side on which the superiority lay. A strong Moorish force had been attacked, in positions which they themselves deemed impregnable, by a numerically weaker one of Spaniards, and had been completely routed, with loss of tents, baggage, and artillery. The Moors, as we have

learned in Tetuan, stated their force at 32,000 men. This is believed to have been an exaggeration, but they cannot have had less than from 20,000 to 25,000. I estimate the Spanish force engaged at about 15,000, although that is probably over the mark. The Spanish superiority in artillery was great, but that is a superiority which will attend them in future actions as well as in the last, since the Moors have no field artillery, or, at any rate, have never yet produced it. In short, the action of the 4th and the abandonment of Tetuan prove the Moors to be unable to contend, with the smallest chance of success, against an organised and disciplined European force. And, unless the Emperor of Morocco and his advisers be very obtuse, the same conviction will have been forced also upon them, and will probably tend to an early termination of the war. England and France have now an excellent opportunity efficaciously to interfere, should they, as it here is believed, be so disposed. Spain can have no desire to prolong the contest if suitable concessions be wrung from the Moorish Government. Spanish honour and pride have been fully satisfied by the victories won, and by the proof given that Spain is no longer powerless to take her own part and avenge an offence. My belief is that both in Spain and in this army the news of peace would be received with joy, but only so far as the war should have been brought to an end upon honourable and advantageous terms. Although O'Donnell is certainly in his element when campaigning, and enjoys a fight even as much as might be expected from his Irish descent, it yet is pretty certain that, for political reasons which greatly require his presence at Madrid, he would be glad to see the war concluded. The moment, then, is favourable for diplomacy to step in, as it generally does upon the path which the bayonet has cleared; and perhaps whilst I now write the wires are already at work with the praiseworthy object of sparing the Moors further beatings, and Spain further outlay of men and money in a war from which no substantial ulterior advantages can result for either side.

For the present, at any rate, military operations are here at an end. The Moorish army has betaken itself no one knows whither, and there is certainly little chance of its attempting to retake Tetuan, in and around which the Spaniards have established themselves. There is no talk of a move elsewhere, nor will such be made, I should think, until a little time has been allowed for the operation of other agencies than that of arms. All the usual precautions are taken, but there is no expectation of a return of Muley Abbas and his hordes of black Bedouins and barbarous Kabyles. General Rios is governor of Tetuan, which his division occupies. Headquarters camp is just outside the gates, on a pleasant green patch, with a huge oak-tree in the middle, and sprouting orchards and fresh fields, clear streams and cool wells, flowering banks and fruit-trees in blossom all around, and with the most charming scenery in whichever direction the eye may turn. The weather is beautiful, and the army is enjoying it, after having, it must be owned, worked hard and fought well. There being no fighting to observe, idlers find abundant occupation in wandering about Tetuan, which to-day begins to assume a more orderly and populous aspect. The Jews, perfectly tranquillised as to the safety of their persons and of such chattels as the late pillage and destruction have left them, begin to get their houses into order, to collect the fragments of their worldly goods, and even to attempt to do a small stroke of business. In some of the little square boxes that do duty as shops they to-day exhibited a few articles for sale,—common pottery, and those porous clay jugs that keep water so delightfully cool, and yellow slippers, and red pepper-pods, and a sort of white sweetmeat, of the *nougat* family, in which honey is a principal ingredient, and which looks wonderfully clean considering the dirty hands that vend it. Such are the signs of revival among the Hebrews; the Moors have not yet got so far. Confidence is of slower growth among them; they cannot speak the language of the invader, upon whose hands the blood of their brethren is still red.

It is much that they begin to issue forth from their hiding-places. To-day I took a long ramble through Tetuan —my companion a Spanish officer, our guide a quick-witted Jew, who, although all his life a resident here, was sometimes puzzled for an instant to know where he was, so perplexing are the intricacies of this strange city. It is a confused jumble of narrow lanes, formed by white houses with flat roofs, the first floor of three-fourths of which is built on arches over the street. You walk for twenty yards under cover, then a break overhead allows the entrance of light and a glimpse of the blue sky. Right and left from the streets are innumerable alleys, most of them short and blind, each of which contains several doors leading into habitations. Most of the houses have no windows to the street, only dead white walls. Their windows are inside, opening upon the *patio*. Those who are acquainted with the cities of Southern Spain, especially with Cadiz and Seville, will understand by the term *patio* an internal court, almost a garden, marble-paved, a fountain in the centre, shaded with orange-trees and oleanders and other flowering shrubs, planted or in boxes. This arrangement, delightful in a country where summer reigns for nine months out of the twelve, is found in Tetuan but in a few of the best houses. In the others the *patio* is but a small square opening, paved with coloured earthenware blocks. On the first floor a gallery runs round it. Few of the houses have more than one floor above the ground. When rain falls, it passes through the house into this *patio*, and thence runs off by sinks arranged with that object. The floors of the rooms, the stairs, every part of the house whereon you tread, are of the same sort of earthenware mosaic, until you ascend to the *azotea*, on emerging upon which, generally from an extremely steep and narrow staircase, you are blinded by the glare. Roof, walls, parapets, everything is of dazzling whiteness, and the eye reposes with a sensation of relief upon boxes of geraniums and sweet-smelling plants and herbs, which generally fill up the nooks of the platform. You rest your arms upon the parapet and

look abroad. Everything about you is white; each house-roof seems a repetition of its neighbour; lime is everywhere, and you feel yourself doomed to ophthalmia. Fortunately, your glances stray farther, and reach, beyond the uniform glitter, the green expanse that girdles the city—grass and foliage and blossom, spreading away far across the valley and up the ascent, and over the hill-tops, until they dwindle and gradually cease amid the grey crags that form the topmost outline of the beautiful landscape.

To descend to the streets. In most of these we met Spanish officers and soldiers straying about, gaping and gazing—*curioseando*, as the Spaniards term it; but presently we got into a quarter seemingly as yet undiscovered, and where no European uniform jarred with the Oriental character of all around. We were in the heart of the Moorish *barrio*, or quarter. Tetuan consists of two *barrios*, Jewish and Moorish—the former of about 400 houses, into which 10,000 Hebrews are closely packed; the latter containing from 20,000 to 25,000 Moors, who have much more elbow-room. We hardly met a soul in the streets; not a sound, not a rustle or a murmur reached us from the lines of wall between which we passed. It seemed a city of the dead. But on each side of us, our guide assured us, there was plenty of life—of trembling women and of anxious men, to whom the jingle of a spur or the clank of a sabre were sound of alarm. As we paused for a moment, in admiration of this solitude in a city-full, the sound of a key turned in an unoiled lock fell upon our ear. It proceeded from one of the short lanes—*culs-de-sac*—before-mentioned, and to whose entrance three paces brought us. The key gave a second turn as we entered it, and we found ourselves face to face with an elderly Moor, attired in one of those whity-brown haicks of which we have lately seen so many thousands on the shoulders of people with long guns in their fists. The Moor was cleanly to look upon, his grey mustache was well combed; he held in one hand a huge key, full ten inches long and of antediluvian workmanship, and in

the other a little boy with a lemon complexion and eyes as black as coal and as large as saucers. He was evidently taken rather aback at seeing us, and still more so when my companion, curious to enter a Moorish house that was not deserted and devastated like some we had already seen, expressed to him through our interpreter an intention of visiting his domicile. The first reply was a negative, pronounced with considerable decision; but, on insistance, the tone was quickly changed for one of supplication. His family (the old polygamist meant his women) were there, and were not to be seen by strange eyes, &c. There was a curious mixture of suppressed indignation and compelled humility in the Moor's manner and tone, and a look in his eye told as plainly as words that he would have killed the Christian dogs had he dared; but he was quickly put out of his agony by our turning from his door, and then, out of gratitude, or the better to make us forget the way to his harem, he led us through streets until he reached a house of good appearance, the door of which had evidently not been willingly opened, for the panels were smashed across, and entrance was easy. It was the dwelling of a well-to-do Moorish merchant, whose name, as we ascertained from the address of hundreds of letters scattered over the floor, was Mohadi Sharty; and I regret to say—since the Spaniards will, of course, take it as a further proof of the assistance England has afforded to the Moors in this war—that I met with a bill of lading, now in my possession, dated no further back than November 1835, of sundry sacks of dollars shipped from Gibraltar to the said Sharty's address. The house had evidently been well furnished, and abundantly stored with all requisites and comforts for a large family in easy circumstances. The scene of destruction it offered would have sufficed to convince us (had we not already found abundant mute evidence to the same effect elsewhere) that Bedouins and Kabyles had shown little more mercy to Mohammedans than to Jews. The owner of the house and his family had fled, our Moorish friend told us, before the sack of the town; but they had evidently taken little

away with them. The house was full of furniture, and the whole of it was knocked to pieces. Everything was upset and broken. The occupants seemed to have departed in haste and recently, for there were plates with the remains of the last meal upon them. One pleasant little room was strewed with children's toys. There were dishes half-full of sweetmeats, and the remains of a stew still fresh. In a corner stood an English musical clock, made, as the dial-plate informed us, by Absolon, of London, and old enough, judging from the list of tunes fixed inside the door, and which were all jigs and minuets. But what gave the most complete idea of desolation and solitude was a cage overthrown on the floor of the *patio*, with a dead canary beside it. From some of the Jews I to-day obtained the admission that, although sorely despoiled, they were not completely ruined. "But what is the use of money," they said, "when there is nothing to buy for it? There is no corn or flour in the place; and no chance for some days of anything coming in from the surrounding country. Will not the Spanish Government do something for us, get us supplies, for which we will gladly pay?" I asked them how they managed to conceal their cash from the spoiler. "In many ways," they said, "but most of them were of no avail. We put bags of money and valuables where they were the least likely to be sought; at the bottom of water-jugs, and under the ashes on the hearth. Few of them escaped the search of the Moors." Unluckily for the Jews, the Moors were ready to go through fire and water for booty's sake, and many a hoard was discovered in the place where it was deemed most secure.

Including the guns at Fort Martin and in the shore battery, at the Custom-house, in the position won upon the 4th inst., and in the citadel and batteries of Tetuan, the Spaniards have taken about ninety pieces of artillery since they arrived on this side of Cape Negro. A good many of these guns are brass. In the fortified camp twenty-six camels were taken. A number of flags were captured there and in Tetuan, two of which, a red and a

green, are very decent-looking banners, and will be sent off to Madrid to-day. The telegraphic wires have been laid down from the gates of Tetuan to the coast, and the railway is begun which is to extend along the same line. I can see that the general opinion in camp is becoming more and more favourable to peace, and to the probability of its being made; and I hear of a bet that Marshal O'Donnell will be summoned within a week to Madrid, where there can be no doubt that his presence is required.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 9.

GENERAL PRIM made a reconnoissance yesterday afternoon in the direction of Tangier, and marched for upwards of two leagues, but met with no opposition. He saw a number of Moors who fled at his approach, and others who came and made their submission. Two or three Moorish deserters came into camp yesterday, one of them belonging to the regular army and wearing a red jacket under his haick. If what he said be true, it is probable that not a few others will follow. He went away, and said he should return to-day. He was assured that all who came might reckon on good treatment, and on being allowed to retain their horses. It is reported that Marshal O'Donnell has some idea of forming an indigenous corps, which would doubtless prove useful if the war were to continue.

There is a report in Tetuan that Muley Abbas, after the execution of the chiefs of the Kabyles, whom he caused to be beheaded on account of their defeat on Saturday, was himself in danger from a mutiny among the Moorish soldiery, and that he had to ride for it. He is said to be now in Fez. These are the *on-dits* of Tetuan, concerning the truth of which I know nothing.

I lately saw it stated in an English print that the Spaniards lost guns in the action of the 31st of January.

As the whole account of the affair which included the above assertion was full of incorrect and even absurd statements, proving ignorance of the position and nature of the ground fought over, it is not surprising that the writer, drawing upon his imagination, should have presented the Moors with a few Spanish guns. I sent you at the proper time a correct account of the action, at which I was present from beginning to end. I have seen few actions or skirmishes in this campaign in which the Moors were more decidedly worsted or so severely punished. I may add, once for all, that no artillery whatever has been taken by the Moors from the Spaniards on any occasion from the commencement of the war until the present time. Had the contrary been the case it could not have escaped my knowledge, and would of course have been communicated to you.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 11.

EVENTS at first regarded as calamitous sometimes prove blessings in the end, and among such, perhaps, will have to be classed the sack of a large portion of Tetuan by the defeated and lawless army of the fugitive Muley Abbas. It has compelled the abominably dirty and negligent population to turn out of their houses the shattered fragments of their furniture, and, at the same time, an amount of rubbish and filth such as a European imagination could hardly conjure up. "You are removing the dirt of three centuries," said the intelligent Moorish alcalde whom the Spaniards have appointed; and really, judging from appearances, the Mohammedan did not greatly exaggerate. Except some parts of Galata, I know nothing that can even remotely compare with the streets of Tetuan, and notably with those of the Jewish quarter. You would not thank me for an attempt to catalogue the ingredients of the mass of foulness which, under Spanish direction,

the Tetuanese are now raking up and removing—not willingly, believe me. The unfortunate Jews evidently think it very hard that old abuses should thus be interfered with, and that they should be compelled, by brown-coated, bayonet-bearing taskmasters, to delve, and scrape, and sweep, and gradually to remove the sacred accumulations of ages. The owner of the rottenest of boroughs could hardly have viewed the Reform Bill with greater disgust than they testify for this innovating and compulsory purification. I assure you it was a strange sight yesterday to see the main street of the Ghetto crowded with these poor children of Israel, in their striped cotton coats and loose white trousers, their heads for the most part bare, or scantily covered with a skull-cap, their ankles naked, their feet slippered, their figures shambling, and slightly stooping, as of a people used to oppression; their countenances timid and furtive, their slender hands, unused to rude toil, grasping but feebly shovel and broom. They were not hardly treated or unnecessarily tormented; the Spanish soldier is generally neither brutal nor cruel; but they were made to work, and evidently thought it a harsh and tyrannical proceeding. If they are kept to the necessary labour, in a few days Tetuan will assume an aspect hitherto unknown to its oldest inhabitant; its streets will have sunk a foot or two, and will no longer stifle the passenger with odours compared to which the combined emanation from a knacker's yard and an extensive soap-boiling establishment would seem Arabian perfumes; its walls will be white-washed, with which object large quantities of lime are preparing; water will have leave to flow down the gutters, at present choked with black and fetid mud; in short, the place will be fit to live in, which it certainly was not when we arrived here, except for Moors and African Jews. There is the less excuse for these horribly dirty habits, as water is extremely abundant here; there are wells and springs and streams all around the town, and in nearly all its houses one finds pumps and fountains yielding a plenteous supply, clear

as crystal. Only the very healthy and airy position of Tetuan, on a rising ground between two valleys, with sea or mountain breezes refreshing it from whatever quarter the wind may set, can have saved it from continually recurring fevers and pestilence; for, besides the dirt, the streets are narrow and confined, and the houses derive light and air chiefly from inner courts, often only a few feet square. Externally few windows are seen, and most of those are but a foot high and half as broad —more like loopholes than windows. Here and there a semicircular box, like half a barrel, is fixed against the wall, covering an aperture, and having in its staves minute loopholes, not much larger than keyholes, through which one can fancy the dusky Moorish beauties stealing a glance at a passing pageant—perhaps at the gallant array of Muley Abbas's picked cavalry, as they went out, full of confidence, to meet a disastrous defeat. From deserted window-sills and narrow ledges of the whitened brickwork sprout rich tufts of dark green vegetation, shooting upwards as if they would fain rise above the roof and catch the sunbeams the narrow streets exclude, or drooping downwards as though resigned to shade. Where rooms are not built across and over the street, narrow arches unite its opposite sides, as though the builder, mistrustful of his work, had desired additional support. The best of Tetuan's streets are but lanes, some with rugged pavement, others unevenly floored with earth, which the least rain converts into mud. They are narrow, as befits the climate; tortuous and labyrinthine, and meeting each other at all possible angles. At a short distance from the western exit from the town, outside of which now camps the corps of Don Juan Prim, is the principal square, mentioned in a former letter, and on the most conspicuous building of which, high above the ground, the Spaniards have painted, in large black letters, "*Plaza de Espana.*" To facilitate reference and circulation, the Spaniards—who, in some things, display a promptitude and method I should hardly have expected from them—have already given names to the streets,

have had them painted on boards, and are fixing them up at all corners. Considering that they entered Tetuan only on the 6th inst., a good deal has already been done, and one important point gained is that the Moors have been inspired with confidence in their new rulers. Some of the plundered Jews, conceiving, on the Spaniards' entrance, that their star was in the ascendant, thought to indemnify themselves for their losses at the hands of the Moorish army by reprisals on the deserted Moorish houses. There was an excuse for them. They had been left, in many cases, without a bed to lie upon or a blanket to cover them; they saw houses full of what they greatly needed and destitute of occupants, and they went forth to help themselves. One of the first acts of the Spanish authorities, when here installed, was to forbid the removal of property from deserted houses. It was necessary to enforce the order, and two Jews, who were caught stealing from a Moorish house, were visited with stripes. This had a great effect on the Moors. They felt themselves protected—as the Israelites had felt themselves corrected; and the orderly and quiet behaviour of the Spanish soldiery concurring to dissipate their first alarm, they began to emerge in numbers from their hiding-places, and to show themselves abroad without any signs of fear. The difference in the bearing of Jews and Moors is very striking. Cringing, servile, abject are the former; even when in full security they seem to shrink from dreaded question or reproof, and if you but raise your voice they crouch as though they feared a blow. If they excite contempt, they must also move to pity, for their broken spirit is the effect of long persecution. But mark the difference in the Mohammedan. He is proud and stoical, even in his great distress and disaster. His bearing is erect, his countenance calm; his eye, if it does not always firmly sustain your gaze, at least betrays no faint heart: his supremacy is gone, but his manly dignity remains. On the 7th, the second day of Spanish presence in Tetuan, I was particularly struck by this. Rambling through the Moorish quarter we met several of

its inhabitants, who had evidently come forth for the first time since the capture of the city, and with some doubts as to the reception reserved them by the invaders. But there were no signs of humiliation about them; they were none the less in their own esteem because conquered and subjected; they took their misfortune in the true fatalist spirit—it was so ordained, and there was no shame for them.

Not only in the city, but in the adjacent country, the Moors seem to be acquiring confidence in the Spaniards, and disposed to submit quietly to their rule. Deputations have arrived from villages, tendering submission and allegiance. Only yesterday afternoon one of them came in, apparently the corporation of some Moorish douar, anxious to see the General-in-Chief, and to present a modest tribute of fowls and eggs. Unfortunately O'Donnell was absent. The ex-chief of a tribe, whom the Emperor's Government had deprived of his authority, has offered to bring 13,000 men under Spanish government, provided he be restored to his station. There would be no difficulty in forming a native corps here, and O'Donnell entertains the project. The soldiers and others who have presented themselves are assured of good treatment, of the possession of their horses, of security for their women, and of twice the pay they got from the Emperor of Morocco; and, as they find that the Christians are fair in their dealings and keep their word, they show a disposition to accept the terms, and some have gone away again to inform their relatives and friends that the unbelievers offer good conditions and may be trusted. There is in this country—as might be expected from the vicinity of French colonies—a party in favour of European rule, and which the Spaniards call the Argelino or Algerine party, which would prefer foreign domination to that of their present sovereign. That party, of course, rallies round the Spanish banner; and now, for the first time since this army landed in Africa, information is obtained of the position of the enemy, the nature of the country, its resources, &c. When Prim

went out to reconnoitre a day or two ago, and advanced a couple of leagues towards Tangier, he passed through several villages, the inhabitants of which showed no signs of terror, nor sought to avoid the foreign soldiers, the report of whose orderly, inoffensive behaviour had already reached them. The Tetuan Moors have actually entreated the Spanish authorities to extend the term originally fixed for those inhabitants who have fled to return to and take possession of their homes. They have been granted until to-morrow. Some appear to have fled far, and others have been prevented returning by terror of armed bands, probably wandering, thieving stragglers from the routed army. For protection from these, some of the country people have asked to retain their arms, and have been allowed to do so. In Tetuan all the arms have been called in by the authorities, but I very much doubt whether all, or nearly all, have been given up, although a great number of old unserviceable weapons have been sent into store. The number of the wounded Moors left in hospital here was exaggerated by rumour. I hear that there are not much more than 1000 of the worst wounded. All who could hobble or crawl fled on the approach of the Spaniards. I told you that on Sunday forenoon, from the hill of the Casbah, we saw a long train of Moors making for the lateral valley that leads towards Tangier. When Rios's troops crowned the height, a large body of Moorish horse (about 2000, it is said) was just outside the western gate of Tetuan, and it was at them that the shots were fired from the guns on the citadel.

There seems no danger of a scarcity of supplies here, even were communication by sea cut off. The drove of oxen and cows that accompanied the army from the lines of Ceuta is now large and on the increase. Twenty beasts were purchased the other day by the commissariat for little more than £20 sterling. They are small, but, even were they smaller, the price is ridiculously low. The people of the surrounding country, which is thickly sprinkled with villages and hamlets, show every dispo-

sition, I am assured, to bring in articles for sale, the utmost pains having been taken to convince them that the Spaniards pay for everything. The Spanish soldier, as I have taken occasion more than once to remark, is habitually good-tempered and well-behaved, and I attribute this in great measure to his sober habits. He does not irritate his system and his temper by the abuse of strong drinks, as English and French soldiers are but too apt to do, especially under circumstances of hardship and exposure. He is no dram-drinker, or consumer of that deleterious absinthe which plays such mischief among the French army in Africa. To his sobriety is unquestionably to be chiefly set down the scarcity of cases of misconduct in the army, which it would be unjust not to recognise and extol. Living, as I have now done since the end of last November, in the very midst of the soldiers, with their tents all around, and often very near to mine, I have not once seen or heard of a fight among them, scarcely so much as a brief dispute or verbal brawl, and courts-martial have been almost unknown. Without going nearly so far as some of my Spanish friends, who, in their *naïve* enthusiasm at their recent successes over these undisciplined, ill-armed, and ill-commanded Africans, sometimes proclaim their infantry to be the first in the world, I must admit that they possess qualities which constitute them excellent materials for the manufacture of first-rate armies; and their conduct towards the natives is, as far as I have as yet had opportunities of observing and ascertaining, exempt from reproach. It were desirable, however, that while respecting persons and their immediate property, they should show more consideration for one branch of the wealth of this country, and that is its orchards. It is quite necessary that the soldier should boil his pot; but, at the expense of a little more trouble, he might manage to do so with less precious fuel than fruit-trees. If this army, or a considerable portion of it, passes the spring in and around Tetuan, as is highly probable, I fear the rich orchards that surround us will be grievously de-

vastated. Orange and almond trees are really too agreeable in their aspect, and too valuable in their produce, for one to behold them without regret serving to cook the beans and bacon of hungry battalions. I believe that the attention of the military authorities has been called to the abuse, and doubtless means will be taken to check it. An active provost and guard, intrusted with a reasonable latitude as to the infliction of prompt punishment on offenders taken in the act, would also be a most useful institution, more for the town than for the camp, and less for the soldiers than for the host of canteenmen, petty vendors of sundries, and equivocal camp-followers of all descriptions, who stick to the skirts of this army, and have lately much increased in numbers, and are likely still further to do so, now that it is in possession of a considerable town.

By this time you will have learnt the honours bestowed on General O'Donnell, whose title of Count of Lucena, a simple *titulo de Castilla*, has been exchanged, in reward for his late successes, for that of Duke of Tetuan, with the grandeeship of Spain of the first class. This liberal recognition of their General's services has, I believe, given general satisfaction in the army, and yesterday and the evening before numerous bodies of officers visited the Commander-in-Chief to offer their congratulations. People now ask what will be done for Prim, who certainly, after O'Donnell, is the most prominent figure in this army, as he is also the General whom the troops best love and most confide in. He is a born soldier, fearless, daring, and fortunate; to his military qualities and never-failing example is due a large share of the successes this army has had in Africa; and in the last and by far the most important engagement that has yet taken place, he was the first man in the Moorish battery, riding in at an embrasure, followed by four of his Staff, and cutting down with his own hand the two first of the enemy who barred the passage. At the moment he did this the troops that immediately followed him were almost borne down by a very heavy

fire; it was a decisive moment, when it became not a fault but a duty in a General to expose himself like a regimental officer. When Prim's men saw their General suddenly disappear through a narrow opening in a high bank, they set up a shout and dashed forward, and the Moors, already astounded by the sight of five horsemen falling suddenly among them, dealing sabre-cuts and pistol-shots *à discrétion*, fell back and quickly fled.

Generals Echague and La Saussaye and Staff came over here yesterday in a steamer from Ceuta, to visit the new conquest and congratulate their comrades. There has been no fighting at Ceuta since our departure. Troops went out to the old Moorish haunt, the *boquete*, or pass, of Anjera, opposite the Spanish redoubts on the right, and burnt some douars, one of which consisted of about 140 cottages. A few Moors came down and fired at them as they retired, but the fire was trifling and scarcely returned.

We learnt last night that the English admiral at Gibraltar had congatulated the captain of the Spanish frigate Blanca on the recent successes before Tetuan, congratulations which appear to give much satisfaction to some of my susceptible friends among the Spaniards, who were inclined to be indignant because the English Consul at Algesiras did not hoist his colours for the victory of the 4th and fall of Tetuan.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 12.

Now that fighting is for the time suspended, that no Moorish camp is in sight, or restless enemy harassing the outposts and provoking repulse, the great question of interest here is, and for some days has been, that of peace or war. Is the campaign at an end, or not? Will Tetuan prove the limit of advance, or Tangier be shortly assailed? The majority of opinions, the unanimity of

wishes, were for the first alternative; but it is only since yesterday that scarcely any one doubts of its realisation. For, yesterday forenoon, four tall and dignified Moors, well attired, well mounted, and with an escort, reached O'Donnell's headquarters, whither they had been forwarded by General Prim, who commands the corps in advance, and were ushered into the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. The details of what passed beneath the shade of that sacred canvass are of course environed with the customary mystery, but the substance has oozed out, and is understood to be to the following effect:— The chief of the four envoys was the Kaïd of Tangier, and he came from Muley Abbas. Recent events, he said, had convinced the Prince that Allah was not on the side of the Moors, and that therefore they could not conquer. He sent, therefore, to know what the Christians wanted. To this O'Donnell replied that he came to Africa to make war, and not to make peace, and that he had not authority to conclude the latter, nor could he say what terms his Government might think fit to demand, but he would send immediately to the Queen of Spain, and would be prepared with a reply on Thursday next. To this end General Uztariz, of the general Staff, left yesterday afternoon, on board the *Vulcano* man-of-war steamer, for Alicant, whence he will hasten to Madrid and return hither by Thursday, on which day the Moorish deputies will revisit the camp to receive a reply. It is said to be probable that Muley Abbas himself will come to the camp, as he has expressed a wish to make the acquaintance of the Spanish Commander-in-Chief. The Moors say they had been deceived as to Spanish power and resources, which they had believed to be much less than they have lately been shown to be, and they recognise their inability to continue the struggle. The Spaniards, who, with an obstinate prejudice that troubles itself little about proofs, see the agency of the British Consul-General everywhere and in everything, of course believe that it is he who has misrepresented them to the Moors, forgetting the fact that their long endurance of repeated insults to and

aggressions upon their African possessions fully accounts for the low estimate formed of their force and energy.

The question now is, what terms will Spain demand, and will they be such as the Moorish Emperor can and ought to accept? The point on which a difficulty is most likely to arise is that of the indemnity which will be claimed from the Moors for the expenses of the war. There are no means of knowing what those expenses have been; probably General O'Donnell himself does not exactly know them. I hear them, however, estimated at very large sums; and, notwithstanding the proximity of the scene of war to the Spanish ports, from what I have seen of the lavish manner in which everything has been done—of the haste, waste, improvidence, and, there can be no doubt, exorbitant charges and extensive peculation that have attended the supplying of this army—it would not surprise me to learn that such estimates were correct. In asserting that there have been mismanagement, mal-administration, and mal-practices, I may very possibly meet with contradiction from some of the Madrid papers, which will admit nothing short of perfection in everything relating to the army of Africa, and to all connected with it, and whose exaggerated and fulsome laudation of their army, their Generals, their Government, their countrymen, and themselves, as well as their calumnies and unfounded statements respecting England, can but injure their cause and excite the laughter of impartial observers. But from persons on the spot, although as Spaniards they may not choose loudly to proclaim their concurrence with what I state, no contradiction is to be anticipated. The army has been well supplied, but this has been done at an exorbitant cost. The expedition was undertaken, as you know, on a sudden, and with scarcely any previous preparation. The consequence was the long delay within the lines of Ceuta, where cholera and profitless combats cost so many lives. That the delay and loss might not be greater, it was necessary to lavish money and to cast economical considerations to the winds. Things were done, said an acute Spanish

officer to me the other day, *à la Inglesa*—that is to say, regardless of expense. A most defective administration aggravated the evil. This was to be expected at the commencement of a war begun in haste by a nation unaccustomed for nearly half a century to other than civil contests. A large demand for speedy supplies naturally entailed high prices and heavy charges. Rations and forage of the best quality had to be sought in foreign countries, because there was no time to prepare them at home. Beef, biscuit, bacon, and compressed hay have come in large quantities from England—some compensation for the injury which the Gibraltar merchants assert to have been done to the trade of that place by the present war. A large number of steamers, foreign as well as Spanish, were taken up, generally at prices extremely remunerative to the owners. Nothing was spared, in short; and, if the war was to be carried through successfully in spite of the disadvantage of its premature commencement, it was necessary that nothing *should* be spared. But when the question of indemnity, to be paid by the humbled foe, is brought forward, it may be questioned whether that enemy can fairly be made to bear expenses which were enormously increased by the uncalled-for hurry in which the struggle was commenced. If, instead of opening the campaign on the Queen's birthday, its commencement had been postponed, as it perfectly well might have been, to a later date and a fitter season, the Spaniards might have done their fighting, if not for half price, at least for a vast deal less than it has cost them. And it will be only just that the Spanish Government should take this into consideration when drawing its bill on the Emperor of Morocco. We have heard great things of the resources of the Moorish treasury, of accumulated treasures, reminding one of the *Arabian Nights;* of heaps of gold and jewels, the guards of which, once posted, are relieved only by death, lest they should reveal the tempting amount of the wealth they watch over. One is apt to suspect exaggeration in such tales, and, moreover, the cost of this war, whatever

it may prove when all is added up, will unquestionably have been such as might well stagger even a wealthier potentate than the sovereign of Morocco can reasonably be supposed to be. I am not inclined to think, however, that the Spanish Government will show itself grasping on this occasion, or will insist upon the very last ounce of its pound of flesh. Various reasons render a contrary course politic and probable. Spain has no wish to continue a war the main objects of which have already been fully attained. She has raised herself in her own esteem by showing that, when the necessity arises or when she chooses to believe that it has arisen, she is able to put in the field a well equipped and efficient army. She has shown that she possesses soldiers who will fight, officers to lead them, and generals who can command—well enough, at any rate, to baffle the slender strategy of the Moors. My conviction is that the Spaniards, had they to bear the whole cost of the war, would think it a cheap price to pay for the amount of self-satisfaction they have obtained, and which I am persuaded was its chief object, to say nothing of any little pleasant fancies some of the more sanguine may have indulged in respecting possible European complications, with a vision in the distance of a combined French and Spanish fleet bombarding Gibraltar, with the sole object, of course, of restoring it to Spain. There can be no doubt that, besides that self-approval which the poet tells us is far preferable to the applause of others, Spain has improved her position in Europe by this war. Her soldiers have fought bravely and her people have shown patriotism, and have given practical proof of it by pecuniary sacrifices. It will still be the opinion of many that she might have chosen better means of proving her reviving prosperity and spirit; but she has succeeded in that of her selection, and will not be refused the amount of credit to which such success entitles her. Her object is now attained. The continuation of the war can but swell the amount to be claimed at its conclusion from the Moors. The contest, were it prolonged for years, could hardly terminate at a moment

of more complete success. The hostile army has been totally defeated, and a great portion of it, if the accounts be correct that reach us from Gibraltar and elsewhere, has abandoned its colours and dispersed to its homes. Strong positions, an important town, 100 guns, and nearly 1000 tents, remain in the hands of the victor. The Spanish army is content with its laurels, and, although I am sure it would cheerfully march onwards if ordered, it would assuredly and by its own confession much prefer leaving these inhospitable shores and returning to Spain to enjoy the hero-worship that awaits it at the hands of its countrymen, and especially of its countrywomen. It would seem, then, an easy matter to content all parties, even the Moors, so far as people can be content who have been beaten into submission. After proving the gallantry of her troops, Spain has now an excellent opportunity of displaying the moderation and magnanimity of her statesmen by being merciful in her conditions to a vanquished foe.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 16.

NOT a shot has been fired since my last letter, nor an enemy seen; and although the precautions usual in war time are of course taken, it may be said that we are in a state of virtual armistice. General Uztariz has not yet returned from Madrid, but it is understood that the reply to the communication of which he was the bearer has been telegraphed, and the Moorish Ambassadors are expected here this day to receive it. General Lemery, Chief Aide-de-Camp to the King, has been here for the last two days, and leaves to-night to return to Madrid. He brought an autograph letter from the Queen of Spain, expressing her gratitude to the army for its recent successes.

In consequence of irregularities, certain excesses, and some thefts committed by camp-followers, the General-in-

Chief has just published a very rigorous *bando*, or proclamation, promising summary and severe punishment, in some cases death, in others stripes, to offenders of the classes therein specified. The protection of fruit-trees and of the growing crops is included in the provisions of this enactment. Spanish sutlers and shopkeepers are to be allowed to establish themselves here only if they can prove their stock-in-trade to be worth 8000 reals (£80), and the authorities at the Spanish ports are to refuse passports for Africa to others. Hitherto any ruffian who could muster a skin of wine and a string of sausages and money enough to pay his passage across the Straits came over here, under the false colours of an honest vendor, on the look-out for waifs and strays. When Tetuan was taken, a number of these established themselves in deserted shops or set up stalls in the streets. Since then many more vagabonds and equivocal characters have been coming in, and complaints have been made of robberies. Three or four dozen persons of the above stamp have been sent off in a string, tied two and two with cords, to their respective parishes in Spain, and more will doubtless follow.

Besides adventurers of this class, curiosity to visit Tetuan, and to view the beautiful landscape that surrounds it, has allured hither more respectable visitors, including several artists and photographers, who here find abundant employment for their pencils and instruments. Grand landscapes, beautiful nooks and scraps of rural scenery, camp scenes, quaint buildings, strange groups of figures, striking heads of Moors and Arabs and Jews and negroes, here abound, to say nothing of the view of snow-white Tetuan itself, with its tall mosque-tower in the centre, its turreted batteries, the emerald-green knoll close to its northern extremity, just below the ascent to the Casbah, which flanks it on that side, as does a rugged line of mountains to the south, while the slope in its front is thickly clothed with fruit-trees, vines, and tall canes. A more beautiful situation than that of Tetuan is hardly to be found anywhere. It is surrrounded by

rich valleys and fertile slopes; its position, open to sea and mountain breezes, can hardly be otherwise than healthy; it is only about seven miles from the sea, and is connected with it by a river which labour would doubtless render navigable for larger vessels than can at present ascend it; from the sea-shore to within a very few hundred yards of its gates the ground is perfectly level, and therefore most favourable to the construction of a railway; there is excellent water in abundance, and the soil readily yields an immense variety of the productions both of the temperate and the torrid zones; there are good fishing grounds near at hand, and I have no doubt an abundance of game, although the march and presence of successive armies and the amount of firing that has lately gone on in this neighbourhood have for the moment scared it away. In short, Tetuan, in the hands of a civilised and industrious people, ought to, and no doubt would, become a most flourishing city. The first thing to be done would be to clean out the town, a process as yet but very partially accomplished, and to spread the prodigious amount of manure that would thereby be collected over the neighbouring country, of which it would fertilise many thousands of acres, whose crops, if at all proportionate to the antiquity and fragrance of the fecundating material, ought to be of unparalleled richness. As regards the railway, one for horse-carriages is in course of construction. The telegraph is already established, its posts and wires doubtless much puzzling any inquisitive Moors who may observe them through telescopes from distant hills. The river is extremely tortuous on its way from the town to the sea. At a short distance from the latter it becomes more navigable than at its mouth, where it is choked by an accumulation of sand. Some of the kinds of fish on this part of the Barbary coast—that is to say, from Ceuta southwards—are so much prized that fishing-boats have come from very distant Spanish ports, since the Spanish occupation has permitted them to pursue their avocation without fear of molestation. With respect to game, I perceive by letters

from sporting friends in England that the mention I have made of the numerous coveys of partridges and swarms of rabbits met with on our tedious march southwards has induced a belief that the fowling-piece is heard here as often as the rifle, and that there has been greater slaughter of birds and wild animals than of Moors and Spaniards. But either there is little taste for sporting in this army, or the possibility of indulging it was not anticipated, for the only partridge I have seen, otherwise than on the wing, was one that a soldier caught one day (Spanish soldiers catch anything, even monkeys) when out gathering wood. It was a remarkably fine bird, red-legged, larger than the European red-legged partridge, and had a peculiar plumage of black and dark green feathers about the head. I dare say it would have been excellent eating had it not been spoilt by the execrable devices of a Spanish soldier-cook. Never, more than in this army, was the proverb appropriate which says that "God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks." It needs a strong stomach and a good appetite (which latter is pretty general here) to enable one to swallow the horrible messes concocted by these uniformed Soyers. Of hares I have seen none, but should suppose there must be plenty. Rabbits, as I have before said, are in many places as plentiful as in a warren. Nor are larger animals wanting, at no great distance. A French gentleman now here, and who some years ago visited and shot in the vicinity of Tetuan, has pointed out to me hills where he describes wild boars to be almost as numerous as rabbits in the plain. The severe cold we have had for the last three or four days ought to bring some of them down to the lower grounds. Snow fell yesterday in the streets of Tetuan, and the inhabitants seemed to gaze at it with astonishment. A Jew, apparently about 45 years of age, told me he remembered to have seen it only once before in his life. A tin bucket of water which stood outside my tent last night was frozen this morning several inches thick, and to-day the highest mountain visible is white, and several much lower summits are thickly sprinkled

with snow. Even, however, if this unusually severe weather should drive *sanglier* into the valleys, I know not whether it will be practicable to pursue him far, except with an escort or in pretty strong parties, for there are still armed bands hovering in the neighbourhood, although by no means numerous, so far as we can learn, and invariably disappearing when a reconnoissance goes out. Two soldiers washing their linen in the river, at no great distance from town and camp, were wounded the other day. Several reconnoissances by small bodies of troops have been made in various directions during the last few days, but they have met with nothing remarkable or requiring note. The consideration of the Spanish generals for the natives is carried to a high pitch. General Turon was out reconnoitring the other day with a few battalions, when, on approaching a village, some of the inhabitants came out to meet him, and to beg he would not march through the place because their women were there, and they feared their being seen. The General, very goodnaturedly, complied with the request, and made a circuit round the village.

With respect to the interior of Tetuan, I have scarcely anything to add to former letters. It contains little worthy of remark in the way of architecture. Its mosques are very plain, and its houses, with a few exceptions, are of a mean description. The Moors have been emerging from their hiding-places and coming in from the neighbouring villages and country houses, where they had taken refuge either from the excesses and violence of their own countrymen or on the approach of the Spaniards, and the city has assumed a much more populous appearance. The bazaar is still desolate—a mass of rubbish, ruin, and confusion; but some street shops are open here and there, besides those kept by Jews and by Spanish intruders, and some Moorish *cafés* have also resumed their trade. The coffee they provide, made in the Turkish manner, with the grounds in it, is by no means bad, but the places in which it is vended are dark, dirty holes, hung with fusty matting. I yesterday found a French

artist sketching the interior of one of them, but he was ill-satisfied with his subject, and declared that Algiers, when first taken by the French, offered far better materials for the painter. The motley aspect of the Tetuan streets cannot fail, however, to furnish striking groups for pencil and brush. In the more crowded thoroughfares passage is often difficult in the busy hours of the day, and especially in the main street, leading down to the great Plaza de España (how different in appearance from its Roman namesake!), in which it is said that 12,000 men might be drawn up, and to the Jewish quarter. The dirty, squalid-looking Jews, in their skull-caps, linen trousers, and tattered cloaks or burnouses, have gained confidence from the protection afforded them, and elbow their way with little ceremony through the groups of Spanish soldiers, who, in yellow undress jackets or in brown surtouts, stand at the shop doors bargaining for beans, sausages, *aguardiente*, and others of their favourite delicacies. The Moors stalk slowly along, grave, erect, and apparently unobservant, or sit in twos and threes in the portals of houses, and watch—often, as it seems to me, with unfriendly scowl—the passage of the Christian invader. Yonder passes a bundle of clothes, more or less ragged and unclean, surmounted by an enormous straw hat, pressed down over the face and completely covering the shoulders of the wearer. From beneath the drapery appear the lower halves of two very lean brown legs, the feet pertaining to which are thrust, stockingless, into huge slippers, once yellow. There is nothing to indicate the sex of this ambulant object, but you are informed that it is an ancient female Moor. Here comes a party of officers bent on purchases. There is a mania for buying all kinds of articles of Moorish manufacture—guns, swords, *goomias*, gold embroidered girdles, kerchiefs and scarfs, silver ornaments from Tamsna, in the far interior of Morocco, bottles of scent, and frippery and tawdry of every description. Notwithstanding the recent sack, the demand has caused a large supply of many of these articles to be produced, and I

suspect that the Children of Israel, who are the principal vendors, or who, at any rate, act as go-betweens with Christian and Moor, must be making something handsome in the way of brokerage. One article very much demanded, but as yet not supplied, is monkeys. There is a proverbial saying in Spain about the monkeys of Tetuan, but it appears to be founded in error, like many other sayings of the kind. These interesting and much-coveted animals reside at a place called Sheshuan, some twenty-four hours' journey hence, and whence, owing to the war and state of the country, it has hitherto been impossible to obtain any. Pending their arrival, all manner of Jewish and Moorish finery, trinkets, and clothes are sought after, even when not in the very freshest and cleanest state, and it is evident that the Moorish style will be all the vogue in Madrid this spring. From what I hear, there was a good deal of old china in Tetuan, but it was nearly all smashed by those terrible savages, the warriors of Muley Abbas and Sidi Achmet. A large quantity which was in one of the best houses in the town was found unbroken, and was set apart, as I hear, to be sent to the Queen; so that it perhaps formed the contents of one or more of a number of heavy wooden cases which lately went to Madrid, with tents, banners, &c., under charge of an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief.

Seven or eight ovens are already at work in Tetuan, and others are being prepared, to complete the number of sixteen, for the baking of bread for the use of the army; 10,000 rations of fresh bread were issued to-day, and must be a pleasant change to the troops, long accustomed to hard biscuit. This latter article must have cost large sums to the Spanish Government during the present war, for, owing to the frequent damp to which it was exposed, a great deal of it got mouldy, and had to be thrown away.

Since the above was written, the Moorish envoys have been to camp for the reply to their inquiry as to the

conditions on which the Spaniards are willing to make peace. They were the same persons who came before, the principal among them being a dark, resolute, haughty-looking man, who is said to be the Governor of Tangier and the Riff. He has lately been fighting against the Spaniards, and in the course of conversation casually mentioned that on the 1st of January, in the action of Castillejos, he cut down several Moors, who persisted in running away when he wanted them to fight. The envoys came from the camp of Muley Abbas, at about four leagues from Tetuan, on the road to Tangier. They were at once introduced into the tent of O'Donnell, before whom they sat in their usual attitude of respect, with their hands resting on their knees and their palms turned upwards. The General complimented them on the valour of their troops, saying that if the Spaniards had prevailed it was because justice was on their side. The interview was not long, and after it was over the Moors went into a tent occupied by some of the Staff and took coffee. They brought with them a box, carefully enveloped in canvass, as a present to the General, and there was much conjecture among the bystanders as to its contents, which proved to be some extremely fine dates. They also brought some bags of the same for their acquaintances among the Staff officers, between whom and them there was much cordiality during the rather long time the Moors remained in camp. One of these, when the amicable intercourse was at its height, said, with a peculiar smile, "Good friends and sincere though we be to-day, to-morrow, if we meet in the field, we shall be as bitter enemies as ever." These words were variously commented upon, and by some were thought to bode ill for that peace which here is generally desired. It was not far from sunset when the Moorish cavalcade left the camp, accompanied by General Rios, Governor of Tetuan; and as the strangely-attired Mohammedans wound down the slope that leads from headquarters tents to the road, their draped and hooded figures, sitting tall upon their high saddles covered with crimson

or blue cloth, their outlandish accoutrements and their wild escort of men on foot (consisting chiefly of Moors of the Riff, and including a very striking-looking black slave, with a large silver ring through one ear), contrasted curiously with the modern uniforms of General Rios and his Staff, and with the shining helmets and regular array of the party of cavalry that brought up the rear. It was like a scene in a play. The Moors sleep in Tetuan to-night. They are to take coffee with General Rios, and to visit the office of the electric telegraph, and will return to their camp to-morrow morning. On their way to this camp to-day they saw General Prim, whose tents are in front of Tetuan, and who, like a generous enemy as he is, is always particularly kind and attentive to the Moors who come in his way. When the envoys last came, he made one of them a present of a revolver, discharging it in his presence that he might see the rapidity of the fire. To-day he gave him ammunition for it, expressing a hope that it would not be used against Spaniards.

The impression in camp to-night seems unfavourable to peace. The conditions proposed to the Moors are not known, but it is feared that they are exorbitant. There is a talk of 400,000,000 of reals for the expenses of the war, and the cession of Tetuan to the Spanish Crown. These would certainly be ungenerous and unreasonable conditions, and, although my information comes from a quarter in which I have confidence, I can hardly believe it correct; or, if it be so, we may suppose that the Spanish Government is asking more than it means to take. It would have a better effect, however, to ask moderate terms and insist upon them. As for Tetuan, it would be of little value to the Spaniards, since it has no port, nor any safe anchorage in east winds, and, as for the richness of the country, which I have described, there is plenty of rich land in Spain to reclaim and cultivate before Spaniards need go and seek it abroad. The probabilities are, that if Tetuan were ceded to Spain, it would be again taken from her by a surprise (as several

other former Spanish possessions in Africa have been, and as Melilla would have been, were it worth the taking) the first time that some careless Minister of War left it with a slender garrison, or ill supplied with means of defence. As for the £4,000,000 sterling, said to be claimed for the expenses of the war, I fear the sum will stagger the Moorish Emperor, even though it be payable, as I am told, in instalments at long intervals. Within a short time we shall doubtless know something more positive on all these points.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 19.

THE conditions on which the Spanish Government has informed the Moors that it is ready to make peace may possibly transpire at Madrid and reach you before this letter. In case they should not do so, I will tell you what they are here believed to be. In the first place, the cession to Spain of all the territory recently acquired by her arms; an indemnity for the expenses of the war of 200,000,000 reals, or £2,000,000 sterling (there are persons who believe the indemnity claimed to be double that amount); a Spanish Minister resident and a missionary college at Fez; a treaty of commerce placing Spain on the same footing with the most favoured nation. There are, perhaps, minor conditions, relating to the confirmation and future observance of former treaties between Spain and Morocco, &c.; but the above are the principal points of the proposed treaty of peace, and the knowledge of them has caused much surprise and some disgust in this army. The condition relating to the cession of territory is generally blamed. It is said to mean the whole of the country over which this army has passed—the land, that is to say, from Ceuta to Tetuan, between the sea and the mountains. This really seems an arrangement too unprofitable and even inconvenient

for the Spaniards, and too likely to give rise to frequent disputes and collisions, for it to be the one really intended. There is not a town nor even a village in the whole distance, and what can Spain want with a tract of marsh and jungle which would need great labour in clearing and draining before it could be brought into cultivation, and to protect which from Moorish incursions a considerable permanent force would be required? It would seem more probable that the demand is for the lines round Ceuta (up to the slopes of the Sierra Bullones), and for the city of Tetuan, with the valley between it and the sea. In either case it is looked upon here as injudicious and ungenerous. In fact, since the conditions transpired, this army is becoming exceedingly Moorish. The view taken here of the whole circumstances of the case is very different from that which seems to have been adopted and acted upon in Madrid councils. Arguing upon the tacit admission that the main object of this war has been to acquire credit for the Spanish army and increased consideration for Spain as a nation, the military complain that the conclusion mars the commencement, and that the exactions of the diplomatist tarnish the laurels of the soldier. In short, in this matter the Camp is at variance with Court and Cabinet. I hear the case stated as follows: The difficulties of the war, enhanced by its hasty commencement, called forth the best qualities of the Spanish soldier, and by their exhibition were surmounted; he gained reputation in Europe by his patience under hardship, his ready obedience to his superiors, his excellent conduct in camp, and also by his bravery in the field; after three months of suffering from climate and disease, combined with much fatiguing duty, and during which he fought in twenty combats and skirmishes without being once defeated, he beat a large force of the enemy out of strong positions, capturing the whole of his artillery and camp, and, as a consequence of this complete victory and of the total rout of the Moors, entering Tetuan within forty-eight hours. In the town his behaviour was exemplary,

and not a single excess was committed among the unfortunate inhabitants, who welcomed him as their preserver from the ill-usage of their own fellow-subjects. While it is admitted that the Moors have proved a far less formidable foe than many anticipated, it is at the same time maintained, and not without reason, that the whole course of the campaign has done credit to the Spanish soldier, and consequently to the Spanish nation. And when the Moors, finding themselves unable to contend with the far greater military resources of Spain, and being also, it is believed, sorely distressed by civil dissensions, applied humbly and cordially for peace, confessing themselves beaten, and craving to know on what conditions it would be conceded, it was hoped here that the Spanish Government would show itself generous, and thus further add to the credit which Spain is thought to have acquired by the war. Those who hoped that now declare themselves grievously disappointed. The tenor of the communications received from the Moors, and the demeanour of their envoys, have also excited a certain interest and sympathy for them. The bravery of many among them, as evinced on various occasions, is undeniable and great; and had all fought equally well, and had they had the science and discipline of Europeans, the result of the campaign might have been different. Their chiefs evidently feel bitterly their defeat and humiliation. The tears started from the eyes of one of the four who have twice been to camp, on some remark being made during their first interview with General O'Donnell that brought his countrymen's reverses to his mind. The last letter from Muley Abbas to the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, brought by the Ambassadors on Thursday last, was courteous, gentle, and even friendly. "God grant," it concluded, "that the answer of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain may be such as to restore the former cordial understanding between the two nations." It is much feared that the answer will hardly have proved of such a nature. The condition of the Moors must, it is thought, be very bad for them to accept the terms proposed. Some

think they may, perhaps, accept them in principle, subject to reductions to be settled by negotiation or arbitration. The universal opinion here (at least, not one dissentient voice has yet reached me) is, that it is folly for Spain to covet territory in Africa, beyond the small extent round Ceuta which would insure her unmolested possession of that place. "We have plenty of waste land of our own in Spain," say the Spaniards here; "and as to Tetuan, it would be only an expense and a burden. It could be useful to us only if we desired to found an extensive colony in Morocco, as the French have in Algiers, and to extend our possessions by successive conquests." The prevalent opinion here seems to be—and you will, probably, agree with me that it is the correct one—that Spain should have confined her demands to what she originally asked for; that is to say, the tract of country round Ceuta which her redoubts now defend, with, perhaps, a little extension on the right, towards the pass known as the Boquéte de Anghera, in order to render her position more secure and easily defensible. As regards the expenses of the war, I cannot think but that they must have amounted to £2,000,000 sterling; indeed, the lowest estimate I have heard has been nearly double that sum; but the fact is that there are extremely few persons in camp in a position to estimate them, and those few may think it right not to be communicative on the subject. The feeling among the officers, however, seems to be not to press too hard on the Moors as regards the money question. Some propose that they should pay the interest on the war's cost; others that they should pay the capital, or a moiety of it, in easy instalments. The payment of the two millions claimed is, I understand, to be spread over four years.

Notwithstanding that the conditions laid down for Moorish acceptance are, as you will gather from the preceding, here considered exorbitant and unacceptable, the general opinion continues to be that the war is at an end. Some compromise, it is thought, will be come to.

England and France, I have heard it suggested, will exercise their influence to check the avidity of the Spanish Government. One thing is very plain to me, and that is that O'Donnell is wanted in Madrid. Some think he is of the same opinion, and that he may possibly soon return thither in company with his wife, who arrived at Custom-house Fort yesterday evening from Spain to visit her new duchy of Tetuan, in which town she has taken up her quarters. She was accompanied by eight or ten friends, both military and civilian. She will hardly be much enchanted by the aspect of Tetuan, and still less is she likely to be charmed by the odours that reign there. The Spanish broom has done something, but a great deal still remains to be done. It is to be feared the habits of the inhabitants render complete purification next to impossible. The place is ground in with dirt. Cholera, which has stuck to this army from its very first formation—in the depôts in Spain, at Ceuta, on the Serallo Heights, and in the Azmeer Marsh, and which still clings to it—has shown itself among the people of Tetuan. There have already been a good many cases, and not a few deaths. The Jews tell me that a number of their people have died of it, and they seem alarmed. Closely packed as they are, and uncleanly as are many of their habitations, it is to be apprehended that the disease will commit great ravages among them. Their houses are, for the most part, small and low, seldom having more than one floor above the ground, with perhaps a little room or two encroaching on the *azotea* or platform roof. They seem very prolific, for one sees swarms of children, and, as they are penned up in a certain portion of the town forming their *ghetto* or *barrio*, they are obliged to find room as they can; the consequence, of course, being crowded dwellings. In the army there still is cholera, but it is now looked upon almost as a matter of course. I have not heard of its having increased, and the present encampments are in healthier positions than many this army has held. The severe cold we have lately had—some snow and hail,

and two nights of very hard frost—has naturally been unfavourable to the health of the soldier, imperfectly protected as he is by a single canvass, and having a great deal of night duty in the open field. The chief of the army post-office died yesterday of cholera, and was buried to-day.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 20.

WHATEVER may be the hopes of peace, preparation continues much as if war were expected. Almost immediately after the capture of Tetuan orders were sent to Oran for the purchase of 350 camels, in anticipation of a march. Yesterday a despatch was sent to expedite the coming of those animals. I hear of other measures being taken from which might be argued a probability of the resumption of hostilities, but too much weight must not be attached to them, since, until peace be certain, it is of course necessary to be at all points prepared for war. There is a report of milder conditions having been brought to the Commander-in-Chief by the same steamer which conveyed hither the Duchess of Tetuan.

The news of a reverse experienced by the Spanish arms has reached this camp from Melilla. The governor of that place, Brigadier Buceta, made a sortie with the greater part of the garrison, consisting, I am here told, of about 1200 men; he was met by the Moors, sorely beaten, and pursued up to the very gates of the fortress, with a loss of 300 men. Nothing could have been more ill-timed. Such unaccustomed success is likely to make the Moors more stubborn than they otherwise would have been as regards the conditions of peace. It is reported that Buceta had orders from O'Donnell not to provoke a collision; and, if so, he will find himself in an awkward position. The usual garrison of Melilla is two battalions, but it is stated that a third had just arrived to relieve

one of them, and Buceta profited by the presence of the three to make his ill-advised attempt. He seized upon some positions and encamped there two nights, and in the mean time the Moors gathered their strength and came down upon him. According to one account his loss was 70 killed and 300 wounded.

TETUAN, *Feb.* 22.

THE territory, "acquired by the Spanish arms," the perpetual cession of which is demanded by the Government of Spain from that of Morocco as one of the conditions of the peace desired, is, I have reason to believe, to be defined by a line drawn from a point two kilometres west of Tetuan, northwards to the redoubt of Isabella II. and the Straits of Gibraltar. The southern limit is to be the range of mountains bounding the valley of Tetuan, and which is the commencement of the extensive mountainous district commonly known as the Riff. The sea forms the northern and eastern boundaries. The district thus marked out is a long quadrangle, from thirty to thirty-five miles in length, and from four to seven (according to the indentations of the shore) in breadth. Besides a considerable portion of mountain, by far the greater part of it is at present morass and jungle; but, by clearing and draining, the whole of the plain, or nearly so, might be converted into extremely fertile land, capable of producing rich crops of various kinds. It is not, however, these few square miles of productive soil that can be coveted by a country which, like Spain, has such vast untilled tracts within its own limits; and, even supposing the whole of the new African province reclaimed and cultivated, it would not pay the cost of its retention. The neighbourhood is a bad one, and a strong guard would be required by the new possession. The idea is, I hear, to form Ceuta, Tetuan, Melilla, and the Chafarinas

Islands, into a captain-generalcy, and this might be gratifying to Spanish vanity, although it would assuredly be burdensome to Spanish revenue. It is also said that Tetuan, like Ceuta, would be declared a free port. This intention must be taken in connection with the other condition laid down of a treaty of commerce as favourable to Spain as any at present existing with the most favoured nation. Tetuan, however, has no port. The town is seven miles from the sea; what is called the port of Tetuan is at Fort Martin, where is the mouth of a narrow river, which at present, owing to a sandbar, can be entered only by small vessels. The coast is a particularly dangerous one in east winds; and, since this army has been here, vessels have repeatedly been obliged to put back to Gibraltar, Algesiras, &c., without landing their cargoes. Doubtless the port might be improved, but nothing could ever make it a good one or accessible for large ships. If there be any unconfessed idea that Tetuan might become a depot of foreign goods, to be thence smuggled into the interior, it would be well to bear in mind that the Moorish Government derives its chief revenue from custom-house duties, and would assuredly be on its guard, and use every precaution against contraband practices. On the other hand, close to the new Hispano-African province are our old friends the Riffians. How long a time would elapse before forays and outrages on their part would form grounds for fresh disputes between the Madrid and Fez Governments? The Emperor would declare his inability to coerce or chastise those warlike and predatory tribes, and would perhaps authorise and request the Spaniards to revenge their own injuries. But the Riffians are needy, hardy barbarians, living in a labyrinth of mountains, and more difficult to deal with even than those Kabyles who so long gave trouble to the French. It would hardly suit Spain to enter into such a contest, and it would be rather unjust to make it a *casus belli* with the Emperor of Morocco that he did not himself fight the Spaniards' battles with a people who are only nominally his subjects. In short,

the possession of the new province would, according to every probability, lead Spain into new and costly wars, while—supposing even that these were avoided—it could be of no earthly benefit to her. Such is the general opinion here, although it does not appear to be shared at Madrid. In camp I have not yet heard a dissentient voice from the view I have just stated. Among the numerous officers whose opinions on the subject I have had opportunity of gathering, there are many who would gladly, as military men, see the war prolonged, in hopes of its giving them promotion and distinction; but, almost to a man, they admit that the true policy of Spain is now to terminate it. They see that their country has nothing to gain by the prolongation of a contest with a foe whose most signal defeat affords but little glory, whilst the climate, disease, and inevitable hardships, cause greater loss of men than would be suffered in a campaign against a disciplined and really formidable enemy. The general feeling is that, however long this war might last, Spain would never find an opportunity of terminating it under more favourable circumstances than the present; and it is a subject of general regret that, as there can scarcely be a doubt, her Government has demanded terms of peace so exorbitant that, whether accepted or declined, the mere fact of their having been put forward will lessen the credit acquired by the recent triumphs of the army.

A messenger from Muley Abbas arrived at Tetuan on the afternoon of the 20th, and left yesterday. He brought a letter from the Moorish commander, the purport of which, although it was couched in generalities, is, if it has been rightly translated by the interpreters, rather favourable than otherwise to the probabilities of peace, and even to the acceptance of the onerous terms proposed. The main object of the missive was, however, to say that a reply could not be given for a few days. If the negotiations should fall through, and hostilities recommence, I see little chance of anything important being done for the next two or three weeks at the least. There are points to be fortified in this neighbourhood, and various

things to be arranged, the enumeration of which would not interest you, which must cause delay. After arriving at Fort Martin, within seven miles of Tetuan, seventeen days passed before anything was done. A march of seven leagues to Tangier will require other and greater preparation. It is O'Donnell's system to make everything secure. Nor can we be suprised at this when we consider the effect a single reverse would have, not only upon his personal position, but upon that of the Government he presides over. His enemies in Spain are active and unscrupulous, and do their utmost to take advantage of the opportunities afforded them by his absence.

It can hardly have failed to suggest itself to General O'Donnell that the main object of the Moors may at present be to gain time, in which to collect troops, prepare defences, and lay in stores. In the absence of any positive information concerning their proceedings this is no improbable conjecture. The army that was routed on the 4th inst. has, we have reason to believe, in great part dispersed. It is necessary to muster a new one, to bring it up from other provinces of the empire, the military resources of which cannot be exhausted by the warfare that has as yet gone on, and by the scattering of a force probably over-rated at 25,000 men. The beaten troops may refuse again to confront the Spanish fire, but fresh ones may be gathered if time be afforded to bring them up. As regards fortifications and defences, nothing certain is known, or to which weight can be attached; but there are reports of earth-works being thrown up on the road to Tangier, which passes, it is well known, through some long defiles and very defensible positions. We have now had a good deal of dry weather, which will have diminished the difficulty the Moors experienced in bringing up forage for their horses and provisions for themselves—a difficulty, according to Moorish accounts, that had much to do with the inefficiency shown in recent contests by a part of the forces engaged. In short, all things considered, and bearing in mind the wily character of these Africans, it seems by no means improbable that the mis-

sions, and letters, and smooth words, and sweet gifts, and humble bearing, in which they have so largely dealt since the 4th inst., may be mere dust in the eyes of the Christian, and that they await but the moment when they shall find themselves reinforced, and prepared to bid him come on and do his worst, in a country where he will no longer have the sea for his base of operations and medium of supplies. In Spain, where the people and the press seem drunk with recent success, this probability may be disdainfully refused consideration, but it is not the less deserving to be weighed. The war party in Spain appears at present deaf to reason; it dreams of seeing the Spanish flag hoisted, not only in Tangier, but, unless the Moors unconditionally submit, also in Fez and Mequinez. It seems blind to the very natural question of what terms Spain can impose, within Moorish capability to fulfil, when her army shall have made further conquests, if she asks so much on the strength of a single success, and of the capture of a city of 30,000 inhabitants.*

HEADQUARTERS CAMP, WEST OF TETUAN, *March* 25.

THE most severely contested, and, as it has proved, the decisive and final action of the Spanish campaign in Morocco, was fought the day before yesterday, on ground a little in front of the camp whence I now write,—at least it commenced a very short distance hence, but extended, a protracted line and stubborn conflict, along a large front, and to a distance of two and a half leagues from Tetuan, and of two from the further extremity of the pass of the Fondach—where, and not so much on this side of it, an important action and a fierce resistance

* Towards the end of February, inaction continuing, the writer went to Spain for a short period of repose, returning to Africa for the close of the campaign. Of the unimportant combat of the 11th March, which occurred during his absence, some account is hereafter given in the general review of the war.

had been expected by the Spaniards. Of the bare facts of what has occurred, of the battle, the Moors' courageous defence, their final complete defeat, the heavy loss of the Spaniards (larger than has been admitted by official returns to have been suffered in any other action of this war), of the renewed negotiations, and of the final signature of peace by Marshal O'Donnell and Muley Abbas, you will already have received tidings. The last sixty hours have been so prolific of events, and so much still remains to be ascertained, that I do not expect to be able to do justice to them in the present letter, but merely to give you a general idea of the whole.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 23d instant, the *diana* sounded in the streets of Tetuan and in the camps in front and rear of the city; tents were struck, mules loaded, and before six the whole Spanish army, between 20,000 and 25,000 strong, was in motion westwards. In Tetuan remained a slender garrison of barely 1500 men; the three forts near the sea, known respectively as Martin, Custom-house, and Star, were intrusted to the care of a small force of infantry of the line and of a few companies of the Basque contingent, besides the necessary artillerymen for working the guns. It was evident the General-in-Chief expected to have occasion for every man he could muster. The order of march was in parallel columns, and was led by that portion of the first corps which lately came to Tetuan from the lines of Ceuta. These were the same regiments which first landed in Africa, and fought in the sharp action of the 25th of November, and now they led the van in the closing fight of the war. They were eight battalions, with two batteries of mountain artillery, and a small body of cavalry, forming a division, commanded by Lieutenant-General Echague and Major-General Sir Richard La Saussaye. They were followed by Marshal O'Donnell and his Staff, swollen by the presence of a number of foreign officers, most of whom have arrived since the capture of Tetuan, and two or three of whom were slightly wounded in the combat of the 11th instant, or in the far

more important action of the day before yesterday. Their tents stand together in headquarters camp, and that section of it is facetiously denominated *La Légion Etrangère*, "the Foreign Legion." There are several Prussians, a Russian, an Austrian, Swedes, and Bavarians, and one Frenchman, Baron Clary. I have seen it repeatedly stated in print that there were British officers at these headquarters; but that is not the case. The mistake may have arisen from the visits that have occasionally been made to the camp and to Tetuan by officers of Gibraltar garrison, or, more probably, from the fact that an Englishman holding the rank of colonel of cavalry in the Spanish army has served throughout the whole war on O'Donnell's Staff, without pay, and at his own charges. The Comte d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, a gallant young soldier and general favourite, is also still here; and this, I think, completes our list of distinguished foreigners. To return to the order of march. After the Staff came the second corps, the fighting corps *par excellence*, under its dashing chief Don Juan Prim, and the third corps, under Ros de Olano; then came the baggage, protected in rear by the first division of the reserve. The line of march was flanked and protected on the right by the second division of the reserve, under General Rios, which moved along the heights—a fortunate precaution, since it fell in with a large body of Moors hurrying in the contrary direction, with the manifest intention of getting in the rear of the Spaniards. Rios's was probably the strongest division in the field, including, as it did, five-sixths of the Basque contingent, lately arrived. This contingent is 3000 strong, most of them young soldiers, but all active, hardy fellows, whose flat red caps (the Pyrenean *beret*) recalled to the minds of many here present the *chapelgorris* and Carlists of the civil war now twenty years concluded. Distributed among the various divisions went the whole of the mountain artillery (borne on mules), and two batteries of field artillery of four guns each. Also the cavalry, which is but a small force—that arm having suffered considerably

during the present war. The whole number of combatants is here estimated at fully 25,000, and very probably was not less. Upwards of 40,000 rations are now drawn daily for the Spanish army in Africa, which, allowing for the double rations of officers, for muleteers, camel-drivers, servants, sick, and all classes of non-combatants, as well as for the small garrisons left in Tetuan and the forts, ought to leave a disposable fighting force of at least the number above stated.

The action commenced at a short league from Tetuan; the ground where it terminated, and where the Spaniards encamped, is about a league and a half further off. The river Guad el Jelu, or Martin, changes its name in more than one place, and at a league and a half from Tetuan, where it makes an abrupt turn to the right and crosses the road under a bridge, it is known as the Guad el Ras. The road to Tangier is rather more like a road than the imperfect tracks which generally bear that name in this country. The positions successively held and abandoned by the Moors on the line of advance of the main body of the Spanish army were of an advantageous nature, a series of hills partially covered with brushwood, with here and there a *douar*, or hamlet, of the poor huts the rural population hereabouts inhabit. To give you a correct detailed account of the action is scarcely possible, owing to the extent of the ground over which it was fought, and because it was in great measure a collection of desultory combats. The plan of the Moors was evident enough. They are, as you know, but poor tacticians; and, judging, it may be supposed, of others by themselves, they imagined that the Spaniards would advance along the valley without guarding the lofty and extensive heights upon their right. Thither, however, General Rios betook himself, and soon became aware of the presence of a large force of the enemy, estimated at about 12,000 men. While that General, making a wide circuit, checked the advance of this left wing, Echague, Prim, and a small portion of the third corps, were fighting their way along the lower ground and over

the hills that diversified it. The most severe conflict was after the passage of the river, where the Moors held very strong positions opposite to the Spanish left. Here the army changed its front about three quarters to the left, and Prim attacked a village in which the Moors had established themselves in great force, and where they made a most obstinate resistance. A charge of cavalry directed against it proved, as might have been expected, utterly fruitless, and was repulsed with a loss of about eighty men and horses. Twice was the village taken and retaken, until at last the Spaniards permanently occupied it. There can be no question that the Moors fought on Friday better than they have ever yet done in this campaign. Their leaders had found means to inspirit them, notwithstanding their many previous defeats, to redeem which they made a desperate effort. Fresh troops had evidently been brought up from remote parts of the empire. The black cavalry were there in force, and displayed great intrepidity. There were several hand-to-hand conflicts, in which bodies of Moorish infantry boldly attacked Spanish battalions. In one instance a mere handful of men rushed fearlessly upon the Spanish line, dying upon the bayonets, but not until some of them had actually penetrated the battalion. Wherever there was a position favourable to the irregular mode of fighting of the Moors, these stubbornly defended it, and were more than once driven out only at the point of the bayonet. Doubtless, the leaders were for some time in hopes of their fire being responded to by that of the force which had been sent along the heights to get into the Spanish rear, but to which Rios opposed a barrier. Owing to the nature of the ground, and to avoid being himself outflanked by the large body of the enemy he encountered, Rios had to make a very wide circuit, and the Moors, seeing this, attempted to push in between him and the main body of the army, and to turn the flank of the latter. They were repulsed, and after that, as already mentioned, the principal contest was on the left. From ridge to ridge, from one captured position

to another, the Spaniards at last came in sight of the Moorish camps. These were three in number, and great hopes were entertained that, as on the 4th of February, they would become the prize of the victors. But the enemy had profited by experience, and no longer entertained a blind confidence in their power of successfully defending any position. With extraordinary celerity their camps were raised. It is true that they are not generally encumbered with much baggage, and most of them had probably little to transport beyond their canvass dwellings and a few old clothes and blankets; nevertheless the rapidity of the operation was surprising. A Staff officer, who was observing and sketching, assured me that not more than ten or twelve minutes elapsed from the time when every tent was standing to the moment when the last had disappeared.

Soon after four o'clock all was over, and nearly the last shots fired were by the two batteries of field artillery at the dispersed Moorish cavalry. After half-past four no more shots were heard, and this is worthy of note, as showing how completely the Moors must have considered the game up and have felt themselves proportionately disheartened, for in previous actions (except in one or two, when heavy rain seemed to have the effect of rendering their firearms unserviceable) they have invariably, even after they felt themselves beaten, kept up skirmishing until dark. Perhaps, however, on this occasion their leaders desired them to withdraw, for, as a few hours more were to show, they felt that their last stake had been played and lost. The Spanish army encamped on the ground where the Moorish tents had stood; not exactly on the same spot, however, since the leavings of a Moorish encampment are not pleasant to pass the night among. It had been a hard day's work; but fatigue was forgotten in the exultation of victory. There were the usual painful sights and sounds inseparable from every battle, whether won or lost. The killed were numerous, the wounded much more so, but the hurts of many of the latter were slight, and between 200

and 300 were able to walk back to Tetuan, and the next day to the sea-shore for embarkation. There was considerable loss of officers, as usual in this war. All the commanding officers of *Cazadores*, light infantry battalions, engaged were hit. The heaviest loss (about one-half of the whole) fell upon Prim's corps, which was the most engaged; Echague's troops had nearly 300 killed and wounded, including 3 colonels or lieutenant-colonels and about 30 officers. The official return gives 7 officers and 130 men killed, 97 officers and 1026 men wounded. General Alcala Galiano, commanding the cavalry, was slightly wounded. Colonel Jovellar, of the Headquarters Staff, received a ball through the arm. The total loss is 1260 killed and wounded, but, as above mentioned, a large proportion of the wounds are of little importance, and those who have received them will be able to return to their duty in two or three weeks.

The army was at two leagues from the Fondach, a large building belonging to the Government, placed for the reception of travellers at the further extremity of the defile to which it gives its name. The plan of the General-in-Chief was to leave behind him the division of Rios and the heavy artillery, and to proceed with the rest of the army by a circuit over one of the lofty ridges through which the formidable defile passes. It was not expected that much opposition would be offered by the broken and dispirited host which had suffered so severely and fled in such dismay. The Fondach passed, the road lay open to Tangier, or to the point of the coast whither the army would need first to repair, to receive, from a fleet of transports which already lay loaded in Cadiz Bay, the necessary provisions and ammunition, as well as the battering train which had been for some time embarking at Fort Martin. Not a man in the army doubted of beating the Moors above the Fondach, or wherever else they might present themselves in hostile array, as thoroughly, and probably with greater ease than on the day before yesterday.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP, WEST OF TETUAN, *March* 26.

I HAVE been writing by scraps and amid many interruptions, and since the above was penned headquarters have again changed their camp to the old place outside the Puerta de la Reyna, the eastern gate of Tetuan. I resume my narrative of recent events. At two P.M. on the afternoon of Saturday the 24th, two envoys from Muley Abbas presented themselves at the Spanish headquarters of Guad el Ras. They were the same who had often before visited us—the Governors of Tangier and the Riff. The Prince, they said, was most desirous of a conference with O'Donnell. The General was little disposed to comply with the request. He apprehended that such an interview was not likely to lead to any more satisfactory result than the one that had taken place just a month before, on the 23d of February. He considered it unworthy of Muley Abbas, as the Emperor's brother and the Generalissimo of the Moorish forces, and of himself as the representative of Spain, to waste time in frivolous conversations. If the proposed meeting were for the purpose of bargaining about conditions, he declined it. The envoys were very urgent. "I have halted here to-day," said O'Donnell at last, "to send my wounded to Tetuan and to get up ammunition. Since you press so much for an interview, this is what I will do. To-morrow, at half-past four in the morning, the *diana* will sound and the soldiers will get their coffee. I will wait for the Prince until six; that hour struck, I march." The envoys pressed for half an hour longer; "Wait till half-past six," they said. Why were they so anxious for so trifling a prolongation? Muley Abbas, they replied (and the answer revealed a strange and unpleasant state of things), dared not come before it was light, not from fear of the Christians, but of the Moors, his brother's subjects. Upon this representation O'Donnell consented to the delay. "Till to-morrow, then," he said, significantly, "here at half-past six, or at night in

the Fondach." At a quarter past six the next morning up came one of the envoys at a gallop, alone, inquiring the hour. He had seen the camp raised, he had heard some shots, fired, probably, by stray Kabyles, and he feared hostilities had been resumed. Muley Abbas, he said, was on his way to the Spanish camp, to sign conditions of peace. A tent was sent out and pitched at a short distance from camp, but far enough to prevent the Moorish Prince from being intruded upon by curious eyes. Some little time elapsed; when the tent was ready O'Donnell rode down, leaving his Staff a few hundred yards off, and accompanied only by half-a-dozen generals and an interpreter. Muley Abbas, who had paused at some distance on the other side of the tent, came up with an escort of about 100 horsemen, Moros de Rey, dressed in white haicks and wearing the red fez upon their heads. His immediate personal escort consisted of about a dozen old soldiers, with grey or white beards, some of whom appeared sixty or seventy years old, but all of whom were active and vigorous. The escort was badly mounted. It bore three red banners and a large green one. Muley Abbas himself is a man apparently from thirty-five to forty years of age, but he may be more, for it is extremely difficult to judge of the age of these people. He is as dark as a Mulatto, and his features, without being of the Negro type, incline rather to that than to the aquiline Arab. His countenance is far from displeasing. He is of the middle height, and strongly built. He wore a light blue tunic, a red haick and high boots, with a muslin scarf covering his head and shoulders, and bound round his turban with a green cord. His line of march from his own camp had been flanked by Moorish regulars, doubtless to guard him from the lawless Kabyles, who, scarcely recognising the Emperor of Morocco as their Sovereign, and greedy of plunder, might have been disposed to make little difference between an Imperial Prince and any other slenderly escorted and well-clad traveller. Muley Abbas, too, has doubtless increased the number of his enemies by the

little success he has had in the present war, and by the severe measures he has repeatedly thought it necessary to adopt to enforce the services of the reluctant and to punish the cowardice of fugitives. He is reported to have said that he shall have to cut off many heads to carry out the treaty just made; and whether he did say so or not, there can be little doubt that the fact will come to pass. Decapitation is thought extremely little of in this country, and men's lives are held cheap as dirt. If some of the Moorish generals and chiefs who have been over to this camp on various occasions for purposes of negotiation, with messages from Muley Abbas, &c., speak the truth, it must be almost as hazardous a thing in the Moorish service to run away from an enemy as to await his fiercest and most overpowering onset. One sombre, determined-looking person, a general of cavalry, related one night in Tetuan, while calmly smoking his pipe and sipping his coffee in the quarters of a Spanish general, that in one of the actions of this war—I think it was that of the 31st of January—when he saw his troops flying and not to be rallied, his fury became so great that he applied himself diligently to cutting them down, and paused only when his arm was too weary to continue. According to his own estimate he had thus laid low 200 men. This may have been an exaggeration, but there can be little doubt that the remorseless warrior did thus dispose of a large number of his recreant followers. He must have had hard work of it if he cut at their heads, for the Moorish skulls are said to be remarkably solid. At least, some cavalry who got among them on the 23d inst. declare that their sabres actually rebounded from their shaven pates. They brought them to the ground, but, as for cleaving the bone it was out of the question.

The conference between Muley Abbas and O'Donnell lasted nearly two hours, and a treaty of peace was signed. The conditions will perhaps reach you by telegraph before this letter, but lest they should not, I will state what I understand them to be:—

Four hundred millions of reals to be paid to Spain for the expenses of the war; Tetuan to be retained as a guarantee until full payment of the sum, and then to be given up in exchange for a port on the west coast of Morocco—the port of Santa Cruz, it is said; the territory within the present Spanish lines round Ceuta to be retained; a tract of country round Melilla to be ceded, its radius to be twice the distance a 24-pounder will carry; a Spanish Consul or diplomatic agent at Fez, or any other place in the empire he may choose to reside at; the mission at Tangier to be maintained, and one to be established at Tetuan; a commercial treaty, placing Spain now and for the future on the footing of the most favoured nation; attacks and outrages upon the persons or property of Spaniards by any of the Kabyles to be revenged by Spain without its causing hostilities or dissension between the Spanish and Moorish Governments. This last stipulation is expected to have the effect of keeping the tribes on their good behaviour, checking Riffian piracies, &c., as soon as these habitual offenders discover that they cannot reckon on protection from their own Government against those whom they insult or injure, but that, on the contrary, these will be at liberty to enter their country, inflict castigation, and compel atonement. The treaty is to be ratified in a month. The port on the west coast is said to be coveted chiefly as a fishing station. The whole treaty, as I need hardly point out, is highly advantageous to Spain, and both onerous and humiliating to Morocco. Muley Abbas has been seen by extremely few persons in camp, both his interviews with O'Donnell having been held in front of the Spanish lines; and on Saturday last, as already mentioned, only half-a-dozen officers of high rank accompained O'Donnell. I learn, however, from good authority, that when the two chiefs, the Moor and the Christian, issued forth from the tent, the contrast in the expression of their countenances was most striking and remarkable. O'Donnell's large ruddy face beamed with satisfaction, while Muley Abbas was evidently deeply dejected—as well he

might be at having to subscribe to such terms. Not even a concession made by the Duke of Tetuan could temper the sadness of the unlucky Moor. The sum at first stipulated for the expenses of the war was 500,000,000 of reals (£5,000,000 sterling). This was a heavy pull. "*No puede vmd perdonar nada?*" said the Prince; "Can you diminish nothing?" "A hundred millions of reals," promptly replied O'Donnell. This was a handsome discount, considering that if abatements had been refused Muley Abbas must have signed for the 500 millions, or have broken off the conference and prepared for the unpleasant meeting at the Fondach previously suggested by his opponent. The conference over, Muley Abbas asked for a doctor. One of his hands was swollen and painful in consequence of a shot that had entered it some years ago, when out shooting, and which still occasionally annoyed him. Two surgeons were sent for, the Prince was prescribed for, and O'Donnell proffered further attendance if he needed or desired it.

The interview at an end, General Rios's corps and the Basques marched back to Tetuan, and were shortly afterwards followed by O'Donnell and his Staff, who entered the town about four o'clock, amid ringing of bells, an artillery salute from the Alcazaba and other batteries, and the *vivas* of the crowd, composed chiefly of Spaniards and Jews. The Commander-in-Chief alighted for a short time at the quarters of General Rios, and then returned, along the same road by which he had come, to the camp where I commenced this letter, a mile or more to the west of Tetuan, and a short distance from the place where Friday's battle began. On the same evening General O'Donnell's brother left for Madrid by way of Alicante, taking with him the conditions of peace. I need hardly say that everybody here seems delighted at its conclusion, and that there is the utmost impatience to get back to Spain. It is thought probable that the Commander-in-Chief will be summoned to Madrid within a very few days, to receive the applause of his countrymen and the thanks of his sovereign, and to exchange once more the

soldier's duty in the field for the more peaceful functions of the Minister. The second in command is Ros de Olano, but it is said that he will go home, and that Prim will remain supreme in Africa, where, if the Kabyles prove troublesome, he is the very man to give a good account of them. Everybody wonders at his having got through the campaign unscathed. On the 23d he was, as usual, in the thick of the fire, and twice he had to throw himself at the head of faltering battalions, and himself lead them to the charge. His horse was shot, his servant was wounded, but there was not even a scratch for Prim. His little corps of Catalans again suffered terribly. They arrived here on the eve of the action of the 4th of February, 410 strong; there now remain 102, after sharing in two actions, in the first of which their colonel was killed, while in the second the officer who replaced him was wounded. After the fight of the 23d Prim approached the remnant of the little band, and addressed them in terms of warm eulogium. A Catalan himself, he was proud of the honour they had won, while he grieved for the losses they had suffered. He had spoken but a few sentences when, although little used to the melting mood, his voice failed him from emotion. "I will speak to you to-morrow," he said, and turned away. Some of the battalions of the second division suffered heavily. That of Navarre, led by a very dashing, headlong Catalan officer, Milans del Bosch, charged repeatedly with the bayonet, and lost 120 men and 14 officers killed and wounded. I do not know its strength on going into action, but most of the battalions of this army are numerically weak, few of them having more than 400 bayonets, and some less than 300.

According to the latest reports General Rios will remain in command at Tetuan. Echague's corps and the first division of the reserve will leave in a day or two for Ceuta. There are general preparations for departure. Meanwhile a Levanter has set in, and if it increases the transports will hardly be able to remain off Fort Martin. We had a July heat yesterday, but the

thermometer has fallen some 20 degrees, and the weather is dull and cool, with a tendency to rain. We are soon to have a grand parade, followed by a *Te Deum* for victory over the infidels and for the conclusion of peace.

SPANISH CAMP, NEAR TETUAN, *March* 29.

THE action of the 23d instant had for one of its most remarkable features the desperate valour exhibited by the Moors, which at least once during the fight seemed not unlikely effectually to counterbalance the superiority the Spaniards owe to discipline and artillery. They have often fought well before, but it was hardly to be expected, under all the circumstances, that they should have fought best at the last. When we remember that they had been invariably defeated during the four months' campaign—often, as I believe, with less damage than their careful, deliberate fire inflicted on the victors, but on some other occasions, certainly, with very heavy loss—that they had not a single triumph to look back upon as a precedent for hope, nor a single gun to oppose to the Spanish artillery, which, with that prodigality of fire that distinguishes it, crushed them with shot, shell, and rockets; remembering all these things, I say, one must regard with admiration the fact that on Friday last they showed a dash and determination even greater than they ever before displayed. They came down upon the Spaniards and fought with them hand to hand, and more than once, especially in the village on the left, in and around which some of the hardest fighting of the day took place, drove them back by the weight and accuracy of their fire. In the afternoon, when their best positions had been taken, and they felt themselves losing ground, their resistance grew feebler; but in the morning it was of a very formidable character, and I have reason to believe that at one time Prim, who did the lion's share of the

fighting, was uneasy at the aspect of affairs. More than once, as I mentioned in my last letter, it was only by throwing himself into the thick of the danger and inspiriting his men by his voice and example that he averted disasters that might have been serious. The Spaniards, whilst extolling the valour of their enemies, would naturally have it to be inferred that their own has been on all occasions superior; but they cannot deny that in this last action, as in that of Castillejos, the Moors pressed them hard, and even compelled portions of their force to recede. Prim's moral influence with the troops is great, and he was fortunate in having about him several very cool and determined officers. The skill displayed in the plan and conduct of the battle is considered, by competent judges, not to have been extraordinary. Few battles are fought, however, in which some mistakes are not made, and of course the blunders leave the more credit to the soldiers and the regimental officers who triumph in spite of them. The cavalry was, as usual in all this war, indifferently handled, and sacrificed without corresponding advantage. A squadron of Borbon lost about half its numbers by being placed in a position where it could not act efficiently, and where it was exposed to a heavy fire. Under such circumstances the bravery of the men avails little. Another squadron was so unlucky, when charging, as to ride over a portion of the Catalan volunteers, some thirty or forty of whom it stretched, sorely bruised, upon the ground. The artillery fired an immense deal, and repeatedly covered and repaired shortcomings. One six-gun battery distributed no less than 400 projectiles, and I have no reason to believe that it was more generous than its neighbours. The Spaniards, who are morbidly sensitive to foreign criticism, are sharp-sighted and acute critics of themselves. Among various witty epigrams and doggrels that have had currency in camp during the war, is one which says that in this campaign the artillery has been the "indispensable," and the cavalry "the victim." Nothing could be truer. I am far from depreciating the many excellent qualities of

the Spanish infantry, which I have repeatedly set forth and extolled; but it is unquestionable that on various occasions in this war it would have gone hard with it but for the support and protection of the artillery.

In the action of the 23d the Moors showed more plan and concert than had previously been usual with them. They were seen moving steadily up from different directions, and taking up determined positions. Not content with holding these they advanced upon the Spaniards with unflinching boldness, and early in the day they were mixed up and fighting at close quarters with the infantry of Echague's corps. There were many instances of extraordinary intrepidity, and even of desperate throwing away of life, in the course of the contest. I think I have already mentioned an attack made by a handful of Moors on a whole battalion, within which four or five of them were bayoneted. In one of the villages, the possession of which was so sharply contested, a horrible conflict took place. The rush and cane-built hovels were blazing, whilst Spaniards and Moors fought amongst them, struggling to throw each other into the flames. One young ensign, after using his revolver, was seized by an athletic Moor and tossed into the midst of a burning hut. His men rescued him, grievously burnt and nearly suffocated by the smoke. The Moors, when their ammunition was expended or their arms were broken, gathered stones from the ground and hurled them at their opponents. A foreign officer told me that he saw a tall, well-mounted Moor ride deliberately down, sabre in hand, upon ten or twelve Spanish skirmishers. He cut at one of them, but the man made a movement, and his shako only was struck from his head. The Moor then seized him by the collar, dragged him a few paces, and tossed him to a couple of men on foot, who appeared from among some brushwood and forthwith cut off his head. A captain of cavalry, when riding alone to take an order, was attacked by a single Moor on foot, who, however, got the worst of the fight, for the officer killed him with his sabre. A great many of the Moors were armed with English muskets

and bayonets—old flint muskets, bearing the Tower mark.

Although the temperature of the day on the 23d instant was far inferior to that of the 25th, which was here like a hot summer day in England, still the heat was considerable and the sun at one time oppressive, and the Spanish infantry deserve much credit for the manner in which they supported the fatigues of the action—fought chiefly over uneven and hilly ground—loaded as they were with their complete kit and with six days' rations. For patient endurance and cheerfulness under hardship of all kinds the Spanish soldier is not to be surpassed. I cannot go so far as some of his enthusiastic countrymen, whom I have heard declare him to be the best in the world, nor do I think such exaggerated laudation shows much wisdom on the part of those who indulge in it; but that he has many sterling qualities, and is of the stuff of which first-rate soldiers are made, there can, I think, be no doubt whatever upon the mind of any impartial foreigner who has had opportunities of observing his behaviour throughout the very trying campaign now happily brought to a close.

The whole of the army is now encamped on the ground it occupied before the 23d instant, with the exception of Echague's corps and the first division of the reserve, which marched this morning for Ceuta. Headquarters occupy the old spot taken up on the 6th of February, after the occupation of Tetuan—a spot then so rural, and fresh, and picturesque, but where the verdure has now been worn off the earth by much trampling of men and horses, while the pleasant shade of numerous trees has been sadly sacrificed to the necessities of camp cookery. Even the princely oak that formed the prime ornament and landmark of the elevated meadow has fallen a victim to the axe, and its very roots have been converted into a huge fireplace. The orchards have suffered much. The breath of early spring has covered the upper branches of the fig-trees with tender green, but from most of them, lopped and barked and mule-gnawed as they are, but

little fruit can be expected. A considerable strip of orchard and shrubbery, to the right of the sea-front of Tetuan, and very near the walls, has been devastated by fire. When the army moved forward on the 23d—leaving in Tetuan and in the forts near the sea garrisons so slender that they would have been in danger had O'Donnell passed the Fondach—the Moors, from the mountains on the right of the Guad-el-Jelu, came down and crossed the river, and infested the road between the shore and the town, firing upon the latter, especially at night, and showing great audacity. It was a remarkable change from the time when a single traveller might pass from Fort Martin to the city without the smallest risk of molestation. Already, for some days before the march of the army, small parties of marauders had begun to haunt that route, lurking on the further side of the river and firing across; sometimes fording it to rob and murder a lonely muleteer or straggling soldier. The presence of a few cavalry pickets, however, sufficed to render such depredations rare, but the moment that the army marched forward the Moors appeared in greater numbers and with increased boldness. Nearly the whole day of the 23d there was firing all along the road, several persons were killed and wounded, property was abandoned by canteen-men and others who fled for their lives, a cart and ten mules were carried off by the Moors, and a squadron, dispersed in patrols, was more than once obliged to assemble and charge the enemy. On the 24th the same thing went on; the wounded from the previous day's battle could be taken down only under a strong escort, and when this returned, taking up ammunition and reinforced by two battalions that had just arrived from Malaga, it had to fight its way through. At night the Military Governor of Tetuan and other officers who went the rounds were fired upon from a very short distance as they passed along the battlements. So it was thought necessary to thin the luxuriant orchards that grew close up to the walls, and afforded cover to the Arab sharpshooters. It was a pity, but it could not be

helped, and the flames crackled among the peach and almond and fig trees. Fortunately, this deplorable destruction was soon checked, for next morning arrived the news of peace, brought by Colonel Sarabia, Chief of the Staff of the Basque contingent, who was quickly followed by those hardy mountaineers and by the whole of Rios's division. Within the town, during the two days' absence of the army, the Moors had shown great insolence and hardihood. A soldier was murdered in the street, and an officer, who imprudently paused for a moment in a lonely corner, was stabbed from behind. The wound was not severe, and he turned and fired two shots from his revolver at the assassin, who escaped unhurt. The terms on which peace had been concluded were at first somewhat misrepresented by public rumour. It was said that Tetuan was ceded in perpetuity to the Spaniards, and the joy of the Jews was great at this, for there is nothing they dread more than the return of the Moors, who are said to have uttered fearful threats as to what they would do to the Hebrew population when they should get back the city. The poor Israelites were soon undeceived, and their countenances fell. I presume they will have prayers put up in their synagogues for a long protraction of the Spanish occupation, and that the Morocco Government may never be able to raise the £4,000,000 sterling it has pledged itself to pay in redemption of Tetuan.

During the last three days we have been suffering from a visit of our old enemy, the Levant wind, which has so largely contributed to aggravate the many privations and miseries of this African campaign. The steamers had to leave the coast, and yesterday and the day before no post came in or went out. Last night there was a complete change. It is now blowing half a gale from the west. A steamer is off-shore. The mails were sent down early this morning, and we hope soon to receive the three that are here due.

The following has been issued and printed in camp:—

"GENERAL ORDER OF THE 25TH MARCH 1860, IN THE CAMP OF THE SIERRA OF BENISIDER.

"Soldiers,—The campaign of Africa, which has so greatly raised the glory and the name of the Spanish army, has terminated to-day; the results of the battle of the 23d have shown the Moors that the struggle was no longer possible. They have begged for peace, accepting the conditions they previously refused. Muley-el-Abbas, Imperial Prince and Generalissimo, has come to our camp to sign its preliminary bases.

"All the difficulties opposed to us by an inhospitable country, without roads, without population, without resources of any kind, during a most severe winter, and while the terrible scourge of cholera augmented our sufferings and thinned our ranks, have failed to vanquish your constancy, and have found you ever contented and disposed to fulfil the noble mission confided to you by your Queen and your country.

"That mission is accomplished. Two battles and twenty-three combats, in which you have invariably conquered a numerous, valiant, and fanatical enemy, taking from him his artillery, tents, ammunition, and baggage, have revenged the outrage offered to the Spanish flag.

"The indemnity in territory and in money which the Moorish Government binds itself to give to us compensates the sacrifices made by our country to revenge the offence received.

"Soldiers! I shall always remember with noble pride the traits of valour and heroism of which I have been witness. Reckon at all times on the sincere affection of your General-in-Chief.

"LEOPOLD O'DONNELL."

This must be admitted to be a very becoming proclamation, saying no more than the truth, and totally devoid of that tendency to exaggeration and bombast with which Spanish commanders have been sometimes reproached.

It is said that after the action of the 23d a number of the Moorish tribes departed to their homes, and that even some of the regular troops declared that they would fight no more, so that Muley Abbas had no choice but to accept the terms imposed. Since the signature of the treaty the Moors have testified an earnest desire to fulfil it with good faith, and also to comply with its clauses as soon as possible, in order to recover possession of

Tetuan. They have told some of the Spanish Staff that the money for the indemnity is all ready, and will very shortly be paid—all in silver, so that it will require a prodigious number of mules to transport it. I confess myself rather incredulous of this immediate solvency. Several hundred Moorish horsemen are now distributed in the plain on the right side of the river, to the south of this camp, their duty being to maintain order among the neighbouring tribes, which have shown themselves disposed, notwithstanding the peace, to help themselves to the mules and cattle of the Spaniards. The night before last a good many shots were fired into camp, some of them very close at hand, but the Moorish troops have orders to treat all offenders summarily—*i. e.*, to cut off their heads forthwith—so that better order is now likely to be maintained. The camp, too, has been in great measure cleared of the crowd of Moors, both black and white, who swarmed to it on Monday and Tuesday, partly, it is probable, from curiosity, but also with the view of selling *espingardas* and other weapons, for which there is a large demand among the Spaniards. It is considered a further proof of the haste the Moors are in to get rid of the invader by complying with the terms of the treaty, that they have already appointed agents to that end, and two of them left this camp this morning, with General Echague, for Ceuta, to mark out the limits of the Spanish territory around that place. The main line will be the bottom of the ravine that intervenes between the redoubts and the Sierra Bullones.

I have lately had my attention called to the subject of the beef preserved in tins, which has been largely used for rations by this army during the late campaign. I find that some of the Spanish superior officers do not agree with the remarks I made several weeks ago with reference to the suitableness of such food for soldiers in the field—remarks founded on personal knowledge and inquiry. They have not found that it was distasteful to the men under their command, or that it produced a tendency to diarrhœa, which it was unquestionably considered to have

done in the portion of the army with which I was at that time encamped, and in numerous individual cases that came under my observation. The subject is an important one, not as regards this army, now about to return to Spain, but because the food in question is likely to be largely used by the armies of other nations, if it be wholesome, by reason of its compactness and facility of transport, in campaigns where fresh meat is not always obtainable. I have therefore instituted further inquiries, both of commanding officers of corps and of members of the medical staff, and the following is their result. The beef in tins should be used as soon as opened and not kept till the next day, for it soon becomes spoiled after being exposed to the atmosphere, by the exclusion of which it is preserved. Persons who are advocates of its use when eaten at once, admit that, within twenty-four hours after being opened, it undergoes a perceptible change, which doubtless affects its wholesomeness. A good deal is said to depend also on the mode of cookery. A portion of its preparation, as I am informed, consists in compression, and this in great measure destroys the gelatinous portion of the meat, and renders it unfit for conversion into soup and *bouilli*—the French *pot-au-feu*, the Spanish *puchero* or *cocido*. An intelligent and experienced medical man, who, during this campaign, has had abundant opportunities of studying the subject, tells me that the best manner of preparing it is by frying, with a little oil or lard, but without any sauce or gravy. Thus cooked, with the addition of salt, which is deficient in the primary preparation, he is of opinion that it is wholesome food, and not easy to distinguish from fresh beef, except that it is a little stringy. The same authority observed to me that some persons conceive a repugnance to the tin-meat, and that with such it is likely enough to disagree; and this may account for the belief, which I know to have been prevalent at one time among a portion of the soldiers of this army, that it gave them diarrhœa. It is further to be remarked that one lot of the beef (a few hundred cases, I believe) turned out badly, owing to some

defect in the preparation, or unascertained cause, and was admitted by the contractors not to be the proper thing. When it is good the crevices in the solid meat should be full of jelly, in lieu of which, in the tins in question, there was a watery liquid, and the flavour was not what it ought to have been. It is generally understood and admitted that these preserved meats should not form the soldiers' daily food, but should be varied by other diet. Here the army have rung the changes upon preserved meats, fresh meats, and bacon—this last chiefly British, and of excellent quality. A very large part of the provisions of this army (both for men and horses) has been supplied by English houses, and I must in justice add that the Spaniards express themselves extremely satisfied with the manner in which they have been served. Indeed, I was gravely assured this very morning, by a Spanish brigadier (whom I suspect, however, to be secretly addicted to the enemy—that is to say, to the English), that the merits of streaky bacon, and fragrant hay, and crisp biscuit, have gone some way towards diminishing the just indignation excited by the barbaric partialities of the British Government, and by the countenance, assistance, and direction, afforded to the Moors by "El Señor Dromenay," as some of the papers print the name of her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Tangier.

SPANISH CAMP, OUTSIDE TETUAN, *March* 31.

PICTURE to yourself a narrow tongue of high ground jutting out for some distance into the valley from the base of a bold round hill, just as from an aged dwarf oak, the earth at whose foot has been worn away by time, a sturdy limb of root stretches itself above the surface of the soil. The hill is mottled with grey stone and dark-green herbage; the upper end of the ramification or buttress that springs from it is diversified by clumps of cac-

tus, forming irregular hedges round fields that lately were orchards, and round vineyards which sadly need the dresser's care. Its lower or foremost end is worn to the colour, although not to the smoothness, of an English high-road on a dry day. At about a hundred yards from its extremity, and just in front of a scanty screen formed by four or five dilapidated olive and fig trees, stands a marquee of moderate dimensions, surmounted by two small flags of the Spanish colours, and flanked by a grey sentry-box. Right and left of this, the habitation of the Commander-in-Chief, stand the tents of the aides-de-camp, and from these there extends forward a double line of tents, forming a broad street, and occupied by Head-quarters Staff, and by the numerous officers and a few civilians attached thereto. Starting from the entrance of O'Donnell's tent you pass those of the Chief of the Staff, of the Commander of the Escort, the Governor of the Camp, the Commandants-General of Artillery and Engineers, the Post-office, the Medical Staff, &c., and you reach the extremity of the little plateau, where it dips suddenly and rather precipitously into the valley. From this point you have an extensive view in all directions. To your right rear stands the Alcazaba, with the cemetery below it, the large white tombs of the Moors looking at a short distance like a small town; between the fortress and the city wall is a round green tumulus, its fresh colour contrasting agreeably with the dazzling glare of Tetuan's houses. Truly that city is as the whitened sepulchre of the Scriptures. From without, seen in the sunlight, it is like snow or frosted silver; enter it, and on every side your eyes and nostrils are offended by filth, squalor, and misery. At its southern side passes the river, through a narrow ravine between the city and the mountains, which thence stretch down to the sea and form the southern boundary of the valley. Downwards from their barren summits, on some of which a little snow is still discernible, your gaze passes, gladly reposing on the lower wood-clad slopes, until it reaches the smiling plain, with its green meadows and rich

orchards, with every here and there a hamlet nestling among fruit-trees, or the white country-house of some affluent Tetuânese. The course of the river is for the most part concealed by high banks and thick foliage, but occasionally in its windings the eye catches its bends, shining like silver plates. To your left front are the Spanish forts of Custom-house and Martin, and then come the sea, the Spanish squadron, and a little fleet of transports. Quite upon your left the view is intercepted by a rising ground close at hand, upon which stand the tents of the third corps; but above this elevation you catch a glimpse of a more distant and considerable one, surmounted by the old tower of Djeleli, so often referred to as forming the centre of the principal Moorish camp when first the Spanish army entered the valley of Tetuan.

It is five o'clock in the evening. A fierce westerly gale sweeps down the valley on the other side of Tetuan, over the town and through the camp, raising clouds of dust and bringing odours of no fragrant quality from the carcasses of a couple of camels which for some days, little to the credit of the police of the army, have been putrefying in a field between us and the city. In the absence of more exciting occupation, many of the inmates of headquarters camp are taking a stroll up and down the street and gaining an appetite, the conversation for the most part turning, as you may easily suppose, on the probability of a speedy return to Spain. The veriest novice, suddenly set down in the middle of the promenade, must detect the fact that he is among men who have gone through a hard campaign. Patched and threadbare uniforms, countenances tanned almost black by sun, wind, and rain, faces haggard from disease that has but just departed, here and there a limp or a slung arm, combine to tell a tale of recent hardships and combat, while the freshness of certain embroideries hints the promotion they have won. In the centre of the street, with rapid step, strides up and down the tall figure of O'Donnell, the collar of his blue overcoat turned up about his ears to keep off the sharp wind and annoying

dust. On his right hand is a short man, with prominent nose and a somewhat careworn face, on whose cap are the insignia of a lieutenant-general. This is Garcia, the Chief of the Staff. On his other flank walks a burly, jovial-looking general, talking with much animation and occasional gesticulation. It is Rios, commanding the fourth corps, and who made the flank march on the right on the 23d inst. Suddenly an aide-de-camp hurries up to the General-in-Chief, and points in the direction of the plain, at the same time making a rapid communication. Some of the Moorish marauders who lurk about the foot of the mountains south of the valley and in the neighbourhood of the road from the shore to Tetuan, have seized a couple of mules and are hurrying them off to the hills. They are plainly to be seen passing over the fields and through the orchards, and in a short time they will be out of reach. O'Donnell's voice is heard, loud and shrill, as it becomes when he is angered, giving directions for the instant pursuit of the robbers. The General is not in the best of humours, for he has been pestered and disgusted by innumerable applications for promotion and decorations, for which, now that the war is over, extraordinary avidity is exhibited. His tone admits of no delay. Carbineers, civil guards, and several officers spring to their horses, and scamper down into the valley, making for a ford a considerable distance towards the sea. There is one much nearer to Tetuan, but they do not know it, and they ride east along one bank of the stream, while the Moors hurry west along the other. The depredators perceiving themselves discovered and pursued, redouble their speed, and their wild burnous-draped figures are seen scudding across the country at an extraordinary pace for men on foot. An officer on a grey horse is foremost among their pursuers, far ahead of the others. A party of infantry quits camp at the double, and makes for the nearer ford. From the platform of headquarters the whole scene is plainly discernible in the rays of the sinking sun, and the sight is animating and interesting enough. The chase is vigor-

ously kept up. The grey horse reaches the ford, dashes across, and turns to the right. The Moors are far ahead, but the horses are swift and there is still an hour's daylight; it will yet go hard with the stealers of mules. The country is swampy and broken by hedges, and the horsemen are scattered all over it, now plashing through water and throwing up thousands of glittering drops, then forcing their way through orchards and thick plantations. The grey keeps the lead, followed pretty closely by about a dozen others; the rest are far behind, and will hardly be in at the death; here a saddle has turned, there a horse has fallen. The country is more and more wooded, and fugitives and pursuers are frequently lost to view. Meanwhile, the active infantry, a part of the General's escort, have crossed the ford, and are pushing across country at a good five-miles-an-hour pace. There is a shot, and another, and another; several follow. The Moors are but six or eight; but, driven to bay, they show fight. It is getting dusk, and it is dinner-time; there is little now to be distinguished, and most people turn into their tents, and apply themselves to the discussion of stews which it needs a campaigning appetite to stomach. In another half-hour, or little more, there is again a stir in camp, and a rush to the tent doors to seek its cause. A young captain of cavalry rides up the main street, followed by a handful of dragoons, whose horses reek with sweat; in the midst of the soldiers come the culprits, three wretched-looking Moors bound wrist to wrist, the face of one of them covered with blood from a wound in the head. They are hideous-looking barbarians, whose countenances alone would qualify them for the gallows, and who evidently suspect, judging from their downcast looks, that some such fate may be in reserve for them. They are led up to the tent of O'Donnell, who shows himself at its entrance. The officer makes his report. "*Nada, nada! fusillarlos!*" cries the Commander-in-Chief. The prompt mandate is afterwards modified. The prisoners are sent to the guard-house, and will be disposed of in the morn-

ing. The party of robbers had resisted desperately. One of them had fiercely assailed the rider of the grey—an officer of gendarmes—cutting at him with a *goomia*, but the blows were parried and the striker cut down. Three or four Moors were killed fighting; of the prisoners brought in one is likely to find little mercy, for the muleteer deposes to his having been active in depriving him of his beasts. It is most likely, however, that all three will be handed over to the commander of the Moorish cavalry which has lately been stationed some way to our left for the purpose of restraining the irregularities of the Kabyles, and of protecting the Spaniards from petty molestation. In that case their lives are not worth much, for Moorish justice is rapid and discriminates little, and the probabilities are that the poor wretches' heads will strew the ground before they are twenty-four hours older.

Such petty incidents as these are all that now vary the monotony of camp life, or that are left for me to record. The war is over, and speedy departure occupies everybody's thoughts and wishes. The Marquis de la Concordia's brigade of artillery is embarking, a part of the engineers are about to embark, a large number of officers have obtained leave to go, and, within a day or two, will have sailed for Cadiz or Alicante. As usual in such cases, there is much lamentation about the difficulty of conveying away horses, most of which have to be left to go across to Spain with the cavalry. As for selling them here, it is out of the question. Mules are more easily disposed of, although at wretchedly low prices, to the Jews of Tetuan, who, notwithstanding the joy they displayed at the entrance of the Spaniards, have not felt sufficient gratitude to prevent them from making all the money they could out of their deliverers, and the general feeling in camp seems to be that if the Moors quickly return and again despoil them, the Israelites will have got no more than they deserve. Meanwhile, the old curse of cholera still makes itself felt, especially among the recently arrived portion of the army. The three

thousand Basques, who are encamped near the shore, on the swampy sand-flat close to Custom-house Fort, are suffering considerably. The poor fellows have had but a small share in the glories of the war, but, unless they speedily depart, they are likely to come in for a large amount of mortality. Two battalions of them were engaged on the 23d, being, I believe, with the battalion of Tarifa, the only part of Rios's corps that was actually engaged. They are a fine body of men, many of them of mature age, and who probably served under Carlist or Christino banners during the civil war. Their commander, General Latorre, is a remarkably soldier-looking man, with a striking countenance and full grey beard.

Of the whole army General O'Donnell is, perhaps, the man who feels (or at least testifies) the least desire to depart. It was generally thought that, peace once made, he would be sent for from Madrid, where it is believed that his presence is required for political reasons. As yet, however, there are no symptoms of his moving. To a number of the officers attached to his Staff, and for whose services he has no longer occasion, he has given free leave to betake themselves to Spain, a permission they are not slow in profiting by. The young Count d'Eu has been telegraphed for from Madrid, where his aunt, the Duchess of Montpensier, now is, and will sail to-morrow or next day for Cadiz. The Velasco man-of-war steamer is taking in a quantity of artillery and ammunition. A number of officers will go by the same opportunity, and many others by the Torino, now lying off Fort Martin, and which will soon leave for Cadiz. Baron Clary, the French officer who was at these head-quarters, has left, and the other foreign officers either have gone or are on the point of going.

I am informed that a medal is to be given for the campaign in Morocco, similar to that which England gave for the Crimean war, with the head of the Queen of Spain on one side and on the other a list of all the actions fought. These are twenty-three in number, but many of them were mere skirmishes, or at least very trifling

affairs. There has been a great deal of promotion in this army of late, and will probably be more. All the major-generals out here have been made lieutenant-generals, a large number of brigadiers have been raised to major-generals, and a host of colonels have added to the three stripes upon the coat-cuff, which mark that rank, the embroidery that indicates the higher one of brigadier. The posts of Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War are no enviable ones at a time like this; those dignitaries are worried almost to distraction by the multitude of applications and petitions; for, unfortunately, in the Spanish service, every officer at the close of a campaign, even if he have taken but a small share in it, thinks himself entitled to reward merely for having done his duty, and in the scramble—for such it is—it but too frequently happens that such rewards are obtained rather by importunity and intrigue than by extraordinary merit.

CADIZ, *April 7.*

THE campaign of the Spanish army in Morocco divides itself naturally into three periods. The first comprises the six weeks that elapsed from the landing of Echague's corps, in the middle of November, to the march of the army from the lines of Ceuta, on the 1st of January. It was a time of severe labour, of great suffering, of heavy losses from disease and the enemy's fire, and also of some discouragement. The second period extends from the action of Castillejos to the capture of Tetuan; it included the most important events of the war, and its general character was that of movement, progress, and success. The last period reaches to the 25th of March. It was chiefly employed in negotiations and preparations, and it ended with a battle and a treaty. Of the principal events of the war, as they passed before my eyes, I

have endeavoured to keep you correctly informed. The present moment seems opportune for a retrospective glance at the whole campaign, subject to the above divisions. Some omissions may thus be supplied, and a broader idea given.

The Spanish army of operations consisted of three corps, of at least 10,000 men each, formed at Algesiras, Cadiz, and Malaga, and of a corps of reserve, to remain in Spain until wanted, but one of whose divisions was sent to Africa within a fortnight of the commencement of the war. Although much had still to be done in the way of preparation and organisation before any part of the army could be considered fit to take the field, the campaign was precipitately commenced on the 18th of November by the landing at Ceuta of the first corps, which had been collected at Algesiras, where it had already suffered severely from cholera. The dilapidated Moorish palace known as the Serallo, situated on hilly wooded ground, at a distance of about two miles from Ceuta, was taken possession of by these troops, with no great opposition on the part of the Moors, who were driven into the mountains, and defensive works were undertaken. The Moors had probably been unprepared for this sudden aggression; they were few in number, but, quickly collecting larger forces, they in their turn, on the 25th of November, made a vigorous attack upon the Spanish positions, fighting with a determination and valour such as they subsequently on few occasions to the same degree displayed. The Spaniards were young troops, unused to fire; the nature of the ground was favourable to the Moors, who found abundant cover; and, although the assailants were finally repulsed, victory more than once seemed doubtful and the Spanish loss was very heavy. The news of this obstinate conflict determined O'Donnell's immediate departure from Cadiz. He left at midnight on the 26th of November, and was at Ceuta the next morning. At the same time the second corps was hurried on, and orders were given for the first division of the reserve to follow as soon as possible. The shipment

of artillery, cavalry, ammunition, mules, and stores of all kinds proceeded with the utmost speed, and with no little confusion. The organisation of the various departments was as yet most imperfect, and it became at once evident that the war had been prematurely commenced, and that the army would suffer for the undue haste. To heighten the discouraging aspect of affairs, the troops no sooner landed at Ceuta than cholera spread among them, while the climate, which some had fondly imagined would prove temperate and genial in the winter months, was found to be as unfavourable as well could be imagined to an army under canvass. The ravages of cholera were great, and were but imperfectly known at the time; there were grounds for uneasiness, and even for serious alarm; but the war was engaged in, and must be proceeded with at any cost; so matters were made the best of, and as little prominence as possible was given to the bills of mortality. The daily number of the cases at one time was enormous in proportion to the strength of the army, and the disease was so virulent that, when it did not actually kill, it left those whom it had visited unfit for service for weeks, and even for months. Six or eight hours were frequently the frightfully brief interval between apparent perfect health and the repose of death. It was a mournful sight to see the loaded stretchers daily passing by scores between the camp and the Ceuta hospitals. The first corps, which was in advance, suffered most, as most exposed to wet and cold; but not only those who had to endure such exposure were liable to the malady, for there were many deaths among officers whose position in the army enabled them to take care of themselves, and to enjoy such comforts as can be obtained in a camp in inclement weather and on bleak heights. These comforts, I need hardly say, were few, and under other circumstances would have been refused the name. The poor cheerless town of Ceuta afforded but scanty resources. Suddenly inundated with troops, and its supplies from the Moors cut off, provisions became extremely scarce and prices enormously high. The commonest

necessaries, bread and meat, were not always obtainable; and I knew cases of sick or wounded officers being unable to obtain wherewith to make the cup of broth which was to be their sole nutriment. Fortunately, then, as throughout the war—except for a few days upon the march, when communication with the ships was rendered impossible by bad weather—the rations were regular and abundant. The supply was obtained, however, only at immense cost to the Spanish Government. It is perfectly well known in the Spanish army of Africa that it was not due to the excellence of the administration; that there was enormous waste and no small amount of robbery and peculation, and that it was only by lavish expenditure and by ignoring many scandalous abuses that the troops were kept well supplied. This all-important object was certainly attained, and, as the Moors are to pay the cost of the war, we may presume that there will not be much inquiry into the past.

The first engagement between Spaniards and Moors, after the arrival of O'Donnell at the seat of war, was on the 30th of November, when the enemy advanced against the Spanish positions, and were repulsed without great difficulty. During the whole of December small combats were of frequent occurrence. There were no less than nine in that month, besides some skirmishes not worth naming. One of the severest fights was on the 9th, when the Moors made a resolute attack on the redoubts then in course of construction, and were defeated only after hard fighting and with considerable loss on the part of the Spaniards. Regularly twice or thrice a-week the pertinacious enemy approached the lines and opened fire, although he seldom made anything like a resolute attack upon the works in progress, and which consisted of five redoubts defending the tract of land round Ceuta demanded by the Spaniards and secured to them by the late treaty, and of a road which was making near the shore in the direction of Tetuan. The plan of warfare adopted by the Spaniards during the month that they stood upon the defensive round Ceuta has been the subject

of criticism. It has been said, and I think with justice, that they were too ready to engage in skirmishes and combats with the Moors, in a manner favourable to the tactics of the latter. Instead of remaining sheltered within their lines, and rather encouraging the enemy's advance, with a view of engaging him at close quarters, and dealing him severe and rapid blows, they indulged him with the game at long shots in which, although ultimately foiled, he generally managed to inflict heavier loss than he sustained. Notwithstanding the clumsiness and weight of their long-barrelled flint muskets, the Moors, throughout the whole war, showed themselves excellent marksmen. As skilful as Caffres or Indians in availing themselves of cover, they presented the least possible targets to their opponents, who had great need of large ones. The Spaniards fired a great deal more than the Moors, probably ten shots for their one, but, nevertheless, I suspect that more of the Moorish bullets told. Had the fighting been limited to musketry, the Spaniards would frequently have got the worst of it. It is to their artillery, and also, but in a less degree, to their bayonets, that they owe the successful issue of many an action. Judging from what has been witnessed in this war, it would seem that the Spanish military authorities had, for years before its commencement, lost sight of the importance of making the infantry soldier as perfect as possible in the use of his weapon. And this was indeed the case. I have spoken with many Spanish officers on the subject, and they admitted that ball-practice is rare in their army, and alleged the expense as a reason. But if an army is to be efficient when war arrives, to be sparing of ball-cartridges in peace time is the worst of all imaginable economies. The consequence is tenfold waste when in front of the enemy—a great deal of noise and smoke, and very little execution. The general practice of the Spanish infantry in the late war was to fire much too fast, as if they thought that frequent pulling of the trigger was more important than careful levelling of the barrel. The Moors came on in irregular

fashion, scattered over the country, and profiting by every description of shelter; it would have required first-rate shots to do them injury, and when Spanish bullets hit them it was generally by accident. Their opponent's object should have been to induce them to concentrate in his vicinity. He should have kept under cover, not have returned their fire, have coaxed them to come on, have feigned timidity, have extended to them the handful of corn that brings the flock to the barn-door. Then, when near at hand, a volley and the bayonet. This is the way that first-class troops would have dealt with the Moors; they would not have bandied bullets with them, but would have done their utmost to draw them on to close quarters, even though their numbers were far superior. The contrary plan was adopted by the Spaniards, who paid dearly for the error while on the defensive in the lines round Ceuta.

The amount of manual labour performed by the Spanish army during this first period of the campaign was very large. Not only the sappers, but the line regiments, light infantry and artillery, took their turn—and a frequent turn it was—at road-making, clearing ground, felling trees, constructing earthworks. The readiness, industry, and good-will with which he sets about any sort of labour allotted to him is one of the many good qualities of the Spanish soldier. No matter how hard the work, or how long the task, you never hear him grumble. When the army took possession of the country round Ceuta the greater part of it was thickly covered with trees and brushwood. In the action of the 30th of November O'Donnell and his Staff found it hard work to make their way through all these natural obstacles, up and down steep slopes, to the heights facing the Sierra Bullones, and on which the redoubts were constructing. A fortnight later one would not have recognised the place if he had not visited it in the interval. The ground was comparatively clear; roads were made, not only up to the front, but connecting the different redoubts; it was no longer possible for an enemy to make his way between the forts unperceived, and

attempt a surprise or establish an ambuscade. Simultaneously with these labours, and with the erection of the forts, others had gone on outside the lines. The third corps had arrived from Malaga, and had encamped on the extreme left, near to the shore, at the point where the army would emerge from the lines when it commenced its march on Tetuan. Beyond this camp was a series of low rugged hills, overgrown with bushes and saplings, and of very irregular surface, now dipping suddenly into ravines, then strewn with fragments of rock, frequently rendered almost impassable by the charred and hardened stems of a thick growth of small trees to which fire had been applied. Over these hills a road had to be made for the artillery as far as the place known as the Castillejos, from which point the land became more level, and the deep sand of the shore offered a toilsome but sure passage for guns and baggage. Day after day strong working parties went out, escorted by the first division of the reserve under General Prim. Nearly as often as they went out there was fighting, and here it was that Prim, whose reputation for dashing bravery had already predisposed the army in his favour, completely won the confidence of the troops. A conspicuous and prominent figure in this African campaign is that of Don Juan Prim, Count of Reus, now, by recent decree, Grandee of Spain and Marquis of Castillejos. If O'Donnell was the head of the army, Prim may justly be called its right arm. By his conduct in this war he has won himself a great position in his own country. A lieutenant-general, rich and titled, he left the ease of Paris to seek employment in an arduous campaign, and took the command of a small division—barely a major-general's command. With these troops he toiled, day after day, during the most irksome and painful portion of the war, road-making towards Castillejos, and was invariably victorious in numerous encounters. After a few weeks, the illness and consequent return to Spain of General Zabala placed him at the head of the second corps, a command better suited to his rank and abilities. General Prim combines with remark-

able personal intrepidity a quick military eye, manners extremely courteous and conciliating, great application to his duties, a graceful modesty as regards his own achievements, and the faculty of inspiring the soldier with confidence and affection. This may be considered high eulogium, but I believe it to be well deserved.

The roads made, and although the weather, which had been most tempestuous during the latter half of December, was by no means promising, the march began, and the second period of the campaign was inaugurated by the victory of Castillejos. It was not obtained without heavy loss to the Spaniards, and at one time the day was nearly going against them. Prim's division, which was in the advance, was slender in numbers and had lost heavily. The Moors pressed upon it strongly; from impending heights they rushed down, confident and formidable. There were battalions that faltered, and the day's event hung upon a thread. Prim seized a banner, and rushed forward in front of his troops; O'Donnell, who, from the valley below, saw the critical state of affairs, galloped up the rugged slopes and suddenly appeared, with his Staff and escort, in the thick of the fire; fresh battalions came on, and the Moors were finally repulsed. This first victory was of good omen, and gave additional confidence to an army which during its detention in the lines of Ceuta had become inured to danger and accustomed to an enemy whose wild appearance, great bodily strength and activity, hideous yells, and savage mode of warfare, had at first made some impression upon such young soldiers as most of the Spaniards were. In three or four combats which occurred between Castillejos and Cape Negro the Moors were easily and completely defeated; and, to the surprise of everybody, the strong positions on the line of mountains that stretches inland from the cape were abandoned by them on the 14th of January, after a very feeble defence. From the summit of those mountains the army looked down upon the broad valley of Tetuan. It was one of the most triumphant moments of the campaign, and made amends for much hardship endured upon

the march, when the troops were detained for days in the wretched swamps near the river Azmeer, deprived of supplies and of communication with Spain by violent tempests from the east. Before risking his little army in the plain, which was intersected by treacherous swamps, O'Donnell desired to ascertain the force of the Moors, and to this end he sent down from his camp upon the heights overlooking the valley a strong force of artillery, the whole of his cavalry, and a picked body of infantry. These troops advanced towards the Moorish positions, formed up, and offered battle. It was declined, and the guns, which were rifled, opening upon the enemy, the latter hastily retreated, in dismay at their prodigious range. Encouraged by this retreat, and by the moderate numbers the Moors showed, O'Donnell led his forces into the plain and along the sea-shore to Fort Martin, which the Moors had abandoned, and where he received a reinforcement of 4500 men, under General Rios, who landed there from Spain on the 17th of January. From that date to the 4th of February the army rested in its new position, fortifying it and landing stores and siege artillery. Two combats occurred on the 23d and 31st of January, in the latter and most considerable of which the Spaniards, who had previously rarely used other artillery than their small mountain guns, brought out all their field batteries and the rocket troop, and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy, who fled, utterly routed. The action, nevertheless, was of little real advantage, and was hardly worth the lives it cost. The Spaniards returned to their camp at nightfall. Their cavalry, which was unfortunate throughout the whole campaign, suffered considerably that day. On the left a squadron, when charging, stuck in a bog, when many men and horses were killed by the Moors. On the right, where the chief force of cavalry was, several squadrons charged too far, got under a severe fire, and also lost men and officers in hand-to-hand conflicts with a swarm of Moorish horsemen. The Spanish cavalry, which, in respect to horses and general appearance, has greatly improved within the last

five or six years, has shown itself in the late war brave, but by no means efficient. It has never done much harm to the enemy, and in all the actions in which it has been seriously engaged—notably on the 23d and 31st of January, and the 23d of March—it has suffered heavy losses. The Spaniards themselves admit that it is the worst branch of their service, that its organisation is defective, and that they are deficient in good cavalry officers. If it be true, as I have heard it more than once stated in camp, that O'Donnell takes little interest in cavalry, and attaches slight importance to it, there is probably not much chance of its improving while he remains at the head of the War Department.

I have nothing to add, that would be consistent with the limits of this letter, to the accounts I at the time sent you of the battle of the 4th of February, the capture of the Moorish camp and of the city of Tetuan, which concluded the second period of the war, and which might and ought, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, to have concluded the war itself. From the 6th of February to the 23d of March the only military event worth naming was a combat, of no great importance, which took place on the 11th of the latter month, in the vicinity of Tetuan. It was a meaningless sort of episode, and was reported to have originated in the impatience of some of the tribes that came up to reinforce the army of Muley Abbas, and which, not having yet found themselves under Spanish fire, and being, moreover, emboldened by the recent triumph of their countrymen at Melilla (the Governor of which place, as you will remember, had suffered a severe defeat and heavy loss of men), flattered themselves they could give a lesson to the Christians, and insisted on accelerating a conflict. They were repulsed, however, with no great difficulty, the Spanish loss being returned at about three hundred killed and wounded, many of the latter slight wounds, as has been usual in this war—the Moors putting small slugs as well as bullets in their guns. The 11th was Sunday, and the fight began just as the Spaniards had heard mass, about an hour before

noon. The Moors advanced in their usual semicircular order of battle, but were soon driven back and their positions taken. The General who commanded them was killed by a cannon-shot. For the first and only time in that war, skirmishing continued for some hours after dark, and it was nearly eleven at night before the last shots were fired. During the five weeks preceding this affair, and even after it had taken place, there was much negotiation, a frequent passage to and fro of Moorish magnates, who professed a great desire for peace, but who, some suspected, were in reality anxious only to gain time, in order to get up troops from the interior of the empire to replace the disheartened Kabyles and regulars who had been so soundly beaten on the 4th of February. The Moors who visited the camp on those pacific missions were profuse in professions of respect and kindly feeling, in complimentary speeches, and in confessions of military inferiority to the valiant Spaniards. It is impossible to say how far they were sincere in their alleged wish for peace. There are various opinions on this subject, but the prevailing one in the army is that it was not until defeated on the 23d of March that the Moors really gave up hope, and resolved to make the required sacrifices. Possibly until then the artful Africans were merely playing a part, and cajoling the Christian. On the other hand, it is also quite possible that Muley Abbas himself desired to put an end to the war, but that he did not dare to comply with the demand of the permanent cession of Tetuan. Some have gone so far as to assert that before the action of the 23d of March there was an understanding between O'Donnell and the Moorish prince that peace should be made, but that the latter declared he could not venture to make it in presence of the opposition of the tribes, who were bent upon continuing hostilities, and it was therefore agreed that another battle should be fought. This seems rather far-fetched, but it is quite certain that many of the Moors were for continuing the war even after their defeat on the 23d. Without pausing to weigh the various hypotheses that have been indulged in, we may

admit as highly probable the one founded on the notoriously astute and treacherous character of the Moors—that their negotiations and fair words were directed merely to gaining time. The visits of the plenipotentiaries and messengers were so frequent that at last they almost ceased to excite curiosity. They came and went, and brought *douceurs* of dates, and took their coffee with the infidel, and occasionally stopped to tea and took a bed in Tetuan, quite in a friendly way. The Spanish papers daily recorded their demonstrations of amity, and told anecdotes of the generals and other dignitaries who passed from camp to camp, and quoted civil speeches made by them; and even after the fight of the 11th March we heard of the friendship that had sprung up between Prim the *sabreur* and his Imperial Highness Muley Abbas, and how the latter had said to the former, in an interview subsequent to that combat, that he had seen him in the fray, and had trembled for his days. These chivalrous speeches and courtesies went on until one day we learned that O'Donnell had brought matters to a point by insisting on compliance with certain terms, the which included considerable cessions of lands and payments of monies, whereto the Moor replied that he could not yield the land, and that of coin he had none to give. It is probable, however, that only the former part of this reply was really spoken. "It is clear, then," O'Donnell is said to have retorted, "that you are as impotent to make peace as you are to make war." Which unpleasant remark is reported to have closed these curious and protracted negotiations, and preparations were actively made for the resumption of active operations—for an advance, in short, upon Tangier. Such preparations had, indeed, been going on nearly ever since the fall of Tetuan; camels and mules had been sent for, the siege train was embarked, large supplies of provisions and ammunition had been brought from Spain; but the prevalence of the east wind, by preventing vessels from remaining on that part of the coast of Morocco, had caused great delay, and it was not until the 23d of March that O'Donnell was able to lead

his army forward, and fight the sanguinary battle of Guad-el-Ras (popularly Gualdras), so called from the name of the river and valley near and in which the greater part of the conflict took place. Since the battle, we have been told by the Moors themselves that the Spaniards had forestalled them but by one day, and that it was their intention to have attacked them on the 24th. Every means had been employed to stimulate the warlike ardour and fanaticism of the Moors, and oaths had been administered to them to fight to the death. By not a few of them this vow was faithfully observed; I mentioned at the time instances of desperation and self-sacrifice similar to those occasionally witnessed during the late mutiny in India or among Schamyl's Murides in the Circassian war, when a few men rushed upon overpowering odds, careless of death so long as they inflicted it. All agree that the Moors never fought so well as upon that day, and more than one superior officer has since confessed to me that there were moments when he thought the battle lost. Considerable bodies of Spanish troops were repeatedly driven back; the Moors seemed to have, in great measure, overcome their old fear of the artillery, and braved its fire at a very short distance from the muzzles of the guns. The Spanish loss was heavier than in any other action of the war, and the quantity of ammunition fired away was so large that it was necessary to halt the next day while fresh supplies were sent for. It is the misfortune of the Moors that, after a defeat, their ill-organised forces cannot be kept together or even rallied within any moderate time. They scatter over the country; and the tribes especially—who form no part of what are called the regular forces, but are a sort of levy *en masse* for the emergency—are apt to quit the army altogether and return to their own districts. They depart, considering that they have done all that can be expected of them, and that Allah is angry with their lord the Emperor. Thus did they disperse after the battle of the 4th of February, and again after that of Gualdras. In the latter fight they were very numerous,

and, although their loss may have been heavy, could the survivors have been kept together and have been induced to fight another battle or two as stoutly as on the 23d, the Spaniards would have been greatly weakened, and might possibly have been ultimately defeated. But, as the Moors themselves would doubtless say, it was otherwise written in the book of fate, and the preliminaries of peace were signed, upon terms extremely advantageous to Spain, within forty-eight hours after the close of the battle.

There can be no doubt that the campaign in Morocco has done credit to the Spanish army, and has deservedly raised its reputation, although it has not placed it on that pinnacle of superiority assigned to it by the ill-judging zeal and patriotic enthusiasm of certain Spanish writers. In Spain the events of the war have been generally exaggerated; and a prominent cause of the coldness with which the news of a most favourable treaty of peace has been received, is to be found in the tone adopted by the Spanish press, and in the flattery it has lavished upon the nation and the army. After largely contributing to force the Government into war, it did its best, when the proper time for making peace arrived, to prevent the contest being brought to an honourable and advantageous close. It had so vaunted the prowess of the army, so unduly exalted the expectations of the people, that there was no account made by the multitude of the difficulties and dangers inseparable from a continuation of the struggle. In the popular idea the Spanish soldier had but to show himself to vanquish, and there was no reason why peace should not be signed at Fez instead of at Tetuan. The army, on the other hand, conscious of the sufferings and sacrifices by which its successes had been won, judging of future difficulties by those it had surmounted, appreciating at his just value a brave and warlike, although unmilitary foe, and also, as I believe, forming a more modest estimate of its own prowess and efficiency than that which had been proclaimed by Spanish journalists, thought that the time had come for peace, and rightly judged that Spain would gain nothing by

prolonging war. The day before I left Africa news had reached the camp that the treaty had given but little satisfaction in Spain, and I heard among the officers more than one expression of disgust at the intelligence. My inquiries here, however, and information on which I can rely from Madrid and other large towns, induce me to believe that the sensible part of the nation, the intelligent, the industrious—all, in short, who have something to lose and taxes to pay, and who are not interested in stimulating discontent with the present Government—are well pleased that the war is over, consider the conditions of peace highly favourable, and desire only that they may be faithfully executed.

According to the most recent accounts from Tetuan, the Moors have been fighting among themselves. Three or four days ago the sound of heavy firing in the direction of the Fondach Pass was distinctly heard by the Spaniards, borne to them by a strong westerly wind. It was reported that the conflict was between the Kabyles and the Moros de Rey, or regular troops. The wild tribes of Barbary cannot be supposed to understand much about the obligations imposed by treaties, and in like manner as some of them continued depredations after peace was made, it is possible that they may now be desirous to renew their attacks upon the Spaniards, and that they came to blows with the Moorish regulars in consequence of the latter opposing their design. This conjecture is quite consistent with probability. Should such encounters be renewed, and the Kabyles get the upper hand, they would be likely to give further trouble to the Spaniards.

CADIZ, *April* 10.

ALTHOUGH the war in Morocco is said to be concluded, although preliminaries of the treaty are signed, and the telegraph has announced that the Emperor ratifies the

contract, there still seems to lurk in some people's minds a feeling of uneasiness and a doubt whether, from one cause or another, hostilities may not break out again. This vague apprehension has its origin in the little confidence placed in the promises and good faith of the Moorish Government, and also in the imperfect subjection of some of the tribes, who are only nominally under the Emperor's rule. We hear of large assemblages of Riffians and others between Tetuan and Tangier, and, as mentioned in my last, it is believed that the so-called regular army has had to resort to force to keep them in order. A question just now very frequently discussed in this part of Spain is that of the more or less probability of the payment of the indemnity. When will the money be forthcoming? There have been rumours within the last two or three days of a payment about to be made of one quarter, and even of one half, the stipulated amount of 400,000,000 reals. These reports are unconfirmed by any positive information. On the other hand, not a few persons are incredulous as to the disbursement, soon or late, by the Moorish Government, of any such large sums, either in bills on London, as one report said, or in specie borne on many mules and camels. I am informed that at Gibraltar the Moors and Barbary Jews, when the payment of the indemnity is spoken of, smile at the idea as preposterous, and express their profound conviction that the Morocco Government has sought but to gain time and put off the attacks of a troublesome enemy, and has made promises which it will not perform. I find this view of the case to be in accordance with the opinion of persons to whose words weight is given by their long residence in Morocco, or by other particular circumstances. They evidently discredit prompt or large payments, and lack faith in promises to pay proceeding from Fez. A short time must decide whether they are right, or those, more sanguine and confiding, who believe that Morocco, anxious to recover Tetuan, will soon pay in full. Were a single handsome instalment forthcoming, there would be

grounds to expect that the balance would not long be delayed. Among the many reports lately current in camp, there was one that General O'Donnell delayed his departure from Africa in expectation of a payment on account. It was supposed that he did not like to return to Spain until he could show some substantial fruit of his victories. Probably nobody really knows why O'Donnell remains at Tetuan. It is a puzzle to those who believe his presence much needed at Madrid. When peace was made everybody thought he would be off immediately, leaving Prim in command, and it would still not surprise me any day to learn that he had arrived suddenly in the Spanish capital *vid* Alicante. That is the route it is believed he will take to avoid the receptions and demonstrations that would probably await him in the large southern cities. He is simple in his tastes and habits, and no lover of that sort of homage. His arrival in the capital would be, some think, the signal for a modification in the Ministry. On this head I am too remote from Madrid to risk an opinion.

To return to the question of the Moorish indemnity. Failing its payment, Tetuan, as you know, remains in the hands of Spain. It has not yet been stated that a term had been fixed for complete payment or the forfeiture of the city. Probably this may be a point for the deliberation of the Spanish and Moorish Plenipotentiaries. That the Moors should never pay would be, it may be presumed, agreeable to the party that has all along insisted on the permanent retention of Tetuan—a condition at first made, but which Spain subsequently found it necessary or expedient to give up. There seems reason to believe that Queen Isabella much desired the complete cession of Tetuan, and we know that certain members of the Cabinet did the same. The Minister of the Interior, Señor Posada Herrera, was the strongest advocate for the acquisition of Tetuan to the Spanish Crown, even though it should involve a long continuance of the war; and at one time his doctrine found many supporters in the press and public. These are now diminished in

number, and it is believed that the Minister himself has either changed his opinion or bowed to an overwhelming majority. The projects, or rather dreams, of himself and his supporters were on a most ambitious scale. What France has done in Algeria they seem to have aspired to do in Morocco,—a country of twice or thrice the population of that which France has conquered in Africa, at an immense expense of men and money and after thirty years of obstinate struggle. They thought that extensive possessions in Africa, and the protracted hostilities entailed by their conquest and retention, would form a good school for the Spanish army. In fact, they were bent upon a parody of France. They lost sight of a few important differences. They forgot that, while France has a population of 36,000,000, Spain has but 15,000,000 or 16,000,000; that France can keep Algeria in order with a tenth part of her enormous standing army, while Spain, although she may be, as she now boasts, able on an emergency to send into the field upwards of 200,000 efficient troops, has no need to maintain one-half of that force, and would be draining her exchequer and plunging into financial embarrassments by doing more, and by protracting a war of conquest in Morocco. I have heard it urged in conversation, by persons from whom sounder views might have been expected, that extensive possessions in Africa would be advantageous to Spain, as an outlet for the considerable number of emigrants that now annually resort to Montevideo and other distant places, as well as to Algeria. Now, there can be *no* reason for emigration from a thinly-peopled and naturally rich country like Spain, except that of misgovernment. Spaniards in general are much attached to their native land, and when they abandon it to seek a precarious existence in unknown and distant regions, we may be sure that it is misery and want of employment that drive them forth. If Spain wishes to retain her children at home, where there is ample room and much need for all of them, she will employ her increasing resources, not in Quixotic wars, but in domestic improve-

ment. What great good might have been done, what important and profitable public works advanced and undertaken, with the money she has spent in this African campaign, and the recovery of which is now by many thought so doubtful! Railways, roads, artesian wells, stimulus to industry—are not these better worth paying for than the barren glories of a campaign which has cost, according to the lowest estimate, the lives of 15,000 able-bodied young men, and nearly three millions sterling? Suppose even the case that the Moor prove insolvent, and that Tetuan and the valley between it and the sea remain in the hands of Spain, as has been so much clamoured for in that country. It is difficult to imagine a more undesirable and unprofitable acquisition. It might gratify the vanity of the Queen and of a part of the nation, but that gratification must be of heavy annual cost. Had Tetuan a good port, and were the districts around it peopled by an industrious and civilised race, it might, as I have before pointed out, become an extremely flourishing place. The extensive valleys east and west of it, naturally fertile, might be drained and rendered wonderfully productive, and railways might be made through them at small expense. But this supposes a state of things entirely different from that under which the Spaniards would possess it. They would be surrounded on all sides by a savage, warlike population, whose goodwill they would in vain attempt to win, and from whose inroads they could secure themselves only by retaining there a large military force. In times of the greatest apparent tranquillity they would be liable to sudden molestation from the wild and fanatical tribes by whom they would be environed. Supplies from the neighbouring country they could never reckon upon; the Moors, whenever they chose, could cut off everything of the kind. The place would have to be provisioned by fleets of transports, and the stores thus received must be conveyed under escort over the seven miles between the shore and the city. Dismissing as preposterous the idea of making Tetuan the base of operations for future

Spanish conquests in Africa, and supposing Spain to retain the city and the land between it and the sea, she would have to keep permanently there and in the lines of Ceuta an army of 20,000 men. This is the estimate accepted by all those persons I have met with, military or civilians, who have had opportunities of making themselves practically acquainted with the circumstances of the country and the character and disposition of the inhabitants. There would be no chance of compensation for the cost of so considerable an establishment. It is not to be found in the trade that could be carried on thence, nor in the produce of the small tract of territory annexed to Tetuan, and which yields little but what may be equally well cultivated in Southern Spain; and that the town, for its own sake, is not worth the keeping, you will have gathered from former letters. I believe that in Spain very exaggerated ideas have been formed of the wealth, splendour, and value of Tetuan. A certain licence is always conceded to travellers in little-known lands; allowance must be made for the flights of southern imaginations, heated by the excitement of success and dwelling on the scene of recent triumphs; and we must not be surprised if some of the accounts of Tetuan transmitted to Spain have painted that filthy, worthless city in colours rather too glowing. General Rios, who rules in Tetuan, and is quartered in the best house in the place, is doubtless quite unaware that he dwells in a palace such as we read of in the *Arabian Nights*, and might find paralleled in the abodes of Oriental grandees and potentates, but which we should certainly seek in vain in Tetuan. He would probably gladly exchange the accommodations afforded by the residence of the richest of Tetuan's inhabitants for those of a modest European lodging-house. The truth is that Tetuan is altogether a wretched place, according to European ideas. It has a very few large houses, whose arrangements are completely opposed to all our notions of comfort; the remainder of the buildings composing it are miserable cribs, in which the filth of ages nestles; its streets are intricate,

squalid, and evil-smelling; and the general misery of its aspect is now increased by extensive demolitions recently made by the Spaniards with a strategic object. Its site is magnificent, and worthy to be covered by a city of palaces. Around it are fertile plains and hill-slopes clothed with olive and vine; fig and orange in front and rear; on either hand picturesque mountain ranges; in the distance the Mediterranean; on one side, rippling through a ravine, and almost washing the walls of the lowest houses, a clear river; within the town water everywhere, little availed of, at least for purposes of cleanliness, by a large portion of its present inhabitants. Demolish Tetuan, pass the ploughshare over its foundations, irrigate it for a week with chloride of lime, and build there a model city, with a flower-filled *patio* to every house and sparkling fountains in every street,—that would, indeed, be a possession of beauty such as any country might covet, even at some cost to keep it; but Tetuan, as it now exists, is not worth retention.

THE END.

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